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Log cabin the twenty-year-old Abe Lincoln helped his father build on Goose Nest Prairie in Coles County, Illinois. (From Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln*.)

MODERN BIOGRAPHY

EDITED BY

MARIETTA A. HYDE

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ON BIOGRAPHY

Why should any one find a deep pleasure in reading biography? One hundred and sixty-five years ago the great Dr. Johnson decided that fiction gets tiresome, although "those who are weary of themselves may have recourse to it as a pleasing dream," but that biography always interests everybody. Ninety-three years ago Carlyle wrote that man's "sociality of nature" evinces itself in his "unspeakable delight" in biography; and about forty years ago our own Phillips Brooks said that he would rather write a great biography than a great book of any other kind.

In the first place, biography gives us a sense of reality. Suppose we cannot meet Coolidge in the flesh; we can at least sit down with Edward Elwell Whiting and have him talk to us about Coolidge, quietly and simply. Or we can spend the day with Michael Pupin, and he will picture what it is like to go "From Immigrant to Inventor." It is delightful to know as we read that these are no Horatio Alger heroes, but real men; that what they tell us has really happened, and is not, like fiction, "a pleasing dream" for "those that are weary of themselves."

There is nothing so interesting to people as other people. We may have our temporary absorption in

things, our business interests, our hobbies, but their charm is seldom enduring, and back we come to "the proper study of mankind." Some of this interest arises from a natural curiosity to know how some one else did something fine and splendid, what his recipe for success was, what traits of character helped him to his special achievement. To those of us who are imaginative, more of this pleasure in biography comes from an unconscious projection of our commonplace selves into the lives of interesting people, the people we should like to be. For the time being we are one of a high company. Let us read Maurois's *Ariel: A Life of Shelley,* and we are filled with the spirit of revolt and the desire for noble accomplishment. Give us Margot Asquith's *Autobiography,* and we dabble in interesting flirtations and mild political intrigue. What a delightful path to experience, what splendid adventures in living we can have for the reading! The person who reads freely of biography can never go away from it the same person. He will have lived with enough important lives to have learned a better standard of measurement for the life that lies about him. A book like Charnwood's *Abraham Lincoln* will add something to his stature.

Biography will also lead us by easy paths to fields whose other approaches are steep and hard. History is truly composed of the numberless biographies of the men who made it; if we read of the lives of the few who were most prominent in any period, we have history made alive through these men, history dragged out

of its mist of words. How incomparably more vivid the French Revolution is through Belloc's *Marie Antoinette* than through the pages of a textbook in history! Or would you like to learn something of life in South America? Read W. H. Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago,* and you need not take the long trip in order to live through that boy's strange experiences. The same is true in any field; to gather facts through an imaginative and living contact with real people makes them stay with you. And biographic fact supplemented by textbook fact will make an irresistibly staying combination!

It is impossible to classify biographies exactly, just as it is impossible to classify people, but we can make a few general divisions. There is the kind which might be called the biography of action or achievement; one in which the interest centers on deeds or happenings interesting in themselves, but made doubly so by the personality that is their central figure. Mrs. Custer's *Boots and Saddles,* Carnegie's *Autobiography,* Cody's *Memories of Buffalo Bill,* Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery,* are illustrations of this type. There is really little difference between a biography of this kind and a novel, except that life doesn't always march in such fine order to a climax as the novelist feels at liberty to arrange it. Of almost the same type is the professional biography, or the life story of a man or woman engaged earnestly in some literary, artistic, or scientific pursuit. To the person planning a life work, such stories as those of Steinmetz, Grenfell, Damrosch, Jane Addams, and John

Burroughs are fascinatingly suggestive. A third type is the biography of historical interest; Thayer's *George Washington,* Guedalla's *Second Empire,* and *The Letters of Franklin K. Lane* are lighted candles to any one reading history.

These divisions overlap. A man may have several sides of equal interest. In some lives the extraordinary personality of the subject takes all our attention, such as Palmer's *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer,* or—greatest of them all—Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* Finally, there are the life stories of men who seem to have an element of inborn greatness, something that of itself lifts them above our common level. We can feel this greatness in the *Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page,* by Hendrick. It is manifest in any of the numerous biographies of Abraham Lincoln, according to the degree in which the biographer saw it and truly interpreted it.

What makes a good biographer? What sort of people ought to write these human documents? A biographer must first of all be in sympathy with his subject; he must feel and "suffer with" him, and have the imagination to share in his emotions, his motives, his weakness, and his strength. Then he must have, or have had, a close acquaintance with his hero, or must have informed himself through all available sources. Thirdly, he must have intellectual honesty, so that even while he loves his hero he will yet see virtues and faults in their proper perspective, and will neither idolize nor be unnecessarily harsh. If you have read Macaulay's *Life of Johnson,*

and remember Boswell's relationship to the great Doctor, you will see why Boswell is sometimes called the greatest of all biographers.

It would seem that it might be easier to write a good autobiography than a biography, for the biographer whose subject is himself has the first two requirements granted him. Probably that is why most autobiographies are fresher than the corresponding biographies would be. If you compare the biographies of Benjamin Franklin with his own *Autobiography,* you will see how much more life and color there is in the latter, most of it gained by the wealth of concrete detail he is able to furnish, but much of its naïve charm coming from his complete sympathy with his subject! But what about the third requirement, intellectual honesty? Does the average person know himself as truly as his friends know him? If, at the age of seventy, you started writing your autobiography, wouldn't you be sure to put your best foot forward for posterity? That is where the biographer perhaps has an advantage.

The art of biography is still in its infancy, and its history, though it goes back nearly two thousand years, is still a short one. Within this period for a thousand years at a stretch nothing worthy of the name of biography was produced, and there are still only a few life-stories that all men are agreed to call great. But we should all read these few, because of their own merit, and because of the constant allusions to them in current literature.

The extraordinary thing about the most ancient of biographers is that he is very modern. Plutarch was a Greek prose writer of the first century, born in the distinct of Boeotia. He spent much of his early life in Rome, probably as a delegate from his native city, and must have learned a great deal about Roman life and literature while he was there. He wrote a set of biographies, *Plutarch's Lives,* often called the Parallel Lives because in most of them he treated his heroes in pairs. He would take first a Greek and then a Roman, as, for instance, Demosthenes and Cicero, the two famous orators of their day, and after writing a biography of each, would finish with a comparison of the two, designed to bring out their most striking characteristics. His learning staggers us, although he doesn't seem to wish to boast of it. In his life of Alexander he quotes eighteen different authorities. Nor was he merely bookish. His knowledge of Greek and Roman life, of all that went to make up that early civilization, is amazing. He is not particular about dates, and he tells us that he sometimes cares more about the jests that a man may have made than about the bloodiest battles he may have fought. He says, "My design is not to write histories, but lives." It is this concreteness, this revelation of character through a series of incidents or pictures, that will always make the *Lives* absorbing reading. Perhaps you would like to read his "Caesar" if you have read Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar;* or you might like to read of the youth Alexander train-

ing the horse Bucephalus, and of Alexander's habit of sleeping with Homer's *Iliad* and a dagger under his pillow!

For many hundred years after Plutarch, you may run and *not* read. Interesting and beautiful Lives of the Saints were written during the Middle Ages, but their significance is religious rather than biographical, and they so emphasize the performing of miracles that we lose the sense of reality we look for in biography. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries we find biographies of kings and statesmen, but the second great name is that of an Italian goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini. He began in 1558 an Autobiography, one of the most brazenly criminal in all literature.

Cellini was born at Florence in 1500. His father wanted him to be a musician, but he loved metal work and designing so much and hated the flute so heartily that he was apprenticed to a goldsmith at the age of fifteen. He did beautiful work in gold and silver; among the best pieces is the bronze group of Perseus holding the head of Medusa. Yet his most famous creation by far is his *Autobiography,* a wonderful picture of Italian life in the sixteenth century, written exactly as if Cellini were describing the doings of somebody else. It is a cool chronicle of hatred, of sly amours, of theft, of murders complacently performed, and described with loving detail. It does not reveal a lovable character, but it does so exactly what an autobiography is supposed to do—present distinctly the personality of

the subject—that some people call it the greatest autobiography in the world.

The term autobiography is also used to include confessions, diaries, letters, and memoirs. On January 1, 1660, an English gentleman, Samuel Pepys, sat him down and started a diary. That he might feel free to comment frankly on everybody and everything, he wrote in cipher, a kind of old-fashioned shorthand. His feeling of safety made him unconsciously reveal *himself*, and without knowing it he wrote the best kind of autobiography. He betrays himself as conceited, selfish, given to gossiping, but withal such a hard worker and such an intensely human fellow that we can't help liking him. Perhaps we can guess how our own diaries would sound if we felt we had a clever cipher. Over a hundred years later, Pepys' *Diary* was translated and published, and a perfect picture of the court of Charles II given to the world. Besides its historical value, the *Diary's* quaint style and unconscious humor have made it permanently popular.

About a hundred years after Pepys wrote his *Diary*, another great autobiography appeared, the *Confessions* of Rousseau, a French philosopher and literary artist. The book is a careful analysis of the author's own soul, told with great art, but it lacks the bracing coolness of Cellini's story, and the unintentional humor of Pepys'. The soul-searching does not result edifyingly; it reveals extremely unpleasant traits in beautiful language.

Probably the best biography ever written is Boswell's

Life of Johnson, published in 1791, seven years after Johnson's death. The circumstances of its composition are too well known to repeat, but it is interesting to consider why after a century and a quarter it still remains, as Thayer says, "the culmination of the art of biography." Johnson was an extraordinarily good subject for biography. He had a dramatic personality, a quick and crushing wit, a broad culture, and a fine and beautiful spirit in an uncouth body. Boswell came to know him, and Boswell, whatever his faults, had sense enough to appreciate a great man and heart enough to love him. He was only twenty-three years old, and Johnson was about fifty-four when they first met, but they became the closest of friends. Boswell decided that Johnson's finest gift, his gift of conversation, should not be lost to the world. Think what a wealth of material he accumulated year after year, recording at night every scrap he had heard of Johnson's talk during the day! When he came to write, he knew his subject almost as well as he knew himself. Boswell grew to such an intuitive love and understanding of Johnson that he cherished his faults as well as his virtues. You remember his famous refusal to Mrs. More when he was writing this *Life:* "I will not make a tiger cat to please anybody." His honesty in his portrayal is absolute. Consider the pains he would take: "I have sometimes been obliged to run half over London, in order to fix a date correctly: which when I had accomplished, I well knew would bring me no praise, though a failure would have been to my

discredit." It took him nearly seven years to select and arrange the material for the book. Add to this his real literary gifts, his power to pick the essential portions from his mass of material, and the power to write simply and clearly, and who can approach him?

The year 1791 also saw the first printing of the greatest American autobiography, that of Benjamin Franklin. Waldo H. Dunn says: "Franklin's work constitutes the one classic American autobiography, the most straightforward and unstudied narrative of its kind in the English language, if not in the world." Its one fault seems to lie in Franklin's lack of feeling for spiritual values, in his practical, material way of looking at everything. He is much occupied with such problems as earning a living, and making people physically comfortable and happy. Any boy who has to help himself will find Franklin's *Autobiography* a good guidebook. His style is simple, with quiet humor here and there; and he is equally honest in discussing his virtues and his faults.

In 1836 John Lockhart published a biography of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott. Sir Sidney Lee says that this is the second best biography in the language, though many feel that Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay* ranks second. Lockhart had all Scott's letters and journals to draw from, besides having an intimate personal knowledge of him. If Scott were not such a delightful, whole-souled person, we might find the book too long; the usual edition is in five volumes!

Lockhart does not seem to have been able to leave things out, and some of his points are thus illustrated many times. This does not mean that he is too lavish with his praise. He may possibly be "too long," but he is not "too idolatrous," as Leslie Stephen said of a certain biography. The book is an excellent portait of the beloved "Border minstrel."

The *Life and Letters of Macaulay* by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, was published in 1876. This is one of the three greatest English biographies. A part of the charm lies in Macaulay's brilliant letters, and much of it in Macaulay's interesting personality. But Trevelyan has combined the letters with such a lively narrative style of his own that we feel that the two belong together. Macaulay was an unusually happy man, happy alone with his books, and happy in social relationships, and the biography is cheerful reading. To show how popular this book has been, we may quote a sentence from the preface to the second edition: "There is hardly a page in the book which has not afforded occasion for comment or suggestion from a friendly correspondent."

These are the greatest names of the past. In the last few decades, the writing of biography has increased proportionally much faster than other types. A few special features in modern biography ought to be noted. During most of the last century the notion prevailed that a biography should be like an extended obituary notice, full of extravagant praise and free from criticism. A king

must be portrayed as a truly royal personage whether he was kingly or not. At whatever cost to the truth, no ill must be spoken of the dead. If any selection was exercised in portraying the events of a subject's life, it was done with a view to preserving the general favorable impression. But the realism of the great Victorian novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, and Eliot, and of those who followed them, such as Meredith and Hardy, has had its effect upon English and American biographers. They have come to realize that truth in biography, as in fiction, demands individuals, not types. In the same interest of truth, a whole or complete impression is another end to be desired. If the man has many sides, the reader wants a full picture of him; or else he wants to be warned that the author is trying merely to show one side. While the day of the "official" biography is not yet over, the new tendency to truth is more and more stifling the note of flattery.

This search for facts has led to what is sometimes called the new school of interpretative biography. The older biography often consisted of nothing but a portrayal of events through which the subject moved, and the reader was left free to judge the subject's relation to these events, although a flattering relationship was usually suggested. Modern writers recognize that in biography the *person* is the center of interest, and that only those events need be stressed which have affected his development. In interpretative biography, therefore, the writer first attempts to rid himself of all preconceived notions

and traditions that have grown up about his subject, and to leave his mind a clean sheet for fresh impressions. Then he steeps himself in all available material on his hero: letters, diaries, autobiographies, reminiscences, published work, anything that will help him. Sometimes he is obliged to return imaginatively to another age, to grope for the point of view of an earlier generation. Then he lays hold upon what seems to him the truest conception of the subject's personality, and selects such material as will best convey the interpretation. The older biography presented a kind of photographic likeness, with external details clear and accurate, a picture of the man as he looked. Modern biography boldly attempts to paint the portrait of the subject, not as he looks, but as he is. It eliminates unnecessary details, and limns in heavily the lines which convey the man's real character.

This method has its dangers, as you will see, for it demands not only sincerity, but a kind of wisdom, a breadth and depth of judgment that many writers do not possess. But it is superior to the old style in that it is apt to have greater freshness, and in that the work of interpretation is done by the author rather than by the reader. It is also "tighter" and shorter, because the strong central conception cuts away a great deal that is trivial and irrelevant.

Modern biography recognizes two methods of presenting a personality to the reader. The first is by analyzing the qualities that make up the character of the subject. This topical treatment has the merit of

greater brevity, and more closely resembles the way we come to know a person whom we meet and are interested in, in our daily living. But the second method, the gradual exposition of a personality developing through a long series of events, is far more successful. We like to know how a man became what he was, to watch his development and growth. Some recent interpretative biography is taking a form like the novel, a smoothly flowing narrative with the character interpretation delicately suggested. Most modern autobiography is written in this narrative style, but it usually has some avowed purpose other than the interpretation of character. Autobiography, however, like all informal writing, has no prescribed procedure, the method depending much on the personality of the author.

Whatever the method employed, modern biography tries, just as the fine older biographies try, to explain a man, to let you know how he impressed the people who knew him. Cellini lives and Boswell's Johnson lives, because they are real people. We feel their humanity in the twentieth century as distinctly as it was felt in their own time. The method used in accomplishing this purpose is the same as it was in Plutarch's time, as it will be a thousand years hence. If we are to feel that we know a person, we must see him in action, we must feel the effect of the events of his life as if they were happening to us. The best biographies are always concrete. Plutarch shows us the great Brutus sitting beside a brook in the twilight after his last battle, and repeat-

ing poetry as he gazed up at the stars; Amy Lowell describes the homesick little boy Keats fighting his brother's battles in the school yard. This introduction is only an attempt to lead you into the company of "the intrinsically rich and powerful," and, through the divine faculty of the imagination, to let you dwell for a while with them.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

It is typical of Mark Twain that his autobiography is entirely different from all others. "Finally in Florence," he says, "in 1904, I hit upon the right way to do an Autobiography: Start at no particular time of your life; wander at your free will all over your life; talk only about the thing which interests you for the moment; drop it the moment its interest threatens to pale, and turn your talk upon the new and more interesting thing that has intruded itself into your mind meantime." When he forsakes the chronological order thus, we do not get so coherent and orderly a notion of the events of his life, and we lose the sense of growth or development; but we gain in naturalness. As we pass, for instance, from his relations with General Grant to the Missouri farm that was his boyhood delight, and then to his early lecture days, we feel that we are listening to a delightful conversationalist, who changes the subject when he feels like it, but is always Mark Twain. The author did not wish this book to be published until after his death, for he wanted to write, as he said, "from the grave. On these terms only can a man be approximately frank." And though he has been dead over fifteen years, to read his *Autobiography* written in this informal, conversational style makes one feel that he is living again.

There are any number of irresistibly funny stories, of Mrs. Cleveland and the overshoes, of the Nevada duel, of "playing bear" and the dried herrings. One of the loveliest things in the book is his description of his little daughter Susy, and of the biography that she wrote of her adored father. Her quaint phrases, which he uses as a point of departure for his own journeys back into memory, are full of a simple, childish sweetness. What Susy says of one of her father's novels applies well to his *Autobiography:* it is "full of touching places, but there is most always a streak of humor in them somewhere."

BOYHOOD ON A MISSOURI FARM[1]

By MARK TWAIN

MY uncle, John A. Quarles, was a farmer, and his place was in the country four miles from Florida. He had eight children and fifteen or twenty negroes, and was also fortunate in other ways, particularly in his character. I have not come across a better man than he was. I was his guest for two or three months every year, from the fourth year after we removed to Hannibal till I was eleven or twelve years old. I have never consciously used him or his wife in a book, but his farm has come very handy to me in literature once or twice. In *Huck Finn* and in *Tom Sawyer, Detective* I moved it down to Arkansas. It was all of six hundred miles, but it was no trouble; it was not a very large farm—five hundred acres, perhaps—but I could have done it if it had been twice as large. And as for the morality of it, I cared nothing for that; I would move a state if the exigencies of literature required it.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that

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shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks, and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, musk-melons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the North—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is mere superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite so good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking. In Europe it is imagined that the custom of serving various kinds of bread blazing hot is "American," but that is too broad a spread; it is custom in the South, but is much less than that in the

North. In the North and in Europe hot bread is considered unhealthy. This is probably another fussy superstition, like the European superstition that ice-water is unhealthy. Europe does not need ice-water and does not drink it; and yet, notwithstanding this, its word for it is better than ours, because it describes it, whereas ours doesn't. Europe calls it "iced" water. Our word describes water made from melted ice—a drink which has a characterless taste and which we have but little acquaintance with.

It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable, and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is! It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard, and the yard was fenced on three sides with rails and on the rear side with high palings; against these stood the smoke-house; beyond the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarters and the tobacco fields. The front yard was entered over a stile made of sawed-off logs of graduated heights; I do not remember any gate. In a corner of the front yard were a dozen lofty hickory trees and a dozen

black walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were to be gathered there.

Down a piece, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin against the rail fence; and there the woody hill fell sharply away, past the barns, the corn-crib, the stables, and the tobacco-curing house, to a limpid brook which sang along over its gravelly bed and curved and frisked in and out and here and there and yonder in the deep shade of overhanging foliage and vines—a divine place for wading, and it had swimming pools, too, which were forbidden to us and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit.

In the little log cabin lived a bedridden white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upward of a thousand years old and had talked with Moses. The younger negroes credited these statistics and had furnished them to us in good faith. We accommodated all the details which came to us about her; and so we believed that she had lost her health in the long desert trip coming out of Egypt, and had never been able to get it back again. She had a round bald place on the crown of her head, and we used to creep around and gaze at it in reverent silence, and reflect that it was caused by fright through seeing Pharaoh drowned. We called her "Aunt" Hannah, Southern fashion. She was superstitious, like the other negroes; also, like them, she was deeply religious. Like them, she had great faith in prayer and employed it in

all ordinary exigencies, but not in cases where a dead certainty of result was urgent. Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts, with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent.

All the negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades, and yet not comrades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of and which rendered complete fusion impossible. We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally, and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm, and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. He has served me well these many, many years. I have not seen him for more than half a century, and yet spiritually I have had his welcome company a good part of that time, and have staged him in books under his own name and as "Jim," carted him all around—to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon—and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more, and have suffered no impair-

ment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind—and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery, they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

There was, however, one small incident of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant a good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow-drifting years. We had a little slave boy whom we had hired from some one, there in Hannibal. He was from the eastern shore of Maryland, and had been brought away from his family and his friends, halfway across the American continent, and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, whooping, laughing—it was maddening, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day, I lost all my temper, and went raging to my mother and said Sandy had been singing for an hour without a single break, and I couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't* she please

shut him up. The tears came into her eyes and her lip trembled, and she said something like this:

"Poor thing, when he sings it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still I am afraid he is thinking, and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing, I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older, you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

It was a simple speech and made up of small words, but it went home, and Sandy's noise was not a trouble to me any more. She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighborhood of ninety years and was capable with her tongue to the last—especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly. I fitted her out with a dialect and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in *Tom Sawyer*. I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a "trundle" bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low

spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out, but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting; my uncle in the other, smoking his corn-cob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; "split"-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle—out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating—they could not bear to leave that comfortable place and go out on the wind-swept floor space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash.

Along outside of the front fence ran the country road, dusty in the summertime, and a good place for snakes—they liked to lie in it and sun themselves; when they were rattlesnakes or puff adders, we killed them; when they were black snakes, or racers, or belonged to the fabled "hoop" breed, we fled, without shame; when they were "house snakes," or "garters," we carried them home and put them in Aunt Patsy's work basket for a surprise; for she was prejudiced against snakes, and

always when she took the basket in her lap and they began to climb out of it it disordered her mind. She never could seem to get used to them; her opportunities went for nothing. And she was always cold toward bats, too, and could not bear them; and yet I think a bat is as friendly a bird as there is. My mother was Aunt Patsy's sister and had the same wild superstitions. A bat is beautifully soft and silky; I do not know any creature that is pleasanter to the touch or is more grateful for caressings, if offered in the right spirit. I know all about these coleoptera, because our great cave, three miles below Hannibal, was multitudinously stocked with them, and often I brought them home to amuse my mother with. It was easy to manage if it was a school day, because then I had ostensibly been to school and hadn't any bats. She was not a suspicious person, but full of trust and confidence; and when I said, "There's something in my coat pocket for you," she would put her hand in. But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable, the way she couldn't learn to like private bats. The more experience she had, the more she could not change her views.

I think she was never in the cave in her life; but everybody else went there. Many excursion parties came from considerable distances up and down the river to visit the cave. It was miles in extent and was a tangled wilderness of narrow and lofty clefts and passages. It was an easy place to get lost in; anybody could do it—including the bats. I got lost in it myself, along with a

lady, and our last candle burned down to almost nothing before we glimpsed the search party's lights winding about in the distance.

"Injun Joe," the half-breed, got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called *Tom Sawyer* I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. "General" Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saverton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out. There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I knew him for years and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention.

Beyond the road where the snakes sunned themselves was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level great prairie which was covered with wild strawberry plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in on all sides by forests. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in the season we were generally there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

Down the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year —twenty-five dollars for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for twenty-five dollars a year, but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next standby was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the next, jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do—he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault. Doctors were not called in cases of ordinary illness; the family grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor, and

gathered her own medicines in the woods, and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog. And then there was the "Indian doctor"; a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret properties of herbs; and most backwoodsmen had high faith in his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him. In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor, yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case. It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with a herb medicine which he makes, himself, from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let any one see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there, in 1896.

We had the "faith doctor," too, in those early days —a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say, "Believe!" and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

Doctor Meredith removed to Hannibal, by and by, and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go.

I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her eighty-eighth year—and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—"No—afraid you would."

The country schoolhouse was three miles from my uncle's farm. It stood in a clearing in the woods and would hold about twenty-five boys and girls. We attended the school with more or less regularity once or twice a week, in summer, walking to it in the cool of the morning by the forest paths, and back in the gloaming at the end of the day. All the pupils brought their dinners in baskets—corn dodger, buttermilk, and other good things—and sat in the shade of the trees at noon and ate them. It is the part of my education which I look back upon with the most satisfaction.

As I have said, I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was twelve or thirteen years old. The life which I led there with my cousins was full of charm,

and so is the memory of it yet. I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants in the remoteness of the forest, the snapshot glimpses of disturbed wild creatures scurrying through the grass—I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed. I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end feathers. I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumachs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle made by the fallen leaves as we plowed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging among the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted, and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory nuts and walnuts when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them with the pigs, and the gusts of wind loosed them and sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is, and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water, also what grudged experience it

had of either of them. I know the taste of maple sap, and when to gather it, and how to arrange the troughs and the delivery tubes, and how to boil down the juice, and how to hook the sugar after it is made, also how much better hooked sugar tastes than any that is honestly come by, let bigots say what they will. I know how a prize watermelon looks when it is sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along the front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart standing up, a luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there. I know the taste of the watermelon which has been honestly come by, and I know the taste of the watermelon which has been acquired by art. Both taste good, but the experienced know which tastes best. I know the look of green apples and peaches and pears on the trees, and I know how entertaining they are when they are inside of a person. I know how ripe ones look when they are piled in pyramids under the trees, and how pretty they are

and how vivid their colors. I know how a frozen apple looks, in a barrel down cellar in the wintertime, and how hard it is to bite, and how the frost makes the teeth ache, and yet how good it is, notwithstanding. I know the disposition of elderly people to select the specked apples for the children, and I once knew ways to beat the game. I know the look of an apple that is roasting and sizzling on a hearth on a winter's evening, and I know the comfort that comes of eating it hot, along with some sugar and a drench of cream. I know the delicate art and mystery of so cracking hickory nuts and walnuts on a flatiron with a hammer that the kernels will be delivered whole, and I know how the nuts, taken in conjunction with winter apples, cider, and doughnuts, make old people's old tales and old jokes sound fresh and crisp and enchanting, and juggle an evening away before you know what went with the time. I know the look of Uncle Dan'l's kitchen as it was on the privileged nights, when I was a child, and I can see the white and black children grouped on the hearth, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, clear back toward the cavernous gloom of the rear, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his book and charm the world with, by and by; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost story was reached—and the sense of regret, too, which came over me, for it was always the last story

of the evening and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can remember the bare wooden stairway in my uncle's house, and the turn to the left above the landing, and the rafters and the slanting roof over my bed, and the squares of moonlight on the floor, and the white cold world of snow outside, seen through the curtainless window. I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt, under the blankets, listening; and how the powdery snow used to sift in, around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor and make the place look chilly in the morning and curb the wild desire to get up—in case there was any. I can remember how very dark that room was, in the dark of the moon, and how packed it was with ghostly stillness when one woke up by accident away in the night, and forgotten sins came flocking out of the secret chambers of the memory and wanted a hearing; and how ill chosen the time seemed for this kind of business; and how dismal was the hoo-hooing of the owl and the wailing of the wolf, sent mourning by on the night wind.

I remember the raging of the rain on that roof, summer nights, and how pleasant it was to lie and listen to it, and enjoy the white splendor of the lightning and the majestic booming and crashing of the thunder. It was a very satisfactory room, and there was a lightning rod which was reachable from the window, an adorable

and skittish thing to climb up and down, summer nights, when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumbling through briers and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the trees, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare—I remember it all well, and the delight that every one got out of it, except the 'coon.

I remember the pigeon seasons, when the birds would come in millions and cover the trees and by their weight break down the branches. They were clubbed to death with sticks; guns were not necessary and were not used. I remember the squirrel hunts, and prairie-chicken hunts, and wild-turkey hunts, and all that; and how we turned out, mornings, while it was still dark, to go on these expeditions, and how chilly and dismal it was, and how often I regretted that I was well enough to go. A toot on a tin horn brought twice as many dogs as were needed, and in their happiness they raced and scampered about, and knocked small people down, and made no end of unnecessary noise. At the word, they vanished away toward the woods, and we drifted silently after them in the melancholy gloom. But presently the gray dawn stole

over the world, the birds piped up, then the sun rose and poured light and comfort all around, everything was fresh and dewy and fragrant, and life was a boon again. After three hours of tramping we arrived back wholesomely tired, overladen with game, very hungry, and just in time for breakfast.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL

The Life of Carleton H. Parker

Since the beginning of the World War, there has arisen a new group of economists who feel that the old body of economic principle is outworn, and that the principles governing the relations between capital and labor particularly, have not been modified as they should be since machines have so decidedly altered those relations. Carleton H. Parker was one of the most remarkable of these younger men. He engaged in research work in an unexplored field, the application of the principles of modern psychology to labor problems. As a Federal mediator in settling strikes during the World War, he had the trust and confidence of both capital and labor; in less than a year he mediated "thirty-two strikes, sat on two arbitration boards, and made three cost-of-living surveys for the Government." He died of pneumonia March 17, 1918, just before his fortieth birthday, and at a time when he was engaged in settling a flour-mill strike.

"He was the first of our economists," says Robert Bruère, "not only to analyze the psychological characteristics of labor, and especially of casual labor, but also to make his analysis the basis for an applied technique of industrial and social reconstruction." In other words, unlike most critics, when he found the causes of an existing evil, he tried to find a remedy for that evil. A Belgian economics professor said that he was the only man in America who understood the problem of the migratory laborer. He was perhaps the first American economist to awaken in the public any real understanding of the I.W.W. problem. At the time of his death, he had completed only about one-third of a book on Labor Psychology, which is a matter of deep regret, for his field was a new one and his research work had been conducted through actual labor in shops, lumber camps, mines, and on farms.

Carleton Parker was marvelously successful in his chosen work, but it took him eighteen years to find it. At eighteen he entered college in an engineering course, but dropped it after one term. At thirty-one he finally decided that he wanted to teach economics, and he was thirty-seven before he hit upon the special field in which he was to excel, the study of the

psychology of labor. Another interesting fact is the way he seems to have impressed his students. Perhaps one of his students, in speaking to a Regent of the University, expresses best the impression he made upon his students. "Mr. M——," he said, "I've been born again! I entered college thinking of it as a preparation for making more money when I got out. I've come across a man named Parker in the faculty and am taking everything he gives. Now I know I'd be selling out my life to make money the goal. I know now, too, that whatever money I do make can never be at the expense of the happiness and welfare of any other human being."

In writing this biography, Mrs. Parker combines several points of view with marvelous skill: she writes of Mr. Parker as husband and father, and as economist and teacher. Her story of their life together, of the happy student days in Germany, of the little house in Berkeley, has vividness and charm; her comments on his economic theories have just as much clearness and force. It is often truly said that relationship alone is not a valid claim to practicing the art of biography, but in Mrs. Parker's case her claim is substantiated by her literary ability. Since her husband's death she has been an assistant in the department of economics at the University of California, has studied for a year at the New York School of Social Research, has edited a volume of her husband's essays called *The Casual Laborer,* and has written, besides this biography, several articles on economic subjects, and some fiction.

TEACHING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA[1]

By Cornelia Stratton Parker

We looked back always on our first semester's teaching in the University of California as one hectic term. We had lived our own lives, found our own joys, for four years, and here we were enveloped by old friends, by relatives, by new friends, until we knew not which way to turn. In addition, Carl was swamped by campus affairs—by students, many of whom seemed to consider him an oasis in a desert of otherwise-to-be-deplored, unhuman professors. Every student organization to which he had belonged as an undergraduate opened its arms to welcome him as a faculty member; we chaperoned student parties till we heard rag-time in our sleep. From January 1 to May 16, we had four nights alone together. You can know we were desperate. Carl used to say: "We may have to make it Persia yet."

The red-letter event of that term was when, after about two months of teaching, President Wheeler rang up one evening about seven,—one of the four evenings, as it happened, we were at home together,—and said: "I thought I should like the pleasure of telling you personally, though you will receive official notice in the morning, that you have been made an assistant professor.

[1] Copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.

We expected you to make good, but we did not expect you to make good to such a degree quite so soon."

Again an occasion for a spree! We tore out hatless across the campus, nearly demolishing the head of the College of Commerce as we rounded the Library. He must know the excitement. He was pleased. He slipped his hand into his pocket, saying, "I must have a hand in this celebration." And with a royal gesture, as who should say, "What matter the costs!" slipped a dime into Carl's hand. "Spend it all to-night."

Thus we were started on our assistant professorship. But always before and always after, to the students Carl was just "Doc."

I remember a story he told of how his chief stopped him one afternoon at the north gate to the university, and said he was discouraged and distressed. Carl was getting the reputation of being popular with the students, and that would never do. "I don't wish to hear more of such rumors." Just then the remnants of the internals of a Ford, hung together with picture wire and painted white, whizzed around the corner. Two slouching, hard-working "studes" caught sight of Carl, reared up the car, and called, "Hi, Doc, come on in!" Then they beheld the Head of the Department, hastily pressed some lever, and went hurrying on. To the Head it was evidence first-hand. He shook his head and went his way.

Carl was popular with the students, and it is true that he was too much so. It was not long before he discovered that he was drawing unto himself the all-

too-lightly-handled "college bum," and he rebelled. Harvard and Germany had given him too high an idea of scholarship to have even a traditional university patience with the student who, in the University of California jargon, was "looking for a meal." He was petitioned by twelve students of the College of Agriculture to give a course in the Economics of Agriculture, and they guaranteed him twenty-five students. One hundred and thirty enrolled, and as Carl surveyed the assortment below him, he realized that a good half of them did not know and did not want to know a pear tree from a tractor. He stiffened his upper lip, stiffened his examinations, and cinched forty of the class. There should be some Latin saying that would just fit such a case, but I do not know it. It would start, "Exit——," and the exit would refer to the exit of the loafer in large numbers from Carl's courses and the exit from the heart of the loafer of the absorbing love he had held for Carl. His troubles were largely over. Some one else could care for the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

It was about this time, too, that Carl got into difficulties with the intrenched powers on the campus. He had what has been referred to as "a passion for justice." Daily the injustice of campus organization grew on him; he saw democracy held high as an ideal—lip-homage only. Student affairs were run by an autocracy which had nothing to justify it except its supporters' claim of "efficiency." He had little love for that word—it is usually bought at too great a cost. That year, as

usual, he had a small seminar of carefully picked students. He got them to open their eyes to conditions as they were. When they ceased to accept those conditions just because they were, they, too, felt the inequality, the farce, of a democratic institution run on such autocratic lines. After seminar hours the group would foregather at our house to plot as to ways and means. The editor of the campus daily saw their point of view—I am not sure now that he was not a member of the seminar.

A slow campaign of education followed. Intrenched powers became outraged. Fraternities that had invited Carl almost weekly to lunch, now "couldn't see him." One or two influential alumnae, who had something to gain from the established order, took up the fight. Soon we had a "warning" from one of the Regents that Carl's efforts on behalf of "democracy" were unwelcome. But within a year the entire organization of campus politics was altered, and now there probably is not a student who would not feel outraged at the suggestion of a return to the old system.

Perhaps here is where I can dwell for a moment on Carl's particular brand of democracy. I see so much of other kinds. He was what I should call an utterly unconscious democrat. He never framed in his own mind any theory of "the brotherhood of man"—he just lived it, without ever thinking of it as something that needed expression in words. I never heard him use the term. To him the Individual was everything—by that I mean that every relation he had was on a personal basis.

He could not go into a shop to buy a necktie hurriedly, without passing a word with the clerk; when he paid his fare on the street car, there was a moment's conversation with the conductor; when we had ice-cream of an evening, he asked the waitress what was the best thing on in the movies. When we left Oakland for Harvard, the partially toothless maid we had sobbed that "Mr. Parker had been more like a brother to her!"

One of the phases of his death which struck home the hardest was the concern and sorrow the small tradespeople showed—the cobbler, the plumber, the drugstore clerk. You hear men say: "I often find it interesting to talk to working-people and get their viewpoint." Such an attitude was absolutely foreign to Carl. He talked to "working-people" because he talked to everybody as he went along his joyous way. At a track meet or football game, he was on intimate terms with every one within a conversational radius. Our wealthy friends would tell us he ruined their chauffeurs—they got so that they didn't know their places. As likely as not, he would jolt some constrained bank president by engaging him in genial conversation without an introduction; at a formal dinner he would, as a matter of course, have a word or two with the butler when he passed the cracked crab, although at times the butlers seemed somewhat pained thereby. Some of Carl's intimate friends were occasionally annoyed—"He talks to everybody." He no more could help talking to everybody than he could help—liking pumpkin-pie. He was born that

way. He had one manner for every human being—president of the University, students, janitors, society women, cooks, small boys, judges. He never had any material thing to hand out,—not even cigars, for he did not smoke himself,—but, as one friend expressed it, "he radiated generosity."

Heidelberg gives one year after passing the examination to get the doctor's thesis in final form for publication. The subject of Carl's thesis was "The Labor Policy of the American Trust." His first summer vacation after our return to Berkeley, he went on to Wisconsin, chiefly to see Commons,[2] and then to Chicago, to study the stockyards at first hand, and the steel industry. He wrote: "Have just seen Commons, who was *fine*. He said: 'Send me as soon as possible the outline of your thesis and I will pass upon it according to my lights.' . . . He is very interested in one of my principal subdivisions, *i.e.*, 'Technique and Unionism,' or 'Technique and Labor.' Believes it is a big new consideration." Again he wrote: "I have just finished working through a book on 'Immigration' by Professor Fairchild of Yale,—437 pages published three weeks ago,—lent me by Professor Ross. It is the very book I have been looking for and is *superb*. I can't get over how stimulating this looking in on a group of University men has been. It in itself is worth the trip. I feel sure of my field of work; that I am not going off in unfruitful directions; that

[2] John Rogers Commons, professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin since 1904, and author of numerous treatises on economic subjects.

I am keeping up with the wagon. I am now set on finishing my book right away—want it out within a year from December." From Chicago he wrote: "Am here with the reek of the stockyards in my nose, and just four blocks from them. Here lived, in this house, Upton Sinclair when he wrote 'The Jungle.'" And Mary McDowell, at the University Settlement where he was staying, told a friend of ours since Carl's death about how he came to the table that first night and no one paid much attention to him—just some young Westerner nosing about. But by the end of the meal he had the whole group leaning elbows on the table, listening to everything he had to say; and she added, "Every one of us loved him from then on."

He wrote, after visiting Swift's plant, of "seeing illustrations for all the lectures on technique I have given, and, Gee! it felt good [I could not quote him honestly and leave out his "gees"] to actually look at things being done the way one has orated about 'em being done. The thing for me to do here is to see, and see the things I'm going to write into my thesis. I want to spend a week, if I can, digging into the steel industry. With my fine information about the ore [he had just acquired that], I am anxious to fill out my knowledge of the operation of smelting and making steel. Then I can orate industrial dope." Later: "This morning I called on the Vice-President of the Illinois Steel Company, on the Treasurer of Armour & Co., and lunched with Mr. Crane of Crane Co.—Ahem!"

The time we had when it came to the actual printing of the thesis! It had to be finished by a certain day, in order to make a certain steamer, to reach Heidelberg when promised. I got in a corner of a printing-office and read proof just as fast as it came off the press, while Carl worked at home, under you can guess what pressure, to complete his manuscript—tearing down with new batches for me to get in shape for the typesetter, and then racing home to do more writing. We finished the thesis about one o'clock one morning, proofreading and all; the next day—or that same day, later—war was declared. Which meant just this—that the University of Heidelberg sent word that it would not be safe for Carl to send over his thesis,—there were about three or four hundred copies to go, according to German University regulations,—until the situation had quieted down somewhat. The result was that those three or four hundred copies lay stacked up in the printing-office for three or four years, until at last Carl decided it was not a very good thesis anyway, and he didn't want any one to see it, and he would write another brand-new one when peace was declared and it could get safely to its destination. So he told the printerman to do away with the whole batch. This meant that we were out about a hundred and fifty dollars, oh, luckless thought!—a small fortune to the young Parkers. . . .

In January, 1915, Carl took up his teaching again in real earnest, commuting to Alamo every night. I would

have the boys in bed and the little supper all ready by the fire; then I would prowl down the road with my electric torch, to meet him coming home; he would signal in the distance with his torch, and I with mine. Then the walk back together, sometimes ankle-deep in mud; then supper, making the toast over the coals, and an evening absolutely to ourselves. And never in all our lives did we ask for more joy than that.

That spring we began building our very own home in Berkeley. The months in Alamo had made us feel that we could never bear to be in the center of things again, nor, for that matter, could we afford a lot in the center of things; so we bought high upon the Berkeley hills, where we could realize as much privacy as was possible, and yet where our friends could reach us—if they could stand the climb. The love of a nest we built! We were longer in that house than anywhere else: two years almost to the day—two years of such happiness as no other home has ever seen. There, around the redwood table in the living-room, by the window overlooking the Golden Gate, we had the suppers that meant much joy to us and I hope to the friends we gathered around us. There, on the porches overhanging the very Canyon itself we had our Sunday tea-parties. (Each time Carl would plead, "I don't have to wear a stiff collar, do I?" and he knew that I would answer, "You wear anything you want," which usually meant a blue soft shirt.)

We had a little swimming-tank in back, for the boys.

And then, most wonderful of all, came the day when

the June-Bug was born, the daughter who was to be the very light of her adoring father's eyes. (Her real name is Alice Lee.) "Mother, there never really *was* such a baby, *was* there?" he would ask ten times a day. She was not born up on the hill; but in ten days we were back from the hospital and out day and night through that glorious July, on some one of the porches overlooking the bay and the hills. And we added our adored Nurse Balch as a friend of the family forever.

I always think of Nurse Balch as the person who more than any other, perhaps, understood to some degree just what happiness filled our lives day in and day out. No one assumes anything before a trained nurse—they are around too constantly for that. They see the misery in homes, they see what joy there is. And Nurse Balch saw, because she was around practically all the time for six weeks, that there was nothing but joy every minute of the day in our home. I do not know how I can make people understand, who are used to just ordinary happiness, what sort of life Carl and I led. It was not just that we got along. It was an active, not a passive state. There was never a home-coming, say at lunch-time, that did not seem an event—when our curve of happiness abruptly rose. Meals were joyous occasions always; perhaps too scant attention paid to the manners of the young, but much gurglings, and "Tell some more, daddy," and always detailed accounts of every little happening during the last few hours of separation.

Then there was ever the difficulty of good-byes, though

it meant only for a few hours, until supper. And at supper-time he would come up the front stairs, I waiting for him at the top, perhaps limping. That was his little joke—we had many little family jokes. Limping meant that I was to look in every pocket until I unearthed a bag of peanut candy. Usually he was laden with bundles—provisions, shoes from the cobbler, a tennis-racket restrung, and an armful of books. After greetings, always the question, "How's my June-Bug?" and a family procession upstairs to peer over a crib at a fat gurgler. And "Mother, there never really *was* such a baby, *was* there?" No, nor such a father.

It was that first summer back in Berkeley, the year before the June-Bug was born, when Carl was teaching in Summer School, that we had our definite enthusiasm over labor-psychology aroused. Will Ogburn, who was also teaching at Summer School that year, and whose lectures I attended, introduced us to Hart's "Psychology of Insanity," several books by Freud, McDougall's "Social Psychology," etc. I remember Carl's seminar the following spring—his last seminar at the University of California. He had started with nine seminar students three years before; now there were thirty-three. They were all such a superior picked lot, some seniors, mostly graduates, that he felt there was no one he could ask to stay out. I visited it all the term, and I am sure that nowhere else on the campus could quite such heated and excited discussions have been heard—Carl simply

sitting at the head of the table, directing here, leading there.

The general subject was Labor-Problems. The students had to read one book a week—such books as Hart's "Psychology of Insanity," Keller's "Societal Evolution," Holt's "Freudian Wish," McDougall's "Social Psychology,"—two weeks to that,—Lippmann's "Preface to Politics," Veblen's "Instinct of Workmanship," Wallas's "Great Society," Thorndike's "Educational Psychology," Hoxie's "Scientific Management," Ware's "The Worker and His Country," G. H. Parker's "Biology and Social Problems," and so forth—and ending, as a concession to the idealists, with Royce's "Philosophy of Loyalty."

One of the graduate students of the seminar wrote me: "For three years I sat in his seminar on Labor-Problems, and had we both been there ten years longer, each season would have found me in his class. His influence on my intellectual life was by far the most stimulating and helpful of all the men I have known. . . . But his spirit and influence will live on in the lives of those who sat at his feet and learned."

The seminar was too large, really, for intimate discussion, so after a few weeks several of the boys asked Carl if they could have a little sub-seminar. It was a very rushed time for him, but he said that, if they would arrange all the details, he would save them Tuesday evenings. So every Tuesday night about a dozen boys

climbed our hill to rediscuss the subject of the seminar of that afternoon—and everything else under the heavens and beyond. I laid out ham sandwiches, or sausages, or some edible dear to the male heart, and coffee to be warmed, and about midnight could be heard the sounds of banqueting from the kitchen. Three students told me on graduation that those Tuesday nights at our house had meant more intellectual stimulus than anything that ever came into their lives.

One of these boys wrote to me after Carl's death:—

"When I heard that Doc had gone, one of the finest and cleanest men I have ever had the privilege of associating with, I seemed to have stopped thinking. It didn't seem possible to me, and I can remember very clearly of thinking what a rotten world this is when we have to live and lose a man like Doc. I have talked to two men who were associated with him in somewhat the same manner as I was, and we simply looked at one another after the first sentences, and then I guess the thoughts of a man who had made so much of an impression on our minds drove coherent speech away. . . . I have had the opportunity since leaving college of experiencing something real besides college life and I can't remember during all that period of not having wondered how Dr. Parker would handle this or that situation. He was simply immense to me at all times, and if love of a man-to-man kind does exist, then I truthfully can say that I had that love for him."

Of the letters received from students of those years I should like to quote a passage here and there.

An aviator in France writes: "There was no man like him in my college life. Believe me, he has been a figure in all we do over here,—we who knew him,—and a reason for our doing, too. His loss is so great to all of us. . . . He was so fine he will always push us on to finding the truth about things. That was his great spark, wasn't it?"

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

There is always a fascination in a life that offers dramatic contrasts. Then, too, our love of certain qualities will always endure, and when we find simplicity, bravery, honesty, and eager enthusiasm, we do not pass idly by. The autobiography of S. S. McClure, founder of *McClure's Magazine*, has all of these. It is the story of a boy whose career has all the rapidity and change of a thrilling novel.

Mr. McClure was born, of Scotch and French ancestry, in the north of Ireland, in Antrim County, in 1857. The descriptions of the beautiful Irish countryside, of the little school where he was so happy, of his home that seemed so grand, all have a lovely simplicity. When he was eight years old, his father was accidentally killed, and his mother brought the little family to America, and settled near Valparaiso, Indiana. There followed a long struggle with poverty, which he tells in a singularly uncomplaining fashion, and through which his mother and he always retained the feeling that he must get an education. He worked his way through Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, and is just finishing his junior year at the beginning of the section quoted. His association with Albert Brady was destined to last; Mr. Brady later assisted Mr. McClure and Mr. Phillips in founding *McClure's Magazine*, and became its advertising manager.

The latter part of the autobiography has two accounts of especial interest: Mr. McClure's syndicating of fiction, and his creation of a new type of magazine, a magazine which frankly discussed Americans and American interests. Then there are his recollections of the authors with whom he was associated. It is interesting also to know of the impression he made on one of them; Lloyd Osbourne says of him in *An Intimate Portrait of R.L.S.*: "Vibrating with energy, endowed with an ability, initiative and originality that at times almost approached genius —for surely there is genius in business as well as in art?—he was one of the most inspiring of men, and had a vital part in shaping our future destiny."

SENIOR YEAR AT KNOX COLLEGE[1]

By S. S. McClure

Albert Brady and I spent the summer of our junior year traveling around the Great Lakes, selling microscopes. It came about quite by chance. One spring day I was walking down a street in Galesburg, when I saw a man on the street corner selling small microscopes for a dollar apiece. I went up to him, and got into conversation with him. I asked him what the miscroscopes cost him wholesale, and he told me three dollars a dozen. This seemed to offer opportunities. I talked it over with Albert, and he agreed to go in with me. When the term was over, we went to his home in Davenport, Iowa, from which point we were to set out. Albert's father published a newspaper in Davenport, and he got Albert a pass to St. Paul. I got a deck passage on a Mississippi steamer, the *Gem City,* and spent two nights lying across three deck-chairs. I had put all my money into microscopes, so I subsisted on a bag of crackers I had brought along. Albert and I met unexpectedly in the corridor of a hotel in St. Paul. The next day Albert went to Minneapolis to sell his microscopes, while I remained in St. Paul to sell mine. I also

[1] Used by special permission of S. S. McClure. Copyright 1913, 1914.

worked in Stillwater, where I one day sold ten dollars worth.

Our methods of selling were simple. We got a store box, stood it on end on a street corner, spread out our magnifying-glasses, and waited for bites. If any one came up and glanced curiously at our stock, we invited him to take a look. We kept a few bits of quartz which looked very pretty under the glass, some insect wings, flowers, etc. By letting a weed or a flower remain in a glass of water for a day or two we could produce a mass of amoebae, which our customers used to examine under the glass with great interest. I remember that a great many of them used to say that those little animals were the life of the water—that if they were not there human beings would not get any nourishment from the water they drank.

After we got tired of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Albert and I moved on to Brainerd and Duluth. In these places the authorities demanded a license sufficiently large to prevent any possibility of making a profit. Our chief problem, therefore, was to evade this license. In Duluth we rented a vacant lot for fifty cents, set up our dry-goods box, and began to sell goods. A policeman came along and asked to see our license; but we explained to him that we were selling goods on our own rented property, and if we were subject to taxation we were ready to pay it at the end of the year. He took us before the city authorities; but they found our position unassailable and did not interfere with us further.

A few days later we went on to Cleveland by steamer, and from there worked our way westward again to Michigan City, Chicago, Davenport, and Galesburg. When we got back to college, we had traveled upward of three thousand miles, had made a little money, and were better friends than ever. Then we began upon our senior work at Knox.

Besides building up my health and enabling me to go to school, the peddling experiences of those three summers had given me a very close acquaintance with the people of the small towns and the farming communities, the people who afterward bought *McClure's Magazine*. I had stayed all night at the homes of many of these people, and had heard all about their business affairs. In many of the little towns I was known by name in every house in the town. I had found out that, for the most part, all these people were interested in exactly the same things, or the same kind of thing, that interested me. Years later, when I came to edit a popular magazine, I could never believe in that distinction made by some editors that "this or that was very good, but it wouldn't interest the people of the Middle West, or the people in the little towns." My experience had taught me that the people in the little towns were interested in whatever was interesting—that they were just like the people in New York or Boston. I felt myself to be a fairly representative Middle-Westerner. I bought and printed what interested me, and it usually seemed to interest the other Middle-Westerners.

By losing a year at Knox the winter I stayed out to teach school, I graduated with the class of '82, and I have always considered this fortunate. The class of '82 left a mark in Knox College, a reputation for mental initiative and intellectual turbulence. The boys of that class were somewhat difficult to manage because they were so active, adopted ideas, and took sides very vehemently. The boys were not the kind of fellows who express themselves in practical jokes and gaucheries, such as putting a cow in the chapel. When they made a disturbance, it was always because of some new idea they had got hold of, or that had got hold of them.

We were not a lawless class, but we did not accept traditions. We departed from some of the established customs. We went at things fresh, and did not do certain things simply because other seniors had done them. Like the Athenians, we were always discussing. Some of the professors have told me since that there never was such a class for talking, and that whenever they opened a window they could hear some of us arguing on the campus. Among the boys of this class were some very strong personalities, notably Robert Mather, John Phillips, and Albert Brady. These boys were all singularly mature for their age, forceful and well balanced even as lads.

John S. Phillips, who afterward assisted me to found *McClure's Magazine,* and who is now editor of the *American Magazine,* was a Galesburg boy, and had entered Knox College the year I was out teaching school. He

was recognized as a boy of unusual ability. Phillips and Brady and I generally worked together in class fights and college affairs.

Robert Mather later became president of the Rock Island Railway Company, and at the time of his death in the fall of 1911 he was chairman of the Westinghouse Electrical Companies. At the time he attended Knox College, his father was working in the Q. shops in Galesburg as a mechanic. Robert worked there in a clerical capacity and made his own expenses. He was a firm, cool-headed boy, who always seemed to know exactly where he was going and what he was going to do. He struck one at once as mature and resourceful, and thoroughly the master of himself. There was plenty of fun in him and he was companionable. He took an active part in college politics, and felt very strongly about student matters that he had become interested in. Mather thought he had been unfairly treated in an essay contest in his sophomore year, and the vigor with which he retaliated resulted in a class fight such as had never been seen at Knox before, and involved the whole college.

One of the results of this fight was that, early in their senior year, Mather and his faction secured control of the *Knox College Student*. The paper had never belonged to any one; the editors were not regularly elected, but the senior class usually conducted the paper in some informal manner. This time, however, Mather and his supporters had not consulted the rest of the class at all, but had simply taken possession. Very soon after they

got control, the office of the paper was entered one night and the subscription list and the books were removed. To this day I do not know who took them, nor did I at the time imagine that it had been done for our benefit. But the books soon came into our hands, and Albert Brady, John Phillips, a classmate named Evans, and I took hold of the *Knox Student* and had it legally incorporated in Springfield.

There were twenty-six of us in the group that opposed Mather, and we each held two shares of stock in the paper. I was made Editor in Chief, Phillips Literary Editor, and Albert Brady Business Manager. Albert at once had some contract blanks printed, and went around to the business men of Galesburg and got them to sign up for a year's advertising. Meanwhile, because of our high-handedness, public sympathy in the college had swung the other way, and when Mather came out with a new publication, the *Coup d'État*, the lower classmen were all with him, and his new paper really was more representative of the student body than was the *Knox Student*. When Mather's people went about to get advertising for the new paper, however, they found that all the merchants had signed contracts with us and they refused to give out any more advertising to college publications.

We put out a very good college paper. John Phillips was easily the best-read student in the college, a boy with a great natural aptitude for letters; and Albert Brady showed then the same unusual business ability

that he afterward showed as Business Manager of *McClure's Magazine*. It was curious how, after we left college, the three of us held together. It does not often happen that three boys, united in a college enterprise, keep in touch with one another and a few years after their graduation form a business partnership that lasts through a large part of their lives. Robert Mather, too, during the latter years of his life was associated with our enterprises, and at the time of his death was vice-president of the board of directors of the S. S. McClure Company.

In editing the *Knox Student* I followed exactly the same principles of editing that I afterward followed in editing *McClure's Magazine*. Whatever I know about editing I knew in the beginning. We had, after the manner of college papers, a long staff of contributing editors, an Exchange Editor, a Society Editor, etc. I remember that at first some of them were very indignant at the way in which I cut and modified their copy. There was especial indignation because I cut all such items as: "Charley Brown was seen walking across the campus with a vision in white last Friday afternoon. What about it, Charley?" Phillips and I had undertaken to make the paper lively and interesting, and we didn't consider this form of humor either one or the other.

I had never in any way distinguished myself in my English classes, and some of our contributors who had written prize essays were naturally indignant at the liberties I took in cutting and condensing their copy.

Some of the disgruntled boys had a meeting of the stockholders called, at which they intended to make a motion to depose me. They introduced some minor motion first to test the strength of their following, and when Albert Brady got up and announced that he had been empowered to vote twenty-six proxies, the meeting went no further.

In looking over the exchanges from other colleges, one day, it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to write a history of the college papers of Western Colleges. I talked this over with Mr. Phillips, and he seemed to think it would be interesting. I suppose we were somewhat influenced by a desire to set forth modestly our own triumphs in college journalism. I corresponded with a number of colleges, and got up and printed a pamphlet which I called "The History of Western College Journalism." After the book was written, I went to the public library and looked over the advertising in all the big magazines. I made a note of such houses as I thought might advertise with profit in college publications, wrote to them, and got advertising enough to make a small sum of money on my pamphlet. This was the first touch of any kind that I had ever had with the advertising department of big business concerns. One of these advertisements, the one I secured from the Pope Manufacturing Company, was to have a very important influence on my future.

On September 15 of my senior year I saw Harriet Hurd for the first time in nearly five years. I was walking through the public park adjoining the college campus,

when I saw her walking some distance ahead of me. I overtook her and after some hesitation spoke to her, saying that I was afraid that she was under some misapprehension about me. She turned in a pleasant, friendly way, as if she had seen me only the day before, and said that she did not feel that there was any misunderstanding, and that she felt that things had never changed between us. I talked with her for a moment then, and arranged to see her that evening. I called accordingly, and I remember that evening as distinctly the happiest of my life. We met again as if we had not been separated for nearly five years, with complete sympathy and understanding. I stayed until the cuckoo clock chirped ten—which was the latest hour that any boy could, on any pretext, stay in Professor Hurd's house.

Just at this time the young Professor of English Literature at Knox College, Melville B. Anderson, was a most kind and useful friend to us. He organized a class for the study of Anglo-Saxon, to which Miss Hurd and I were both bidden, and then and always has been our sympathizer. Years later Mrs. McClure and I visited Professor and Mrs. Anderson at Palo Alto, California, where he was Professor of English Literature at Leland Stanford University, and in a letter written after this visit he says—

"Don't forget to give our (and *my*) love to Harriet. Remember, you and she, that, or thank the Anglo-Saxon class, the cup might have slipped from the parched lip. And, moreover, the good account I gave of you when asked! So I claim a place in that 'very tender history.' "

After that I saw Miss Hurd nearly every day until she left Galesburg in March. Her father was anxious to have her go away, chiefly because I was there. She had an opportunity to teach in the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, and another position was offered her at the Abbot Academy, in Andover, Massachusetts. Professor Hurd thought it would be too easy for a young man just out of college to locate in Lincoln, but that in Andover a boy from the West would have a pretty hard time to get along; so he insisted that Harriet should go to Andover. After she went to Andover in the spring, Miss Hurd and I corresponded, and she gave me permission to visit her in the summer, when she would be staying with friends near Utica, New York.

My commencement oration was on "Enthusiasm," and it lasted exactly five minutes. It stated about as much as I have ever had to say on that subject: that the men who start the great new movements in the world are enthusiasts whose eyes are fixed upon the end they wish to bring about—that to them the future becomes present. It was when they believed in what seemed impossible that the Abolitionists did most good, that they created the sentiment which finally did accomplish the impossible. The enthusiast, I argued, must always be considered impractical, because he ignores those difficulties of execution which make most men conservative; and his impracticality is his strength. It is not the critical, judicial type of mind, but the Garibaldi [2] type of mind, that

[2] Garibaldi was a celebrated Italian patriot, who did splendid service in the war of 1859.

generates the great popular ideas by which humanity rights itself.

When I wrote my oration I had one clear picture in mind, though I did not use this figure at all in the oration. It was that of a man out in the open on a dark night, and before him, on a hilltop, a light shining. Between this man and that light there were woods and brambles and sloughs and marshes and deep rivers. But the man was so unconscious of all this that it seemed to him he could already put out his hand and touch the light. This kind of man, I felt, would in some fashion get what he started out for.

My graduation was one of the greatest disappointments I have ever been through. I had done well enough in my studies, and graduated third in a class of thirty—Mather was first, and Nils Anderson, a Swede, second. But I had expected to be a very different fellow when I got through college from the fellow I had always been. When I found that I was still just the same boy, a feeling of discouragement weighed me down. I had looked forward for eight years to graduating, and I had always thought that when I graduated I would be tall, that I would know a great deal, and that I would have all the plans made for my life. Here I was, no taller, no wiser, and with no plans at all. The future was an absolute blank ahead of me. I could not see a step in advance. I talked with other boys, and found that most of them had arranged for the immediate future. One classmate was going into his father's law office; another was going to enter his uncle's store; several were going to teach in

high schools or small colleges, etc. As I talked things over with them, it occurred to me that they were tying themselves up pretty early, and that, though it was uncomfortable not to have any plans, I did not want to tie myself up, as they were doing. I figured that when so many boys from so many colleges were going into regular lines of work that year, there might be room for one irregular—that it couldn't hurt anybody but myself if I took a plunge into space.

In the week of my commencement Miss Hurd's letters ceased coming. I wrote repeatedly, but could not get a reply from her. She had been, when I last heard from her, with her friends near Utica. There was evidently some misunderstanding. I waited about Galesburg for several days after commencement, but no letter came from Miss Hurd. One night, when John Phillips and I were sitting on the steps of the High School building, I talked the situation over with him, and he agreed with me that I had better go East and find out what was the trouble.

The next day I packed my valise. Besides my clothes, I put in a small stock of notions. Peddling had become second nature to me by this time. I still had some money I had made on my "History of Western College Journalism," but that would not last long, and I thought that if I failed to find work in the East I could fall back on my pack temporarily.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

The achievements of Thomas A. Edison are so splendid and so varied that they tend to distract our attention from his remarkable personality. It has been said that Americans are too close to him to get a proper perspective on his genius; that Europeans come nearer to adequate recognition of his greatness. However that may be, this excellent life of Edison was written by Francis Arthur Jones, who in his childhood and youth in England was an ardent admirer of the great inventor. He read all he could get concerning him, he says, and he always had Edison's picture hanging in his room. When a publishing house later offered to send him to America to get material for a series of articles on our country, he accepted largely because of the chance it might give him to meet Edison. After many interviews, the idea of publishing the results of these in book form came to him, and Edison assented. Much valuable material in the Edison Library was put at his disposal. Thus the book, while it is formally a biography, contains much that is autobiographical, since so much of the material came through direct and intimate association.

The facts of Edison's early life are well known. He was born in Milan, Ohio, but his early youth was spent in Port Huron, Michigan. He was a "different" child, given to asking unusual and puzzling questions. His mother, who had been a teacher, gave him most of his education at home. From twelve to fifteen years of age he worked as newsboy and candy-seller on the Grand Trunk Railroad, between Port Huron and Detroit. At the same time he was publishing and selling his famous little *Weekly Herald*. An older friend taught him telegraphy in 1862, and for a few years he worked as telegrapher in various cities. The chapter called "His First Workshop" opens when he was just eighteen.

The later chapters tell of some of his greatest discoveries, the phonograph, the storage battery, the incandescent light, etc. There are interesting discussions of his personality, his methods of work, his home life, his famous camping trips, and even of his questionnaire!

HIS FIRST WORKSHOP[1]

By Francis Arthur Jones

EDISON remained in Indianapolis until February, 1865, when he resigned his position and commenced a wandering life which carried him from state to state and from city to city. During this nomadic existence he arrived in Cincinnati, where he remained for several months as a telegraph operator, earning a fair salary, but devoting so much of it to the purchase of books and electrical instruments, that little was left to provide him with even the necessaries of life. He continued to combine his experimental work with hard reading, and through this devotion to literature he narrowly escaped death at the hands of an overzealous policeman. Edison himself has often told the story of how he was shot at as a supposed thief, and the incident is worth recalling. It was all due, so he says, to his liking for reading.

"While a telegraph operator in Cincinnati," he says, "I was just as great a reader as in the old days, and my salary being small, I used to wander among the auction-rooms and pick up a bargain whenever I got the chance. One day there was put up to the highest bidder a stack of *North American Reviews,* and, after some desultory offers, I secured the lot for two dollars. I carried the parcel—which was heavy enough to put on a truck—to

[1] From Jones' *Thomas Alva Edison,* copyright 1907 and 1908, 1924. Reprinted by permission of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

the telegraph office, arriving there just in time to report. At three A.M. I was free, and shouldering my package, I went down the dark street at a pretty lively pace, for I was not only anxious to get rid of my burden, but I was also very desirous to start in reading the books as soon as possible.

"Presently I heard a pistol shot behind me and something whizzed past my ear, nearly grazing it, in fact. As I turned, a breathless policeman came up and ordered me in tones I didn't fail to hear that time to drop my parcel. Evidently hurrying along the dark alleyway with my bundle I did look rather a suspicious character, and the policeman had concluded that I was decamping with property not my own. I stopped and opened my package. The policeman looked disgusted. 'Why didn't you halt when I told you?' he said. 'If I'd been a better shot you might have got killed.' He apologized afterwards when I explained to him that it was owing to my deafness that I didn't obey his commands."

In connection with his telegraphic days in Cincinnati, Edison tells a story in support of his theory that there is no work so mechanical as that of a telegraph operator. "One night," he says, "I noticed an immense crowd gathering in the street outside a newspaper office. I called the attention of the other operators to the crowd and we sent a messenger boy out to find the cause of the excitement. He returned in a few minutes and shouted, 'Lincoln's shot!' Instinctively the operators looked from one face to the other to see which man had received the

news. All the faces were blank and every man said he had not taken a word about the shooting. 'Look over your files,' said the boss to the man handling the press stuff. For a few minutes we waited in suspense, and then the man held up a sheet of paper, containing a short account of the shooting of the President. The operator had worked so mechanically that he had handled the news without the slightest knowledge of its significance."

From Cincinnati, Edison journeyed to Memphis and immediately started for the local office of the Western Union to ask for a job. His first appearance there has been described by a writer who claims to have been an operator with him in his Tennessee days, and the account is so humorous that I cannot refrain from quoting it.

"He came walking into the office one morning," says this unknown author, "looking like a veritable hayseed. He wore a hickory shirt, a pair of butternut pants tucked into the tops of boots a size too large and guiltless of blacking. 'Where's the boss?' was his query, as he glanced around the office. No one replied at once and he repeated the question. The manager asked what he could do for him, and the future great one proceeded to strike him for a job. Business was rushing and the office was two men short, so almost any kind of a lightning-slinger was welcome. He was assigned to a desk and a fusillade of winks went the rounds of the room, for the new arrival had been put on the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. At the end of the line was an operator who was chain lightning and knew it.

"Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called. The newcomer responded, and St. Louis started on a long report, which he pumped in like a house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of the chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, took up a pen, examined it critically, and started in about fifteen words behind. He didn't stay there long though. St. Louis let out another link of speed and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old-style Singer sewing-machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the Jay to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone.

"Well, sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest copperplate hand you ever saw, even crossing his *t*'s and dotting his *i*'s, and punctuating with as much care as a man editing telegraph for rat printers. St. Louis got tired by and by and began to slow down. Then Edison opened the key and said:

" 'Hello, there! When are you going to get a hustle on? This is no primer class.'

"Well, sir," said the gentleman in conclusion, "that broke St. Louis all up. He had been rawhiding Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly sore, and to have a man in our office who could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby. I saw the Wizard not long ago. He doesn't wear a hickory shirt or put his pants in his boots, but he is very far from being a dude yet."

This account is, of course, exaggerated, and the nar-

rator has taken the liberty of turning the incident into one of humorous nature, though the main facts are correct. Edison at one time in his career was the fastest operator in the employ of the Western Union, and a constant source of astonishment to every one, from the manager down, was the way in which he would take the swiftest messages with ease almost amounting to indifference. His remarkably clear handwriting might be described as one of his first inventions, for he originated it expressly for the purpose of taking quick reports. He could, with no apparent effort, write forty-five words a minute, sufficient to take down messages from the speediest senders, and had it been necessary might have increased his capacity to fifty and fifty-five words, and with no decrease in neatness and legibility. As a sender he was no less remarkable, and there were few who could take his messages when Edison felt in good condition and his blood was up.

But Memphis did not enjoy the society of their champion operator for long. Again he lost his job, this time, according to Alexander Knapp, a fellow-worker, through an exuberance of spirits which scandalized the Memphis manager, a gentleman of the name of Baker. Knapp and Edison were firm friends and would occasionally visit the theaters and other places of amusement together. One evening they went to the "Zoo," a variety theater on Washington Street, where they saw a performance of the "can-can" dance, which had just then been introduced to Memphis audiences. Both operators were delighted

with the novel performance, and on reaching the office to begin the night's work they decided that the time and the place were convenient for a trial of the new dance. For the benefit of their co-workers they began to give the "can-can" with so much energy that several of the tables were knocked over and some of the instruments put out of business. In the midst of this scene Mr. Baker arrived, and, without asking for any explanation, he took Edison by one ear and Knapp by the other, led them to the door of the office, and turned them loose into the street, telling them that they might continue their performance there if they liked. Neither Edison nor Knapp returned to explain matters, but immediately sought fresh fields for the exercise of their apparently unappreciated talents. Subsequently Knapp eschewed telegraphy, and afterwards became a very prominent man in railroad circles.

Edison decided to try Boston. He had a friend there named Milton Adams, and to him he wrote, begging him as a favor to find him a job. Adams was also a telegrapher, and connected with the Boston office of the Western Union, and he mentioned the matter to G. F. Milliken, the manager, showing him Edison's application. The curious handwriting immediately attracted Mr. Milliken's attention, and his interest being aroused, he inquired if the operator took messages from the line and put them down in that shape. Adams replied, "Yes, and there is no one who can stick him," whereupon Milliken told him to write to his friend, and tell him to call upon him, and he would see what could be done. Edison

took train for Boston immediately after the receipt of Adams's hopeful letter, and a five minutes' interview sufficed for Milliken to size the young man up and give him a position. On entering the office his retiring manner and eccentricities of dress—he was just as untidy as ever—created some amusement, but he soon showed such remarkable gifts as an operator—no one could touch him even in Boston—that amusement turned to admiration, and he was looked upon with respect and even veneration.

Edison was no sooner settled in his new position than he opened a small workshop for the perfecting of many ideas which were germinating in his busy brain, and it was while here that he took out his first patent—perhaps the most unfortunate of the many hundreds with which his name is associated. This was a vote-recording machine, comprising a system whereby each member of a legislative body could, by moving a switch on his desk to right or left, register his name on a sheet of paper under the "ayes" or "noes." The paper was chemically prepared, and when the circuit was closed an iron roller passed over the paper, under which was the type signifying the member's name. The current passing through the chemically prepared paper caused its discoloration wherever the type came in contact with it, and the name was accordingly printed on the paper. At the same time the vote was counted by a dial indicator which was operated by the same circuit.

This ingenious instrument worked perfectly, and the young inventor was in high feather over his wonderfully

simple yet adequate system for "purifying" the ballot. He had been used to handling press reports, and the time taken in counting votes as well as the ease with which they could be "manipulated" had suggested to him the idea for the invention. So he traveled to Washington, and after some little delay succeeded in exhibiting his instrument to the Chairman of Committees, who, after examining the machine very carefully, said: "Young man, it works all right and couldn't be better. With an instrument like that it would be difficult to monkey with the vote if you wanted to. But it won't do. In fact, it's the last thing on earth that we want here. Filibustering [2] and delay in the counting of the votes are often the only means we have for defeating bad legislation. So, though I admire your genius and the spirit which prompted you to invent so excellent a machine, we shan't require it here. Take the thing away."

Whereupon Edison mournfully shouldered his vote-recorder and left the committee-room. "Of course I was very sorry," said Edison afterwards, "for I had banked on that machine bringing me in money. But it was a lesson to me. There and then I made a vow that I would never invent anything which was not wanted, or which was not necessary to the community at large. And so far I believe I have kept that vow."

A story which will stick to Edison has reference to the way in which he rid the office of cockroaches, and the inventor always smiles when the incident crops up—

[2] Filibustering—delaying legislation by ingenious tricks or artifices.

as it usually does—if in conversation with an interviewer interested in his early days. Says an operator who worked with him in Boston: "We were terribly bothered and disgusted by the vast army of cockroaches that each night formed an entire square, with the operators' lunches on the inside. These lunches were kept on an unused table, and promptly at half-past six each night the cockroach legions would march upon the old table, ascend the four legs that upheld it, and make a raid on sandwiches, apple pie, and other eatables. One night while Edison was waiting for Washington to start the newspaper specials he conceived a plan to annihilate the entire cockroach horde.

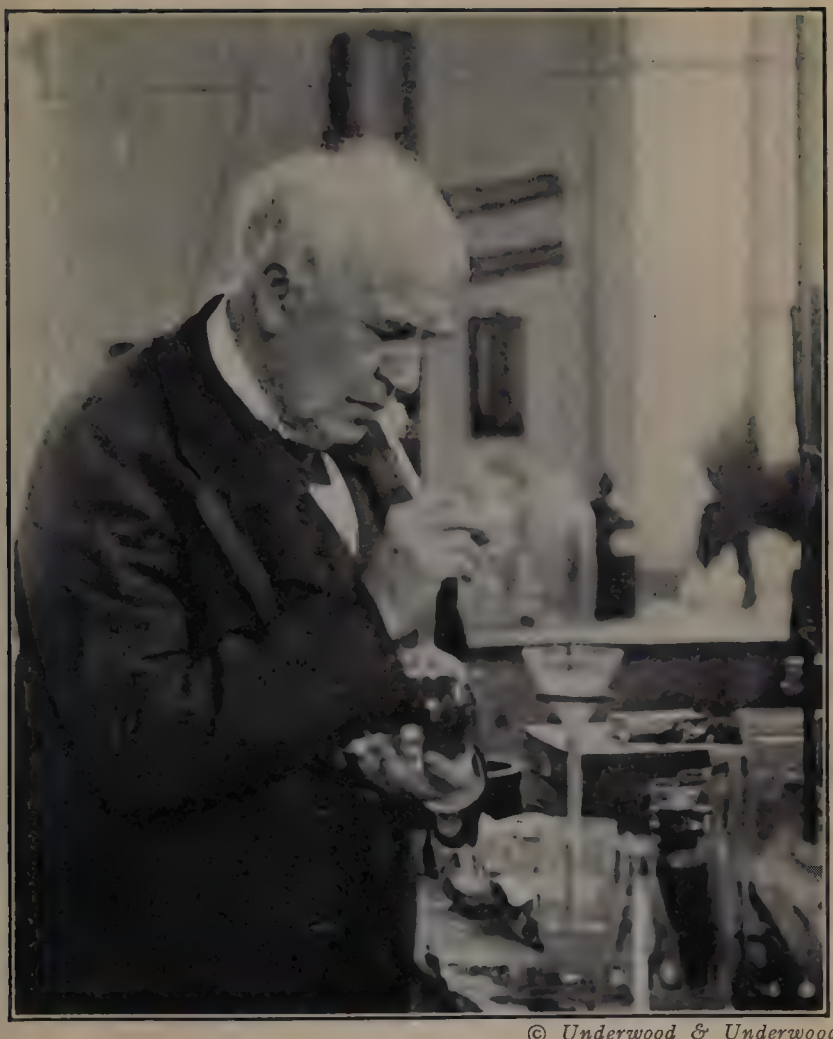
"He said nothing, but when he reported for duty the next night he was supplied with a quantity of tin-foil and four or five yards of fine wire. Unrolling the tin-foil and cutting two narrow strips from the long sheet, he stretched them around the table, taking care to keep them as near together as possible without touching, and fastening them into position with some very small tacks. Then he connected the ribbons and foil with two heavy batteries and awaited the result.

"We were all deeply interested and little work was done until the advance guard of the cockroach army put in an appearance. Now to complete the circuit and set this unique little engine of death in operation it needed but a single cockroach to cross the dead line. One big fellow came up the post at the southeast corner of the room and stopped for a moment. Then he brushed

his nose with his forelegs and started. He reached the first ribbon in safety, but as soon as his fore-creepers struck the opposite or parallel ribbon over he went as dead as a free message. From that time until after lunch the check boys were kept busy brushing the dead insects to the floor. At midnight the cordon of defunct beetles around the table looked like a square made out of an old rope."

While in Boston, Adams was Edison's constant companion, and the two lived and worked together more like brothers than friends. They would wander among the old secondhand book stores and pick up bargains which Edison would devour when he should have been resting. "One day," says Adams, "he bought the whole of Faraday's works on electricity, brought them home at four o'clock in the morning, and read steadily until I arose, when we made for Hanover Street, about a mile distant (where we took our meals) to secure breakfast. Edison's brain was on fire with what he had read, and he suddenly remarked to me: 'Adams, I have got so much to do and life is so short that I am going to hustle,' and with that he started on a run for breakfast."

Captain H. M. Anderson, of Kansas City, was an operator with Edison at this time, and often met the inventor at his little workshop in Wilson Street. Anderson was on day duty, but Edison had a night shift. "Where he slept," says Captain Anderson, "I don't know, for he worked most of the day down in that little machine shop. He never was in time to go on duty. He would



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Edison in his laboratory.

get to working out some idea, and would not think about his job until half an hour after time to report. Often he got called over the coals by the manager, but though he always expressed sorrow he never repented, or if he did, he never reformed. He made some guncotton once from a formula of his own. He had been working for weeks on something, but we never ventured to ask him what it was. He would not have told us if we had. One day I heard him say, 'I don't believe it's any good,' and he laid something in a metal case and put it on the mantel, back of the stove. It lay there for weeks until they started a fire, and then there was an explosion which blew the front of the stove out. We all rushed from the room, Edison leading the bunch, and all he said was: 'Well, it was good after all.' So I suppose the cause of the explosion was his homemade guncotton.

"In the cloak-room, where the operators hung up their hats and coats, there was a large tank filled with ice-water for drinking. Opposite it hung a tin dipper on a nail in the wall. Edison, in one of his merry moods, connected this nail with a wire at the other end of which were 190 cells of Fuller battery. He then placed a sign below the dipper requesting all to 'Please return this dipper.' His request was heeded. The dipper was never taken down, but there were a dozen or more wrenched arms in the office in less than an hour.

"I remember once when Edison bought a new suit of clothes. It was not often he spent much money on these luxuries, but that time he got a thirty-dollar suit.

The next Sunday he was experimenting in his workshop with a bottle of sulphuric acid. Suddenly the bottle exploded and the new suit was ruined. 'What I get for putting so much money in a suit!' was Edison's only comment."

Edison himself, through the medium of W. K. L. Dickson, tells a story of his Boston days which I have permission to quote here. It is related at the expense of his friend Adams, who, much to his disgust, was the principal in the amusing incident. "One day," says the inventor, "Milton and I were passing along Tremont Row when we noticed a crowd collected in front of two dry-goods stores and stopped to see what was the matter. It happened that these were rival establishments and that each had received a consignment of stockings which they were eager to dispose of. Their methods were very entertaining. One would put out a sign stating that this vast commercial emporium had five thousand pairs of stockings to dispose of at the paralyzing price of twelve cents a pair, an announcement which wound up with: 'No connection with the firm next door.' In a moment the rival firm would follow suit, underbidding the other by one cent at a time, until the price was actually reduced to one cent for five pairs of stockings.

"The crowd had been steadily increasing all the time, contenting itself with jeering and making merry, but showing no avidity to take advantage of these tempting bargains. Milton and I had been agog, however, for some

time and he now broke out with: 'Say, Edison, I can stand this no longer—give me a cent,' and on being supplied with this handsome financial basis he boldly entered the store, which was filled with lady clerks. Throwing down the cent, he demanded five pairs of stockings, while the crowd excitedly awaited the result. The young lady attendant surveyed the customer with magnificent disdain and handed him five pairs of baby stockings. 'Oh,' said my friend, in much discomfiture, 'I can't use these.' 'Can't help it, young man,' was the curt reply; 'we don't permit selections at that price.' The crowd roared and the commercial struggle soon afterwards ended."

Many stories have been written regarding Edison's first lecture, and it is generally supposed that he was so nervous when he found himself in front of his audience that all he could blurt out was: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—Mr. Adams will now lecture on electricity while I illustrate his remarks with the lantern." This is a little exaggeration of what actually happened. His first lecture, which took place while he was in Boston, was a success, though at the commencement he certainly was greatly embarrassed, as was also his partner, Mr. Milton Adams. His name as a scientist had become a well-known one by this time in Boston, and he bore so excellent a character that he was selected by a fashionable ladies' academy to lecture on telegraphy.

"Immersed in other projects," says Mr. Dickson, "he not only neglected to inquire into the sex of his audience

but totally overlooked the appointment, and when summoned by his friend Mr. Adams was discovered on the top of a house performing certain acrobatic feats connected with the erection of a telegraph wire. Curiously enough, Adams shared his colleague's ignorance in regard to the expected ordeal, and possessed, like Edison, with the belief that the audience would be composed of boys, thought it unnecessary, in view of the late hour, to devote any time to personal adornment.

"Unsuspiciously they hurried through the streets and plunged into the scientific arena, where, to their horror and amazement, they found themselves confronted, not by a horde of undisciplined boys, but by an assembly of beautifully attired young ladies. Confusion descended upon them, their tongues clove to the roofs of their mouths, and the upturned sea of quizzical faces before them loomed faintly through a crimson maze. At last, Edison, possessed of the courage of despair, and seeing that Adams was absolutely *hors de combat,* plunged into an exposition of his subject and succeeded, in spite of certain catching sensations at the back of the throat, in conveying to the fair scientists a brief, pleasant, and lucid view of the subject. This diffidence, perhaps, served Edison's cause better than a bumptious and self-satisfied glibness would have done. From that day the sweet girl graduates made a point of recognizing Edison in public and bestowed upon him such smiles as made him a subject of envious admiration among his less favored associates."

Edison got out a patent on his electrical vote re-

corder, although he never did anything with it later. His application for patent was signed October 11, 1868—a significant date as it is the first of a long series running into the hundreds which have since borne his name in the Patent Office.

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

It is a current maxim in biography that a man should be portrayed against the background which will best bring out what he really is. Only by studying the place and the conditions that produced him can we hope to understand the complete individual. Hamlin Garland has written nearly thirty volumes of fiction, verse, and biography, and in most of them has made use of the same general setting. The two that are finest of all these, perhaps, are his autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border,* and the sequel to it, *A Daughter of the Middle Border,* which won the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1922. Hamlin Garland knew that his early years in the Middle Border, or that district lying between eastern Wisconsin and the western Dakotas, had been the strongest formative influence in his life, that he was truly a Son of the Middle Border. Thus his autobiography abounds in splendid descriptions of the glory of the prairie, as well as of the sordid toil it imposes upon its children.

This little boy of fourteen who reaps and threshes and plows so bravely was born in 1860 in "Green's Coulee," in western Wisconsin. When he was nine the family started moving westward, and finally settled in Mitchell County, Iowa, on the farm of which he writes here. When he was twenty-one, just after his graduation from Cedar Valley Seminary at Osage, a two-year plague of chinch bugs drove his father still further west, into Brown County, South Dakota. After a year wandering through the eastern states, Hamlin Garland too tried Dakota, but in 1884 he gave up the attempt to be a "lord of the soil," and returned to the East, where he began teaching, writing and studying. His stories of the Middle Border, which were begun about 1891, were very successful because they were so real, and they were so real because the boy had stored up what he observed on the Iowa and Dakota farms, and later wrote of the life he knew best.

Perhaps the most significant thing about this autobiography is that while it is personal, it is also general; it epitomizes the experience of so many of those pioneers of the Middle West who hoped so greatly and were often so tragically disappointed. Mr. Garland has always been a tireless advocate of the national

character in music and fiction, and he exemplifies his own teachings. Mr. Howells said of this autobiography that it has a greater interest than Goethe's, Rousseau's, or Franklin's. "In none of these is there such a grasp of the great, serious, elemental things, the endeavor and endurance which have constituted us as a people."

WHEAT AND THE HARVEST[1]

By HAMLIN GARLAND

As I look back over my life on that Iowa farm the song of the reaper fills a large place in my mind. We were all worshipers of wheat in those days. The men thought and talked of little else between seeding and harvest, and you will not wonder at this if you have known and bowed down before such abundance as we then enjoyed.

Deep as the breast of a man, wide as the sea, heavy-headed, supple-stocked, many-voiced, full of multitudinous, secret, whispered colloquies,—a meeting place of winds and of sunlight,—our fields ran to the world's end.

We trembled when the storm lay hard upon the wheat, we exulted as the lilac shadows of noon-day drifted over it! We went out into it at noon when all was still—so still we could hear the pulse of the transforming sap as it crept from cool root to swaying plume. We stood before it at evening when the setting sun flooded it with crimson, the bearded heads lazily swirling under the wings of the wind, the mousing hawk dipping into its green deeps like the eagle into the sea, and our hearts expanded with the beauty and the mystery of it,—and back of all this was the knowledge that its abundance meant a new

[1] Copyright 1917, 1923, by Hamlin Garland. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company.

carriage, an addition to the house or a new suit of clothes.

Haying was over, and day by day we boys watched with deepening interest while the hot sun transformed the juices of the soil into those stately stalks. I loved to go out into the fairy forest of it, and lying there, silent in its swaying deeps, hear the wild chickens peep and the wind sing its subtle song over our heads. Day by day I studied the barley as it turned yellow, first at the root and then at the neck (while the middle joints, rank and sappy, retained their blue-green sheen), until at last the lower leaves began to wither and the stems to stiffen in order to uphold the daily increasing weight of the milky berries, and then almost in an hour—lo! the edge of the field became a banded ribbon of green and yellow, languidly waving in and out with every rush of the breeze.

Now we got out the reaper, put the sickles in order, and father laid in a store of provisions. Extra hands were hired, and at last, early on a hot July morning, the boss mounted to his seat on the self-rake "McCormick" and drove into the field. Frank rode the lead horse, four stalwart hands and myself took "stations" behind the reaper and the battle was on!

Reaping generally came about the 20th of July, the hottest and dryest part of the summer, and was the most pressing work of the year. It demanded early rising for the men, and it meant an all-day broiling over the kitchen stove for the women. Stern, incessant toil went on inside and out from dawn till sunset, no matter how

the thermometer sizzled. On many days the mercury mounted to ninety-five in the shade, but with wide fields all yellowing at the same moment, no one thought of laying off. A storm might sweep it flat, or if neglected too long, it might "crinkle."

Our reaper in 1874 was a new model of the McCormick self-rake,—the Marsh Harvester was not yet in general use. The Woods Dropper, the Seymour and Morgan hand-rake "contraptions" seemed a long way in the past. True the McCormick required four horses to drag it, but it was effective. It was hard to believe that anything more cunning would ever come to claim the farmer's money. Weird tales of a machine on which two men rode and bound twelve acres of wheat in ten hours came to us, but we did not potently believe these reports—on the contrary we accepted the self-rake as quite the final word in harvesting machinery and cheerily bent to the binding of sheaves with their own straw in the good old time-honored way.

No task save that of "cradling" surpassed in severity "binding on a station." It was a full-grown man's job, but every boy was ambitious to try his hand, and when at fourteen years of age I was promoted from "bundle boy" to be one of the five hands to bind after the reaper, I went to my corner with joy and confidence. For two years I had been serving as binder on the corners (to keep the grain out of the way of the horses), and I knew my job.

I was short and broad-shouldered, with large strong

hands admirably adapted for this work, and for the first two hours easily held my own with the rest of the crew, but as the morning wore on and the sun grew hotter, my enthusiasm waned. A painful void developed in my chest. My breakfast had been ample, but no mere stomachful of food could carry a growing boy through five hours of desperate toil. Along about a quarter to ten, I began to scan the field with anxious eye, longing to see Harriet and the promised luncheon basket.

Just when it seemed that I could endure the strain no longer she came bearing a jug of cool milk, some cheese and some deliciously fresh fried-cakes. With keen joy I set a couple of tall sheaves together like a tent and flung myself down flat on my back in their shadow to devour my lunch.

Tired as I was, my dim eyes apprehended something of the splendor of the shining clouds which rolled like storms of snow through the deep-blue spaces of sky and so, resting silently as a clod, I could hear the chirp of the crickets, the buzzing wings of flies and the faint, fairy-like tread of smaller unseen insects hurrying their way just beneath my ear in the stubble. Strange green worms, grasshoppers and shining beetles crept over me as I dozed.

This delicious, dreamful respite was broken by the far-off approaching purr of the sickle, flicked by the faint snap of the driver's whip, and out of the low rustle of the ever-stirring Lilliputian forest came the wailing

cry of a baby wild chicken lost from its mother—a falling, thrilling, piteous little pipe.

Such momentary communion with nature seemed all the sweeter for the work which had preceded it, as well as that which was to follow it. It took resolution to rise and go back to my work, but I did it, sustained by a kind of soldierly pride.

At noon we hurried to the house, surrounded the kitchen table and fell upon our boiled beef and potatoes with such ferocity that in fifteen minutes our meal was over. There was no ceremony and very little talking till the hid wolf was appeased. Then came a heavenly half-hour of rest on the cool grass in the shade of the trees, a siesta as luxurious as that of a Spanish monarch—but alas!—this "nooning," as we called it, was always cut short by father's word of sharp command, "Roll out, boys!" and again the big white jugs were filled at the well, the horses, lazy with food, led the way back to the field, and the stern contest began again.

All nature at this hour seemed to invite to repose rather than to labor, and as the heat increased I longed with wordless fervor for the green woods of the Cedar River. At times the gentle wind hardly moved the bended heads of the barley, and the hawks hung in the air like trout sleeping in deep pools. The sunlight was a golden, silent, scorching cataract—yet each of us must strain his tired muscles and bend his aching back to the harvest.

Supper came at five, another delicious interval—and

then at six we all went out again for another hour or two in the cool of the sunset.—However, the pace was more leisurely now for the end of the day was near. I always enjoyed this period, for the shadows lengthening across the stubble, and the fiery sun, veiled by the gray clouds of the west, had wondrous charm. The air began to moisten and grow cool. The voices of the men pulsed powerfully and cheerfully across the narrowing field of unreaped grain, the prairie hens led forth their broods to feed, and at last, father's long-drawn and musical cry, "Turn OUT! All hands TURN OUT!" rang with restful significance through the dusk. Then, slowly, with low-hung heads the freed horses moved toward the barn, walking with lagging steps like weary warriors going into camp. . . .

The reaping on our farm that year lasted about four weeks. Barley came first, wheat followed, the oats came last of all. No sooner was the final swath cut than the barley was ready to be put under cover, and "stacking," a new and less exacting phase of the harvest, began. . . .

At the age of ten I had been taught to "handle bundles" on the stack, but now at fourteen I took my father's place as stacker, whilst he passed the sheaves and told me how to lay them. This exalted me at the same time that it increased my responsibility. It made a man of me—not only in my own estimation, but in the eyes of my boy companions to whom I discoursed loftily on the value of "bulges" and the advantages of the stack over the rick.

No sooner was the stacking ended than the dreaded task of plowing began for Burton and John and me. Every morning while our fathers and the hired men shouldered their forks and went away to help some neighbor thrash ("changing works")—we drove our teams into the field, there to plod round and round in solitary course. Here I acquired the feeling which I afterward put into verse—

A lonely task it is to plow!
All day the black and shining soil
Rolls like a ribbon from the moldboard's
Glistening curve. All day the horses toil,
Battling with savage flies, and strain
Their creaking singletrees. All day
The crickets peer from wind-blown stacks of grain.

Franklin's job was almost as lonely. He was set to herd the cattle on the harvested stubble and keep them out of the cornfield. A little later, in October, when I was called to take my place as corn-husker, he was promoted to the plow. Our only respite during the months of October and November was the occasional cold rain which permitted us to read or play cards in the kitchen.

Cards! I never look at a certain type of playing card without experiencing a return of the wonder and the guilty joy with which I bought of Metellus Kirby my first "deck," and slipped it into my pocket. There was an alluring oriental imaginative quality in the drawing on the face cards. They brought to me vague hints of mad monarchs, desperate stakes, and huge sudden rewards. All that I

had heard or read of Mississippi gamblers [2] came back to make those gaudy bits of paste-board marvelous.

My father did not play cards, hence, although I had no reason to think he would forbid them to me, I took a fearsome joy in assuming his bitter opposition. For a time my brother and I played in secret, and then one day, one cold bleak day as we were seated on the floor of the granary playing on an upturned half-bushel measure, shivering with the chill, our fingers numb and blue, the door opened and father looked in.

We waited, while his round, eagle-gray eyes took in the situation and it seemed a long, terrifying interval, then at last he mildly said: "I guess you'd better go in and play by the stove. This isn't very comfortable."

Stunned by this unexpected concession, I gathered up the cards, and as I took my way to the house, I thought deeply. The meaning of that quiet voice, that friendly invitation, was not lost on me. The soldier rose to grand heights by that single act, and when I showed the cards to mother and told her that father had consented to our playing, she looked grave but made no objection to our use of the kitchen table. As a matter of fact they both soon after joined our game. "If you are going to play," they said, "we'd rather you played right here with us." Thereafter rainy days were less dreary, and the evenings shorter.

Everybody played Authors at this time also, and to this

[2] In the old days, when travel north and south was chiefly accomplished by steamboats on the Mississippi, the professional gamblers on these boats became notorious.

day I cannot entirely rid myself of the estimations which our pack of cards fixed in my mind. *Prue and I* and *The Blithedale Romance* were on an equal footing, so far as our game went, and Howells, Bret Harte and Dickens were all of far-off romantic horizon. Writers were singular, exalted beings found only in the East—in splendid cities. They were not folks, they were demigods, men and women living aloof and looking down benignantly on toiling common creatures like us.

It never entered my mind that any one I knew could ever by any chance meet an author, or even hear one lecture—although it was said that they did sometimes come west on altruistic educational journeys and that they sometimes reached our county town.

I am told—I do not know that it is true—that I am one of the names on a present-day deck of Author cards. If so, I wish I could call in that small plowboy of 1874 and let him play a game with this particular pack!

The crops on our farms in those first years were enormous and prices were good, and yet the homes of the neighborhood were slow in taking on grace or comfort. I don't know why this was so, unless it was that the men were continually buying more land and more machinery. Our own stables were still straw-roofed sheds, but the trees which we had planted had grown swiftly into a grove, and a garden, tended at odd moments by all hands, brought small fruits and vegetables in season. Although a constantly improving collection of farm machinery lightened the burdens of the husbandman, the drudgery of the

housewife's dish-washing and cooking did not correspondingly lessen. I fear it increased, for with the widening of the fields came the doubling of the harvest hands, and my mother continued to do most of the housework herself —cooking, sewing, washing, churning, and nursing the sick from time to time. No one in trouble ever sent for Isabelle Garland in vain, and I have many recollections of neighbors riding up in the night and calling for her with agitated voices.

Of course I did not realize, and I am sure my father did not realize, the heavy burden, the endless grind of her toil. Harriet helped, of course, and Frank and I churned and carried wood and brought water; but even with such aid, the round of mother's duties must have been as relentless as a treadmill. Even on Sunday, when we were free for a part of the day, she was required to furnish forth three meals, and to help Frank and Jessie dress for church.—She sang less and less, and the songs we loved were seldom referred to.—If I could only go back for one little hour and take her in my arms, and tell her how much I owe her for those grinding days!

Meanwhile we were all growing away from our life in the old Wisconsin Coulee. We heard from William but seldom, and David, who had bought a farm of his own some ten miles to the south of us, came over to see us only at long intervals. He still owned his long-barreled rifle, but it hung unused on a peg in the kitchen. Swiftly the world of the hunter was receding, never to return. Prairie chickens, rabbits, ducks, and other small game still

abounded, but they did not call for the bullet, and turkey shoots were events of the receding past. Almost in a year the ideals of the countryside changed. David was in truth a survival of a more heroic age, a time which he loved to lament with my father who was almost as great a lover of the wilderness as he. None of us sang "O'er the hills in legions, boys." Our share in the conquest of the West seemed complete.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON

"The finest poetry by a woman in the English language," was the comment of an English critic a year or two ago on Emily Dickinson's poetry. Although she has been dead for more than forty years, there is no other woman poet whose work is read and discussed today as much as hers is. This admirable *Life and Letters* is written by her niece, the only surviving member of the Dickinson family, Madame Martha Dickinson Bianchi. It is fortunate to have this vivid personality re-created for us by one who loved her, to have her charm and her unusual quality set down by a sympathetic and a skillful hand.

Emily Dickinson was born in 1830, in Amherst, Massachusetts. Her ancestors were people of distinction and culture, and her family traditions were decidedly Puritan. She lived the life of the average child there in the lovely New England village. She watched the orioles nesting in the cherry tree, and played under the syringa bushes with her childhood playmate and life-long friend, Helen Hunt Jackson, the author of *Ramona.* She went to singing-school, made herself an herbarium of unusual beauty, and at fourteen announced that she was a Whig! Her dearest friend was Susan Gilbert, a young Baltimore girl who later married Austin Dickinson, and was Madame Bianchi's mother. It is to "Sue" that she writes so many of these charming little notes. The chapter called "School Days," a part of which is quoted here, opens as Emily is about to enter South Hadley Female Seminary, the name of which was changed in 1893 to Mount Holyoke College.

The book takes up later her social life in Amherst, her tragic love affair, and her satisfying life with her family, her friends, and her books. The latter part of the volume is devoted to her letters, in which her lovely mind and heart are revealed almost as clearly as in her poems. None of her poetry was published until 1891, some years after her death.

Madame Bianchi, her niece, was born at Amherst, just "a hedge away," and her description of her Aunt Emily's captivating ways with children is charmingly real. Her life has been as varied and interesting as her aunt's was secluded, but the gift of understanding is with them both. She also started

writing when she was very young, and is the author of four volumes of verse and six novels, besides having edited three volumes of Emily Dickinson's work, *The Complete Poems, The Single Hound,* and her *Letters* in the *Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson.*

SCHOOL DAYS[1]

By MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI

IN the fall of 1847 Emily entered South Hadley Female Seminary, which was at that time a unique establishment of learning, one of whose avowed objects was to provide mates for the missionaries sent out to the foreign field. It was in advance of the other Young Ladies' Seminaries in scope and grade, and had been founded by Mary Lyon with a zeal for service that infected all the fellowship of her co-workers. Her assistants drove over the hills far and near, day and night, summer and winter, collecting the necessary funds; many a woman still living remembers the words of her mother—"Put the kettle on, Miss White is turning in. She will be tired out, and want to spend the night"; for Ashfield supplied one of the most devoted pillagers of the neighborhood treasuries, and Great-Aunt Hannah White was known and served wherever she went on this mission of endowment.

At first Emily was desperately homesick and thought she should not live. She explained it touchingly by saying, "You see I have such a very dear home." Owing to the long list of applicants Miss Lyon had raised the standards of admission; the examinations were severe and had to be done in a specified time or the unfortunate was

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sent home. The nervous strain affected Emily, with her excitable nature, until she exclaims, "I am sure I could never endure the suspense I endured during those three days again for all the treasure of the world!"

There were three hundred girls, and she found the teachers kind and attentive, the table better than she supposed possible for so many, the atmosphere pleasant and happy. "Things seem more like home than I anticipated," was her feeling, after the first natural strangeness wore off. Each girl was required by the curriculum to do her share of the domestic work, and Emily did not find hers difficult, which was "to carry the knives from the first tier of tables at morning and at noon, and at night to wash and wipe the same quantity of knives." She repeats often that "Miss Lyon and all the teachers try to do all they can for the comfort and happiness of the girls," and she found the girls themselves surprisingly anxious to make each other happy also with "an ease and grace quite unexpected."

She wrote out for her family the following list of her day's occupations, which seems calculated to outwit Satan of idle hours to fill!

At six o'clock we all rise. We breakfast at 7. Our study hour begins at 8. At 9 we all meet at Seminary Hall for devotions. At 10.15 I recite a review of Ancient History in connection with which we read Goldsmith and Grimshaw. At 11 I recite a lesson on Pope's Essay on Man, which is merely transposition. At 12 I practise calisthenics, and at 12.15 I read until dinner which is at 12.30. After dinner from 1.30 till 2, I sing in Seminary Hall. From 2.45 till

3.45 I practise upon the piano. At 3.45 I go to Sections, where we give all our accounts for the day; including absence, tardiness, communications, breaking silence, study hours, receiving company in our rooms and ten thousand other things which I will not take time to mention.

At half-past four they all went into the Seminary Hall and received advice from Miss Lyon in lecture form. They had supper at six and retired at eight forty-five after a long silent study period. Unless their excuse for failure in any of these things was good and reasonable, they received a black mark, which they very much disliked, against their names. Emily's family came to see her and filled her with delight: her brother Austin, then a sophomore at Amherst, causing quite a flutter among the girls and even a young teacher or two, but she counted the days until Thanksgiving, with all the rest.

This first Thanksgiving at home and her drive over the mountain with her brother was momentous to her. She was thrilled by the "first sight of the spire of the venerable meeting-house rising to her delighted vision." It was in the rain and the wind of late November, but never had Amherst looked so lovely to her. All were at the door to welcome her, "from mother, with tears in her eyes, to Pussy—who tried to look as gracious as was becoming her dignity." They went to church and heard their dear Parson Colton, and had dinner and callers, and four invitations out for the evening! Only two could be accepted—to her great sorrow. At seven they all went to a delightful evening at Professor Warner's, and later the

young folk went down to the home of another friend, where they played games, had a candy scrape, and enjoyed themselves "until the clock pealed out—Remember ten o'clock, my dear, remember ten o'clock." After they returned, her father wishing to hear the piano, she "like an obedient daughter played and sang a few tunes, to his apparent gratification."

Monday came all too soon to drag her back, but she soon lost herself in her studies again. Silliman's Chemistry and Cutter's Physiology were first-term studies; both of which she found intensely interesting, and with the second term began what was called English composition. In this her work differed from the rest, showing a marked originality from the first. The last half of the year she had also astronomy and rhetoric, completing the Junior studies.

After her return the little minor note, later so characteristic, comes in when she writes her brother she is getting along nicely in her studies and is "happy, quite, for me." She finished her examination in Euclid without a mistake. Always she was counting the weeks—"Only 22 weeks more!" between her and home; imagining them there, missing herself among them. December 11, 1847, she writes to them on her seventeenth birthday, but it was contrary to the rules to allow the pupils to go home during the term, and only nine weeks before her release she was refused by a teacher who seemed stunned by her request to drive the eight miles over the mountain with her brother. Cramped, curbed, repressed in every natural

desire or impulse, her youth seems to us, now, responsible for her later almost willful love of solitude and the habit of repression, but at the time it was a universal condition applying no less to all her young companions who were more stolidly unconscious of any counter-emotions.

But if Thanksgiving was radiant, Christmas was gloom in comparison, and the legend of Emily's insurrection is one of the best in the family archives. It was only a day in advance that Miss Lyon announced, at morning devotions, that Christmas would be recognized as a fast. The girls were not to leave their rooms through long, definite hours and were to meditate to order. After laying down this unseductive program she added that the school might rise in token of responsive observation. The school did rise—all except Emily and her room-mate. The school sat down and Miss Lyon, appalled by such flagrant disregard of the decent required pieties, enlarged upon her program. At the end of which she added that if there were any so lost to a sense of the meaning of the day as to wish to spend it otherwise, they might stand that the whole school might observe them. And be it said to her eternal glory, of the two terrified objects of her anathema Emily stood alone.

The derelict took the afternoon stage home, causing panic in her family by such a spirit of 1776, but the matter was finally arranged, and she was allowed to be returned, unconvinced and unrepentant.

When one of South Hadley's ardent lovers asked permission in recent years to raise a tablet to her memory

there, the question hovered amusingly as to her heresy of youth. It would be interesting to know what Miss Lyon thought of her with her conflicting elements of shyness and fixed certainty of right and wrong, which established her own code regardless of her superior's opinion.

From a mere child Emily had been a newspaper reader, and heard much discussion of politics and world affairs at her father's table. She missed this during her cloistered life with mere femininity, and once in an outburst of smothered intelligence wrote her brother Austin—in mock despair—

> Please tell me who the candidate for President is! I have been trying to find out ever since your last visit, and have not succeeded. I know no more about the affairs of the outside world here than if I were in a trance. Was the Mexican War terminated? Is any nation about to besiege South Hadley?

Certainly the term "feminist" was unheard of then, but in this alert young mind there was a latent tendency stirring already toward indignation at being counted as *non compos* in a man's world of reality. A friend who wrote her of meeting Daniel Webster at this time provoked the retort, "You don't know General Briggs, and I do, so you are no better off than I."

In an echo of this same spirit she exclaimed at the end of a letter to Susan Gilbert at Baltimore, the year before her marriage in 1856:

> P.S. Why can't I be a delegate to the great Whig Convention? Don't I know all about Daniel Webster and the

Tariff and the Law? Then, Susie, I could see you during a pause in the session, but I don't like this country at all and I shan't stay here any longer! *Delenda est* America![2] Massachusetts and all!

From another letter written later in the same year:

I count the days. I do long for the time when I can count the hours—without incurring the charge of *Femina insania*. I made up the Latin, dear Susie, for I could not think how it went in Stoddard and Anderson!

But if South Hadley in the forties denied political interest to women, it suppressed any idle amatory inclination with an equally firm hand, though not altogether successfully. The sending of those "foolish notes called Valentines" was forbidden by Miss Lyon under penalty. But according to Emily, she was outwitted by an elaborate system of bribery including the village postmaster, and some hundred and fifty were received in that February of '49 in spite of the prohibitory edict.

In May, owing to a temporary bad cough that terrified her father, Emily was taken home, much against her will, but kept up with her studies and was able to return to South Hadley at the beginning of the summer term. Meantime she was reading every sort of prose and poetry, mentioning as her especial favorites, "Evangeline," "The Princess," "The Maiden Aunt," "The Epicurean," and "The Twins and Heart," by Tupper.

[2] A reference to the famous remark of Cato the Elder, who hated and feared the Carthaginians so much that he concluded every speech he made in the senate with the statement that Carthage must be destroyed.

With this exception she was always well, and delighted in nothing more than long wanderings in the woods with her young friends. She knew exactly where the first faint arbutus clung to the gray rock under a protecting bank in Pelham, and the wet, inaccessible spot the rare yellow violets chose as their home in the South Amherst swamp; the columbine and adder's-tongues had their own haunts fixed in her mind, and she could walk straight to the trillium, the bloodroot, even the pink lady's slipper, as if their homes had street and number. There was no faint frail evidence of the shy New England spring that was not rejoiced over by this flower-sister, hardly less a creature of Nature than they.

After leaving the Seminary for good, in 1848, she reentered the Amherst Academy: as the wit of the school, becoming humorist of the comic column of a paper edited by the girls of the school, called "Forest Leaves." Her life was stirred by all the mild gayeties of Amherst, the little social ripples which came at long intervals, and which she anticipated with the rest. A party at Professor Tyler's, or the rumor of one to come at Professor Hazen's, filled them all with girlish zest, and Commencement always threw the town into a spasm. "Everything will soon be all in a buzz," was her way of expressing the universal premonitory excitement that caught her like the rest.

One letter hitherto unprinted gives her mood after coming home to stay:

Sunday—I haven't any paper, dear, but faith continues firm. Presume if I met with my deserts I should receive nothing. Was informed to that effect to-day by a dear Pastor. What a privilege it is to be so insignificant! . . . I think you went on Friday. Some time is longer than the rest and some is very short. Omit to classify. Friday, Saturday, Sunday! Evenings get longer with the Autumn, that is nothing new. The asters are pretty well. How are the others blossoms? Vinnie and I are pretty well, Carlo comfortable, terrifying man and beast with renewed activity, is cuffed some, hurled from piazza frequently where he has the patent action, as I have long felt. I attended church early in the day. Professor Warner preached; subject Little Drops of Dew . . . Aunt Catherine Sweetser's dress would have startled Sheba. Aunt Bullard was not out, presume she stayed at home for self-examination. Accompanied by Father they visited the grave yard after service. These are stirring scenes! You know the chink your dear face makes. We would not mind the sun, dear, if it did not set. How much you cost! I will never sell you for a piece of silver. I'll buy you back with red drops when you go away. I'll keep you in a casket. I'll burn you in the garden and keep a bird to watch the spot.

Another little picture of their earliest girlhood remains in her own recording, "Vinnie sits sewing like a fictitious seamstress," and Emily is imagining a Knight at the door for her; they talk of growing old and Emily naïvely adds:

Vinnie thinks twenty must be a fearful position for one to occupy. I tell her I don't care if I am young or not. I'd as lief be thirty!

Again she gives a domestic interior with a word.

We cleaned house—Mother and Vinnie did—and I scolded because they moved my things. I can't find much I used to wear. You will conceive I am surrounded by trial.

Later that same fall she writes:

The bells are ringing, Susie, North, East and South and your own village bell and the people who love God are expecting to go to meeting; don't you go, Susie, not to their meeting, but come with me this morning to the church within our hearts, where the bells are always ringing and the preacher whose name is Love shall intercede for us. They will all go but me—to the usual meeting house, to hear the usual sermon, the inclemency of a storm so kindly detaining me.

FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS

For many years the name of Otis Skinner has been dear to the heart of regular theatergoers, and many a movie fan remembers the enchanting rascality of Hajj the Beggar in *Kismet*. Forty-six years in the theater ought to make an interesting record in any case, but forty-six years of Otis Skinner's experience make perhaps the most delightful theatrical autobiography since that of Joseph Jefferson. If we were to find a fault, it might be that there isn't more of Otis Skinner in it. Autobiographies of actors seem always to turn into reminiscences, perhaps because in that profession there are so many possibilities for interesting associations; and this book is rich in anecdotes of other great actors.

Mr. Skinner spent most of his boyhood in Hartford, Connecticut, and at an early age gave "grand literary, musical and dramatic entertainments!" His professional début took place at the Philadelphia Museum in 1877. He played later with many famous actors, with Booth, with Lawrence Barrett, and with Madame Modjeska. He was for five years a member of the famous Augustin Daly Company, and participated in its triumphs in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. In 1894 he decided to launch his own company, and the chapter quoted here, "Earning a Reputation," recounts some of the ups and downs of theatrical management. The chapter opens just after Mr. Skinner's marriage to his leading lady, Miss Maud Durbin.

EARNING A REPUTATION[1]

By Otis Skinner

THROUGHOUT the summer my brother and I worked on our play with the result that *Villon the Vagabond* was given its première in September, 1895, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. This was the first of the Villon[2] plays, and was presented in various cities for a year before Justin Huntly McCarthy's *If I Were King,* written on almost identical lines, was produced by E. H. Sothern. It would be folly to pretend to say which was the better play, or intimate that any of the material of the McCarthy piece was taken from ours, but the similarity was striking. However, our consciences did not permit us to play ducks and drakes with chronology as did McCarthy's. His Louis XI was the conventional old character fellow that Irving had made known to us, while his Villon was a young man. Historically this was incorrect, but after all McCarthy took only a dramatist's license, while with us it served our purpose to keep historical verity intact.

Although my play was effectively staged and played, I couldn't get into New York. According to the estimate of the Powers That Were, I was a provincial star with a

[1] From *Footlights and Spotlights,* copyright, 1924. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

[2] François Villon, a French poet of the fifteenth century, hero of many strange adventures. Read Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night."

reputation to make. Perhaps I should have arrived quicker had financial backing given open sesame to Broadway theaters, but I was pounding away at the Herculean task of getting through on my own. I had looked for a significant improvement in my affairs during the second season, but results proved only slightly better. Hope and patience were obliged to go hand in hand led by determination. Once more I wandered over the map of the United States, winning praise and encouragement, but discovering that on an income of this kind, you can't pay salaries. My favorite indoor sport became that of "sitting tight."

Two months from the date of the season's opening, I played Hamlet. Nearly every actor seems to be born either with Hamlet in his blood, or else he acquires Hamlet in his years of discretion. In some the virus so permeates that finally nothing short of an operation in the shape of an impersonation of the part can remove the disorder. William Gillette developed a particularly virulent case of Hamlet, and it progressed to the point of a complete scenic and costume equipment of the play which he later offered to dispose of to me. Eddie Foy for years was haunted by the spirit of the melancholy Dane. He was finally cured of his by *Mr. Hamlet of Broadway*, a musical farce.

The part has been acted by certain cranks and fake tragedians who have worn their inky cloaks to the delight of audiences that came to enjoy the delicious burlesque of the performances. One rather suspects that the "Count

Johannes" (born plain Jones and christened George), Doctor Landis and James Owen O'Connor had method in their madness and an eye on the box-office receipts when they exploited their freak Hamlets, although the going was rather rough in the face of the yawps of delight their efforts evoked. O'Connor, finding *his* inky cloak becoming spotted with vegetable stains, bags of flour and antediluvian eggs hurled from the front, was forced to portray his Dane behind a net stretched across the stage.

Nor has the part escaped attack from certain ambitious ladies. I recall the performances of a Mrs. Macready and of Anna Dickenson, a noted lecturer, who clothed their more or less shapely legs in black to their own evident satisfaction, if not to general admiration. Sarah Bernhardt played it.

Certain "boy tragedians" have been put forward in the part, from the celebrated Master Betty, who created a stir in London over a century ago and who later was discovered to be a very stupid youth, down to our own time. Indeed there have been few actors of serious parts who have not had their try at the character. Charles Fechter,[3] vast of waist-line, with blond wig and tufted chin, certainly visualized two of the lines descriptive of the Prince's physique:

O that this too too solid flesh would melt!

and

Our son is fat and scant of breath!

[3] Charles Fechter, a French actor, very popular in New York in 1870, especially in the rôles of Hamlet and the Count of Monte Cristo.

The blond make-up was also adopted by Beerbohm Tree,[4] whose Hamlet was enviously described by Irving as "funny without being vulgar." The truth is, no good actor ever failed in the part. It is the most completely human character in the whole range of the drama. You don't conceive it: it is you. Looked at through the opera-glasses of your temperament, Hamlet is endowed with your idiosyncrasies, while to me he may have entirely different attributes. He does not reason until he has to. He jumps at conclusions, and when he finds his premises wrong he tries another route. He has the feminine gift of intuition. I can not think him a philosopher. Shakespeare's own philosophy must have been as native to his thought as breath to his body, but it is past belief that in writing *Hamlet* he started with other intention than to make an *acting* play. Scarcely a device of the theater has been left out in the dressing up of the piece. Whoever may have been the author of the plays, *Hamlet* was written by one who had as great a command of the tricks of dramatic construction as David Belasco. Small wonder that I desired to make my own experiment with Hamlet, the Dane.

Followed days on the train, nights in the theater, walks afield, and hours in hotel rooms familiarizing myself with the lines and the many moods of the Prince. Only once did I become completely discouraged. It was in Bloomington—a link in the chain of profitless towns—where

[4] Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, an English actor of great versatility, and owner of Her Majesty's Theater in London. He was knighted in 1909.

there seemed no light ahead. Why produce the play? No one will care. My wife was hearing me in the part with patience and sympathy. I turned to her and said: "It's no use; I am going to give up the fight. I haven't the courage to continue any longer."

It was a cruel thing to say to a bride of less than a year, but she bore it with philosophy. She knew my mood would change—and it did. But Bloomington has always remained a synonym for my darkest hour. The play was finally presented at the Duquesne Theater in Pittsburgh, November, 1895. Later I played the part in Chicago, where it happened that two other legitimate actors were appearing in the same play. Chicago was overrun with Hamlets—Creston Clarke, Walker Whiteside and myself. The public might have said, "A plague on *all* your houses," but I fared well, and I presume the others did, also.

In Toledo an astonishing innovation was introduced inadvertently in the graveyard scene. It was in an antiquated theater whose name I have forgotten. The bier on which poor Ophelia lay was borne on by a group of white-robed maidens who formed a screen in front of the grave to conceal the lowering of the body. They parted and, going upstage, made room for the Queen to advance with a drapery filled with flowers. Miss Truax took a handful of the light paper petals, and with graceful Delsartian gesture held them for a moment over the grave as she spoke the line, "Sweets to the sweet; farewell." Then she dropped them. They fluttered down to within about a foot of the opening, when they were seen suddenly to

mount upward in a multi-colored spurt and sail off like so many butterflies. The bewildered Queen tried again with the line following: "I hope thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife"—but the perverse petals streamed up once more. Nervously concluding the speech with—"and not to have strewed thy grave," she emptied the contents of her scarf over the hole only to have the flowers dashed back in her face. The grave had been placed over the heating plant of the theater! I need hardly say that the gloom of tragedy was lifted from both audience and actors.

Brooklyn was a long way from New York in those stormy March days, but E. A. Dithmar of the *New York Times* braved the elements and wrote in his Sunday review, "I found it well worth while to make the journey to Brooklyn"; and he said encouraging things about my Hamlet. My tasseled handkerchief fretted him. I think today it would fret me too. Mrs. Skinner had found precedent somewhere for this "napkin," and I couldn't hurt her feelings. We hadn't been married long.

The tour took us to Boston, where our engagement was played at the Park Theater, managed by the male Mrs. Malaprop [5] of the theatrical world—John Stetson. This big, bass, blustering individual had sprung from street life in Boston to the position of prosperous manager. His usual manner was that of a war tank—he went through things if they stood in his way. One look at his aggressive

[5] Mrs. Malaprop, a character in Sheridan's *Rivals* who is made to employ interchangeably words of the same length and general sound.

face, square jaw and clouded *dead* eye was enough to cause timid ones to step aside. Perhaps many of the stories of his "malapropisms" were apocryphal, but he unquestionably had a penchant for big-sounding words. Once upon his return from Europe he expressed his satisfaction in being again on *terra cotta.*

A biblical play was being presented at the Boston Globe Theater under Stetson's management. Observing a tableau of *The Last Supper,* seen through a gauze drop, Stetson was disturbed because the scene looked scant, and demanded that more people be shown.

"But, Mr. Stetson," said the stage director, "there were only twelve apostles."

"I know what I want," said Stetson, "gimme twenty-four!"

For all his idiosyncrasies he was immensely popular, and he had a sympathetic side not difficult to approach. I discovered this in the dilemma which confronted us at the close of the engagement. Business had been quite terrible, and on the last Saturday night it was disclosed that not only were we indebted to the theater for house charges, but we hadn't the wherewithal to move to the next stand. My manager put the matter frankly before John Stetson. He accepted our I. O. U. for the indebtedness and advanced funds to enable us to move on. He wasn't altogether a bear.

Once more in the Middle West the going became easier. But the tour ended with my saddened eyes fixed on a woebegone bank balance. I spent the summer in writing a

play of the cloak-and-dagger sort, modeled after a tale entitled *The Honor of Savelli,* which I called *A Soldier of Fortune.* This was produced in the autumn in Chicago. But before its production I took the company to St. Paul and Minneapolis and presented a list of legitimate plays: *Hamlet, Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet,* and Bulwer-Lytton's *The Lady of Lyons.* Thus, with the new play, I was prepared for a season of repertory. Richard was the only new part in the classic list that I had not played before, and I thoroughly enjoyed the villainies, the subtleties and the intellectual adroitness of the crook-backed tyrant.

In a magazine article published long ago, Henry Cabot Lodge set forth the result of investigation into the character of the real Richard III. Records of undoubted authenticity show that the Duke of Gloucester was a much-maligned individual, given to deeds of generosity; that the murder of the two princes could not be laid at his door; that instead of tyrannizing over Lady Anne, it was the supposedly noble Duke of Clarence who persecuted her, forced her into the performance of menial tasks, and that it was Richard who, Lochinvar-like, rescued her from tyranny and bore her away. Later, as king, Richard proved himself a sagacious and beneficent monarch, governing England with justice and giving to the common people a civic and political freedom they had not before known. But Tudor history has written down Richard of Gloucester a schemer, a tyrant and a murderer, and as such Shakespeare has stamped him for all time and

given a terrible jolt to the old maxim that "truth is mighty and will prevail."

And, truly, I would much rather play the Richard of Shakespeare than that of Henry Cabot Lodge. I especially enjoyed the wooing scene with Lady Anne—one of the earliest incidents in the drama of hypnotic control. I do not know that the Elizabethans have said much about hypnotism, but Shakespeare certainly knew about it. How else can we account for Lady Anne's sudden acceptance of her husband's murderer as a suitor?

The delight of the *Romeo and Juliet* performance was the Juliet of Maud Durbin. Girlish, impulsive, imaginative and fair to look upon, she was easily Capulet's fourteen-year-old child, Verona's flower. Modjeska had coached her in the part, and she had caught much of the Polish artist's inspiration.

The pendulum of my travels swung east, then west—finally toward the Pacific Coast. We stopped at Lincoln, Nebraska, the early habitat of Colonel William F. Cody —"Buffalo Bill." It chanced that Bill's Wild West Show was in town that day. Under any condition I probably should not have had a full house, but what chance had Hamlet against Buffalo Bill?

The meager audience was listening to the early sorrows of the Prince of Denmark with apparent sympathy when the colonel came into the theater a little the worse for wear. All day long his friends and neighbors had been celebrating his advent with great conviviality. He looked at the little collection of people in the orchestra seats with

a glazed eye that straightway kindled into indignation.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he exclaimed. "Look at that house! I'm going down that aisle and tell them that Otis Skinner is the best damned actor in America." Being thwarted in his threat, he came behind the scenes, deciding he preferred to issue his proclamation from the stage. Again he was dissuaded and I invited him to my dressing-room, where he sat on a trunk swaying a bit unsteadily. The door flew open and my wife came in, quite unaware that I had a visitor. The colonel rose, every inch a gentleman and a soldier, and stood erect, unswerving. He was in the presence of a lady: Off came the well-known sombrero. The colonel was a very prince. The introduction was formal. Scenting an air of restraint, if indeed no other atmospheric condition, my wife quickly withdrew and Buffalo Bill relaxed immediately to the trunk again.

Late one afternoon I stood on the platform of the Union Pacific Railway Station at Omaha with my face toward the setting sun. My company was aboard, our tickets—good for three months—from Omaha to California and back to the Missouri River were paid for. I felt I was on the threshold of adventure. Only a few days before I had received a letter from an acquaintance saying: "Dear Skinner: I hear you are about to go West. Don't! The plains are white with the bones of actors who have tried to get back."

My manager, reading a suggestion of doubt in my face, asked if I felt like weakening on the proposition.

"The first stop is Denver, and there's an awful lot of country west of that," he said.

"Well, that's where we're going," I answered, and we stepped aboard the train.

Denver, Salt Lake City and finally California!

We played from San Francisco to San Diego and back. The land of gold brought me nothing but the fairy-gold of legend. When I turned my face eastward at the end of June I was confronted by three thousand miles of railway and scant means of getting a company of twenty people, a carload of scenery, my wife and myself to our destination —Chicago.

I owed everybody—printers, transfer companies, scenic artists, property makers, my working force, and, above all, my actors. These last were patient and forbearing with me and took our reverses like true soldiers of fortune.

We had our railroad tickets back to the Missouri River —nothing more.

My manager camped in the office of the superintendent of the Southern Pacific Railroad at Sacramento for an entire day waiting a chance to plead with that potent person for authority to allow our scenery and baggage to go through as far as Omaha. Finally he got an audience with the hard-boiled official, and his pent-up eloquence as he pictured the desperation of our situation won the day. We were off to pick up a few pence at Ogden and Salt Lake City. We traveled by day in the coach, and at night our women were given berths in the Pullman while we men took to the tourist sleeper. What cash there was in the

treasury was held by Buckley against the necessities of meal stations where we breakfasted, lunched and dined *en famille* as frugally as possible. A frightful thing occurred on the way. At a cashier's desk of a meal station while the bell was ringing for the departure of the train, Buckley laid down a twenty-dollar gold piece among his silver, under the impression that it was a dollar, and didn't discover his mistake until we were fifty miles away. Then in our melancholy, befall the miracle—manna dropped from heaven! At the supper station, nineteen dollars which we thought gone forever, returned to us by telegraph from the scene of the awful blunder.

Ogden and Salt Lake City helped us out a little—then a few Nebraskan towns, and finally Omaha! There we played to enough cash to purchase our transportation to Chicago.

Our crusade was over.

LOUIS PASTEUR

On December 27, 1922, the civilized world officially celebrated the birth of Louis Pasteur at Dôle, France, one hundred years before. Medical organizations everywhere met to do him honor, the son of a humble tanner, who, though he began life as a chemist, "has probably done more to preserve human and animal life than any other single human being." His biography is an inspiring record of hard and continuous work in the service of his beloved science, and of rich rewards reaped through the benefits his scientific discoveries conferred on humanity. Of his way of working, Pasteur once said, "When you believe you have found an important scientific fact and are feverishly anxious to publish it, constrain yourself for days, weeks, years sometimes: fight yourself, try to ruin your own experiments and only proclaim your discovery after having exhausted all contrary hypotheses."

Pasteur received his education at two small colleges near his home, and at the École Normale in Paris, where he earned his doctor's degree and later taught. His first experiments were made in chemistry, in the field of crystallography. Then he spent some years in studying fermentation, and was led into the controversies on spontaneous generation. Although Pasteur loved pure science, or science for its own sake, his generous heart was always warmed when he felt that his discoveries were economically helpful to his country. When he was asked to investigate diseases of wine and vinegar, and later of beer, he gladly did so, and by the simple process of Pasteurization saved enormous sums to these French industries. He labored for six years on the diseases of silkworms, and rescued the silk industry of France from ruin.

When he was forty-six years old he suffered a severe paralytic stroke. He felt that life held little for him if he could not work, and after a slow recovery he began the work in antiseptic surgery discussed in this chapter. The number of his achievements after this illness is amazing, but the most dramatic, of course, is his conquest of hydrophobia. The story of little Joseph Meister, of Pasteur's first trial of his inoculations to save a human life, is a thrilling one.

Osler's summary of Pasteur's work is worth study, so concisely does it express the logical and sequential nature of his discoveries: "Pasteur's work constitutes three great discoveries: 1. Each fermentation is produced by the development of a special living microbe. 2. Each infectious disease is produced by the development within the organism of a special living microbe. 3. The microbe of any infectious disease, when cultured under certain detrimental conditions, is attenuated in its pathological activities. From a virus it has become a vaccine."

Samuel Jackson Holmes, the author of this biography, was born in Illinois, and educated at the University of California and the University of Chicago. He has taught zoölogy in various high schools and colleges since 1893, and is now professor of zoölogy at the University of California. He is the author of seven books in the field of biology and zoölogy, as well as this volume, "the product of a long-felt admiration for Pasteur and his achievements."

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY, FOWL CHOLERA, AND ANTHRAX[1]

By S. J. Holmes

We have now come to a turning point in Pasteur's career. For several years Pasteur had pondered over the possible relation of his researches to the spread of human infections. He had often recalled to mind the prophetic remark made over two hundred years ago by the English chemist Robert Boyle, that "he that thoroughly understands the nature of ferments and fermentations shall probably be much better able than he that ignores them to give a fair account of the diverse phenomena of several diseases." Pasteur's work on spontaneous generation, the diseases of wine and beer, and the diseases of silkworms, naturally disposed him to look with favor upon the idea, which had gradually been growing more clearly defined in his mind, that contagion might be caused by micro-organisms, and in 1863 he remarked to Napoleon III, in the course of an interview at the Tuileries, that it was his great ambition to arrive at the cause of putrid and infectious diseases. Would it be possible, he thought, to check the diseases of human beings as it was possible to check the maladies of wine, beer, and silkworms?

Pasteur's imagination inspired him with conceptions of

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the wonderful possibilities of discovery in the field of disease through the application of the same methods which had proven so successful in his previous work. With the loss of his own children through disease fresh in his mind, and deeply impressed with the fearful suffering of French troops, not only from epidemics, but from gangrene, blood poisoning, erysipelas, and the other scourges that were the common accompaniment of wounds and operations, Pasteur was stirred by the ambition to do something which would obviate some of the sufferings which disease and infections inflict on humanity. Provided now with a new laboratory exceptionally well equipped for carrying on bacteriological research, he was eager to enter upon this new field.

In Pasteur's time the cause of infectious diseases was as little known as it was in the Dark Ages. Pestilences and epidemics have always excited in the human race a kind of superstitious awe. Primitive peoples quite generally look upon disease as the result of possession by an evil spirit, and the practice of the medicine man, who is frequently also the priest, commonly consists in inducing the evil spirits by supplications, bribes, or threats to leave the body of the afflicted person. There has come down to us from primitive times as a part of the intellectual heritage of the race, a semi-superstitious attitude in regard to the healing art that even now betrays itself in a variety of ways. Epidemics a half century ago were entirely mysterious. Medical men in general vaguely conceived of disease as due to some subtle "morbid matter," which

could be spread by contact or through the air and which had the power of multiplying itself in the body. Many had from time to time speculated on the possibility that diseases might be caused by living germs, but in the absence of any thoroughgoing experimental tests the doctrine remained as a mere plausible conjecture. Pasteur's work on fermentation and spontaneous generation brought the "germ theory," as it was called, more prominently before the public. The germ theory had been demonstrated for the maladies of wines and beers and later for those of silkworms and the analogy of these phenomena to infectious diseases of man and the higher animals could scarcely be overlooked. . . .

In 1873 Pasteur became a candidate for membership in the Academy of Medicine and was elected by a majority of one vote. He valued his connection with this body chiefly as a means of creating interest in the germ theory of disease and he attended the meetings, dry as he doubtless found many of them, with considerable regularity. Opportunities not infrequently presented themselves for discussing the germ theory, as this doctrine was scouted at by several of the foremost representatives of the medical profession, many of whom believed in the doctrine of spontaneous generation and thought that the bacteria sometimes observed in diseased conditions of the body were created by the body itself. As Pasteur was not a medical man, being, as was said, a "mere chemist," his incursions into the field of medicine were regarded as not entitled to much consideration. Little did his medical

colleagues then realize that they were dealing with the man whose discoveries with regard to disease were to be of greater value than those of all the academies of medicine in the history of the world.

The first successful applications of Pasteur's discoveries were made in surgery. The transformation which surgical methods have undergone as a result of these discoveries is, as Osler [2] has remarked, "one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon humanity." The mortality from surgical operations was appalling. It was the rule that wounds became charged with pus, and it was fortunate if they were not followed by gangrene and general blood poisoning. Hospitals as places for operating were simply hotbeds of infection, and many hospitals had reputations that led them to be regarded as mere portals to death. The leader in the effort to eliminate infections from surgical operations was Joseph Lister, Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh. Lister, whose name is now so frequently coupled with that of Pasteur, was a medical man of unusually broad training and an investigator of note in the science of physiology. Primarily he was a man of science. He had followed with great interest Pasteur's work on fermentation, putrefaction and the problem of spontaneous generation, and he became convinced that the mischievous agents of infection which give the surgeon so much trouble are bacteria, which gain access to wounds from the outside. If this were true it should be a part of surgical technic to get rid of these offending organisms.

[2] Famous British physician, professor of medicine in the University of Oxford for many years.

Accordingly Lister thoroughly disinfected everything used in an operation; the hands of the surgeon, instruments, bandages and other apparatus were washed in a solution of carbolic acid, and at first, a fine spray was sent out around the seat of operation in order to kill possible germs that might be floating in the air. The wound was frequently washed with the same solution and the dressings employed were changed with great care.

Although Lister was criticized by his colleagues for the employment of these curious procedures, the success of his operations as compared with those carried on by the old methods spoke so eloquently and forcibly that they compelled conviction. In 1874 Pasteur received the following letter from this celebrated surgeon:

My Dear Sir. Permit me to present to you a paper sent herewith which gives an account of some investigations of a subject upon which you have shed so much light. . . . Let me take this occasion to extend to you my most cordial thanks for having shown to me, by your brilliant researches, the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction and for having thus furnished me with the sole principle by which the antiseptic system could be perfected.

If you should ever come to Edinburgh you would be rewarded, I think, by seeing at our hospital how greatly humanity has profited by your labors. I need hardly add what a great satisfaction I should experience in showing you here how much surgery owes to you.

Excuse the freedom which is inspired by our common love of science.

Believe me, I am, with profound respect,
Very sincerely yours,
Joseph Lister

Lister's letter afforded Pasteur much gratification. I do not know whether it was read before the Academy of Medicine, but at any rate it should have been. Other surgeons who were led to employ antiseptic methods were rewarded by an unusually high percentage of successful operations. Pasteur pleaded for the employment of antisepsis in surgery before the Academy of Medicine, and the more open-minded members of this body came to realize that there was much to be learned from this non-medical member of their organization, for he had much to tell them of micro-organisms, their tenacity of life and means of spread. Antiseptic surgery, the spontaneous generation of germs, and the germ theory of disease provoked continued and warm discussion. In the field in which he had carried on investigations Pasteur had the advantage of extensive and accurate knowledge based on most carefully controlled experiments, and he took a peculiar pleasure in defying his adversaries to prove their case. He had much prejudice to overcome, but he drew about him a following, especially among the younger men, who perceived the great value of his discoveries and were anxious to apply the newer knowledge to the healing art.

In 1874 the National Assembly rewarded Pasteur's services by an annual grant of 12,000 francs. Paul Bert, a prominent scientist who was a member of the National Assembly (for the French, unlike ourselves, sometimes honor scientific men with political office), said, in presenting the recommendation of the Commission:

Pasteur's discoveries, gentlemen, after having thrown new light on the obscure question of fermentation and the mode of appearance of microscopic organisms, have revolutionized certain branches of industry, of agriculture, and of pathology. One is struck with admiration on witnessing so many important results proceeding, by a chain of facts, followed step by step, in which nothing is left to hypothesis, from theoretical studies on the manner in which tartaric acid turns the polarized ray. Never has the famous saying, "Genius consists in taking pains," received a more striking confirmation.

It is this admirable collection of theoretical and practical achievements which the Government proposes to honor by a national recompense. Your Commission unanimously approves the proposal.

The bill was passed by a vote of 523 to 24.

This annuity was particularly acceptable to Pasteur, as he had been compelled on account of ill-health to give up his academic positions. Although his physician had strongly advised him not to undertake serious work and notwithstanding the counsel of his friends that he rest from his labors, Pasteur, who thought that if he did not work he might as well not live at all, was actively engaged in his laboratory.

The disease anthrax, or splenic fever, was then engaging the attention of the medical world. This disease had been for many years a scourge of cattle and sheep, causing an annual loss of several million francs. Occasionally it attacks human beings who have come into contact with infected animals or their products. As far back as 1850 Davaine and Royer had seen small rod-shaped bodies in

the blood of animals dying of anthrax, but they were quite unaware of the significance of their observation. Stimulated by Pasteur's studies Davaine recurred to the subject in 1863 and proclaimed these "bacteria," as he had named them, to be the sole cause of the disease. This conclusion was disputed by a number of investigators who claimed that in many cases of anthrax the bacteria could not be found. Davaine replied by showing evidence that the bacteria had been overlooked or that the disease had been wrongly diagnosed as anthrax. Davaine found that rabbits inoculated with the blood of animals suffering from anthrax would take the disease and die. But if the blood had been passed through a filter so as to remove its corpuscles and bacteria it could be inoculated into rabbits with no ill effects.

But the disease presented many puzzling problems. Davaine adduced evidence that the bacteria of anthrax disappeared from the blood of dead animals after it began to putrefy, but he also observed that dried blood retained its virulence for a long time. It had long been known that fields over which diseased animals had grazed might infect healthy animals after a lapse of several years. Much confusion and difference of opinion prevailed, therefore, as to the mode of transmission of this disease.

Much light was thrown upon the problem by the labors of Robert Koch, a German investigator who was then at the beginning of his famous career. Koch had studied the germ of anthrax in its various phases of development and observed that in the presence of oxygen, and at not too

low a temperature, there appeared in the rodlike bacilli several small round bodies or spores. These frequently became liberated from their bacilli, and Koch proved that they were very much more resistant than the bacteria and were capable of producing anthrax when inoculated into healthy mice. Koch also succeeded in cultivating the bacilli of anthrax in blood serum and aqueous humor by inoculating one drop with a minute amount of material taken from another drop. After making eight successive transfers in this way, the bacteria multiplying in the meantime, he found that the cultures would convey the disease to new animals.

These experiments of Koch resolved some of the difficulties that had troubled Davaine. The persistence of anthrax germs, despite the fact that the bacilli disappear soon after death, was shown to be explicable through the vitality of the spores; and the fact that the blood of animals dying of anthrax is sometimes infectious and sometimes not, was very readily accounted for as due to the circumstance that the spores appear or fail to appear owing to varied conditions of temperature and the supply of oxygen.

All of this work lent strength to the hypothesis that it is the germ that is the cause of the disease. But it was possible for objectors still to urge that it is not germs that cause disease, but something that goes along with germs, a sort of virus that may not appear in the fluid part of the blood, but which may nevertheless be a product of the body. The culture experiments of Koch could be inter-

preted as simply diluting this something without getting rid of it. It was this problem to which Pasteur in his studies on anthrax first directed his attack, and he attacked the problem in a thoroughgoing way that left no reasonable doubt as to the issue between the two rival theories. He began by making culture experiments in various culture media. He inoculated a relatively large amount of culture fluid with a drop of blood from an animal with anthrax. The characteristic bacteria of the disease were soon swarming throughout the culture medium. Then a drop of this culture was introduced into a fresh lot of fluid, and when this was teeming with bacteria, a drop from the latter was introduced into a third lot. If the first dilution is 1 to 1,000, the second would be 1 to 1,000,000 and the third 1 to 1,000,000,000. After ten such transfers the amount of material originally present would be diluted so that it would be like a drop in the ocean, but Pasteur kept on diluting and diluting until he had made forty successive transfers. Any material associated with the original germs would have been diluted until not an atom of it could on the average be left in the final flask of the culture medium. Yet Pasteur showed that a drop of this culture injected into a rabbit or guinea pig would cause the animal to die with symptoms of anthrax. . . .

Pasteur delighted in perfectly rigid, clean-cut, and demonstrative experiments, and in face of the attacks on the germ theory, he took a peculiar satisfaction in bringing forward arguments which left his opponents no loop-

hole by which they might squirm through. Paul Bert had claimed that animals might be given anthrax if inoculated with blood subjected to compressed oxygen which could be seen to destroy the bacteria of this disease as well as the septic vibrios which are sometimes associated with it. It must be something beside the bacilli, he argued, that caused the disease. The explanation, as Pasteur showed, is that although oxygen may destroy the bacteria it is not deleterious to the spores. Bert visited Pasteur's laboratory and became convinced of the correctness of this interpretation and acknowledged his mistake, acting, as Pasteur observed, "like a loyal Frenchman."

Anthrax is a disease which attacks different species of animals with different degrees of virulence. Rabbits and guinea pigs are very susceptible; rats and dogs are relatively immune to it. Fowls ordinarily do not take the disease. What is the reason for the immunity of the fowl? It occurred to Pasteur that since the temperature of fowls is several degrees higher than that of mammals, it might be that the temperature of the fowl's blood is unfavorable to the development of the anthrax bacillus. To test this supposition Pasteur immersed a hen in a bath of cold water in order to lower its temperature. Then he inoculated it with a culture of anthrax bacilli. The next day the hen died. "All its blood," said Pasteur, "the spleen, lungs, and liver, are filled with the bacilli of anthrax susceptible of further cultures either in inert liquids or in the bodies of animals. Up to the present time we have not met with a single exception."

There had been considerable controversy in the Academy of Medicine over the cause of anthrax, and the question of the immunity of the fowl had been under dispute. The Academicians were probably somewhat surprised to see Pasteur come into one of the meetings with a cage containing four hens which he placed on the desk. In his account of his curious exhibit he stated that the dead hen had been inoculated, after being chilled, with five drops of a culture of anthrax three days before. To obviate the objection that the cold bath and not the germ had been the cause of death, another hen, which was perfectly healthy, was exhibited, which had been chilled but not inoculated. The third hen, also in good spirits, had been inoculated without having had its temperature reduced and was enjoying the effect of its natural immunity. The fourth hen was reserved for a further experiment. It was inoculated, placed in a cold bath, and kept there until symptoms of the disease became clearly apparent. Would it recover if restored to its normal temperature? The hen was wrapped in cotton wool and put into a warm container at 35° C. and soon made a complete recovery. Here is a most instructive experiment in proving that the natural resistance of the body to infection may be broken down by unfavorable conditions and allow an invasion of bacteria which would normally be overcome.

At this time anthrax was causing serious losses among cattle and sheep in several districts of France, and Pasteur was commissioned by the Minister of Agriculture to make a study of so-called spontaneous anthrax which

broke out without apparent cause. This feature of the disease made it particularly difficult to cope with. When herds were infected they were commonly taken to some other locality, as it was held that it might be the water, dampness, or dryness of the soil, or some peculiarity of the pasturage that was responsible for the outbreak. Pasteur visited one of the infected regions in the vicinity of Chartres accompanied by M. Roux, one of his devoted collaborators, who was destined to attain a prominent position in bacteriological research. Going over one of the fields Pasteur noticed a part in which the soil had a color somewhat different from the rest. This part the owner explained was where the sheep, which had died of anthrax, had been buried the year before. Observing the little pellets of earth which had been brought to the surface by earthworms Pasteur thought that some of this earth might contain spores of anthrax carried from near the bodies of the buried animals. The pellets therefore must be tested. Inoculated into guinea pigs this earth produced anthrax. "One should insist," says Pasteur, "that animals are never buried in fields intended for growing hay or pasturing sheep. Whenever it is possible, one should choose burying grounds on sandy or chalky soils, infertile, readily dried, and unsuitable to the life of earthworms."

Pasteur's crowning achievement in the battle with anthrax had to wait a very remarkable discovery which he made in connection with chicken cholera. Poultry raisers, the world over, have long had experience with this fatal malady. Fowls previously healthy may be stricken

and die in only a few days. The ruffed-up feathers, drooping head, and drowsy aspect of the fowls, as they sit quietly or move about in a sluggish manner are the characteristic symptoms of this malady which often carries off ninety per cent of the infected brood. The few which recover seem to be immune to future attacks. The disease is highly contagious and may be conveyed by food contaminated with the excreta of infected birds.

Very minute bodies described as "granulations" had been observed by Moritz in the blood of chickens suffering from cholera. Are they the cause of the disease? Toussaint, who had brought forth evidence of the causal rôle of these organisms, had made rather unsuccessful attempts to cultivate them. Pasteur, after having tried a number of culture media which proved unsuitable, discovered that in a sterilized broth made of chicken gristle the organisms would multiply with almost incredible rapidity. Successive cultures were made, the one from the other. Fowl inoculated with these speedily contracted the disease. Pasteur found that chicken cholera, like anthrax, affects different animals in different ways. Rabbits are quite susceptible, but guinea pigs are much less so, the inoculations producing only a local abscess, in which, however, the germs multiply and from which they may be recovered and inoculated again into fowl with fatal results. These animals, although betraying no obvious signs of the disease, may nevertheless transfer it to fowl, thus playing the part of what we now would call "carriers" of the disease.

Pasteur's experiments had to be interrupted for several weeks, and when he recurred to his old cultures which had been set aside and attempted to carry them on by inoculating new media and fresh fowl he found that growth in the new media was very slow or absent, and that the inoculated fowl were apparently unaffected. Being about to throw the old cultures away and begin anew it occurred to Pasteur to inoculate these fowl with a fresh, virulent culture of the bacilli. To his surprise nearly all of these fowl withstood the disease, whereas new fowl recently purchased, which were inoculated with the same fresh culture, succumbed in the usual way. The idea immediately suggested itself that the first lot of fowl had been rendered immune by their previous inoculation with the old cultures of the germ. We may well believe that there was excitement in the Pasteur laboratory over this striking and unexpected result! Further experiments which were made served to confirm the conclusion that by proper culture the chicken cholera germ could be weakened so that when it was inoculated into healthy fowl it not only would do them little harm, but would protect them against the disease in a virulent form. Pasteur had made his great discovery—the attenuated virus.

The results naturally recalled the celebrated vaccination for smallpox discovered by Jenner, and Pasteur believed that he had hit upon the explanation of the success of that procedure which had hitherto been a complete mystery. Visions of great possibilities in the control of epidemic diseases flashed before his mind, and he was filled with en-

thusiasm over the prospects of further discoveries in the fields which were now opened up.

That germs could be modified, that modified germs were less deadly when injected into animals and that animals so treated became protected against attacks of virulent strains of the same kind of germs was a discovery whose generality he was eager to put to the test. Being occupied more or less with anthrax while he was working with chicken cholera, and being familiar with the method of cultivating the germs of that disease, the next object of attack was, as it were, marked out for him. He set out to attenuate or weaken the germs of anthrax.

The culture of the anthrax bacillus under conditions unfavorable for its life presented difficulties owing to the formation of spores, but Pasteur found, after considerable experimenting, that if it were grown in neutral chicken bouillon at 42-43° C. the spores would not develop. A month of this régime usually suffices to kill the bacilli; they become weaker and weaker apparently, and after ten or twelve days they may be injected into rabbits, guinea pigs, and sheep without producing fatal results. If the weakened bacteria were grown at 35° C., thus allowing them to form spores, the bacteria subsequently emerging from these spores were found to produce the same mild effects as the bacteria from which they were derived. This is a fortunate circumstance, as it enables one to preserve the attenuated virus in a relatively permanent form. Pasteur found, as in chicken cholera, that the inoculation of animals with attenuated virus would produce mild ef-

fects which would render the animals immune to inoculation with the unmodified bacilli of this disease. After making sure of the success of his vaccine he announced his discovery to the Academy of Sciences. "I could not be consoled," he remarked to his family, "if this discovery which my collaborators and I have made had not been a French discovery."

This discovery which was of so much promise to the owners of cattle and sheep naturally excited much comment. Some received it with enthusiasm and others regarded it with distrust. The Society of French Agriculturists offered Pasteur a medal of honor, but as extensive experiments on the larger animals had not been carried out, the general attitude on the subject was one of suspended judgment.

An opportunity of performing an experiment on an extensive scale soon presented itself through the instrumentality of M. Rossignol, one of the editors of the Veterinary Press. Rossignol represented a typical attitude on the germ theory of disease. A short time previously he had written.

> Microbiolatry is now the fashion, it reigns as a sovereign; it is a doctrine which one must not discuss; one must accept it without objections, especially when its chief priest, the learned Pasteur, has pronounced the sacramental words, "I have spoken." The microbe alone is and shall be the characteristic of a disease; this is understood and agreed to; henceforth the theory of germs should take precedence over pure clinics; the microbe only is eternally true and Pasteur is its prophet.

Shortly after making this characteristically editorial pronouncement Rossignol began an active campaign for funds for the purpose of purchasing animals for his proposed experiment. Pasteur's alleged discovery of a vaccine for anthrax should not remain as a mere laboratory procedure. Would Pasteur dare to subject his vaccine to a public test? "The excitement which these experiments will necessarily arouse," said he, "will strike all minds and end by convincing those who are still skeptical; the evidence of facts will have the result of dispelling all uncertainty." The Agricultural Society of Melun endorsed the proposal, and its chairman was delegated to wait upon Pasteur with the proposal, or perhaps we should say the challenge, that he carry on a public demonstration under the conditions laid down. The conditions had been printed and widely distributed by Rossignol.

Pasteur was game. He prepared his attenuated virus and made the preliminary inoculations at the farm Pouilly le Fort, near Melun, where the trial was to be staged. A large crowd had assembled, for the test had been widely advertised. Doctors, farmers, and veterinarians turned out in numbers and were speculating on the probable success or failure of the experiment. Many were secretly rejoicing over the prospect of a humiliating failure, and Pasteur's friends and followers were filled with anxiety over the outcome of the bold step which their leader had taken. It was specified that twenty-five sheep were to be inoculated with anthrax vaccine and afterwards inoculated with anthrax. Twenty-five unvaccinated sheep were to be

inoculated with anthrax alone. Six cattle were to be inoculated and four others kept as controls.[3] Two weeks after vaccination the sheep and cattle, vaccinated and unvaccinated alike, were to be given an injection of virulent germs of anthrax and three days later the meeting was to be called to witness the results. The preliminary inoculations were carried out on May 5, 1881.

These experiments [wrote Rossignol] are solemn ones and should become memorable, if, as M. Pasteur affirms with so much conviction, they confirm all that he has already claimed. We express the ardent hope that M. Pasteur will succeed and depart as victor from a contest which has now lasted sufficiently long. If he succeeds, he will have conferred upon his country a great benefit, and his adversaries should, like the ancient captives, wreathe their brows with laurel, and prepare to follow, chained and bowed down, the chariot of the immortal victor; but he must succeed; that is the price of triumph. However, M. Pasteur should not forget that the Tarpean rock[4] is close to the Capitol.

On June 2nd the crowd again assembled to witness the results. As Radot remarks:

When Pasteur arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the farmyard of Pouilly le Fort, accompanied by his young collaborators, a murmur arose which soon became a burst of applause ending in loud exclamations from all lips. Delegates from the Agricultural Society of Melun, from medical societies and veterinary societies, representatives from the Central Council of Seine-et-Marne, journalists,

[3] Controls—devices or checks for ascertaining the accuracy of an experiment.

[4] That part of the Capitoline Hill over which the condemned criminals of Rome were hurled.

small farmers who had been influenced in diverse ways by laudatory or injurious newspaper articles and who were in doubt whether to accept or deny a great discovery—all were there. The carcasses of 22 unvaccinated sheep were lying side by side; two others were dying; the last of the sacrificed lot still living presented all the characteristic signs of anthrax. All of the vaccinated sheep were in perfect health. The cows which were unprotected by vaccination were all showing severe symptoms of splenic fever. In the vaccinated cows there was not even an elevation of temperature and their appetite seemed unimpaired.

The conclusiveness of the experiment could not be gainsaid. The skeptical Rossignol pronounced it a "stunning success," and made a handsome acknowledgment of his previous errors in regard to microbiology. He assisted at the examination of the blood of two of the dead sheep. This showed an abundance of the bacilli of anthrax. The last unvaccinated sheep died in the evening of the day of the demonstration.

Further trials of Pasteur's protective vaccine yielded additional evidence of its efficacy. There was a wide demand for vaccine, and about 34,000 animals had been vaccinated by the end of 1881, and about 500,000 by the end of 1883. The method became widely used in stock-raising countries throughout the world, and has resulted in saving millions of dollars and the lives of many thousands of animals.

THE STORY OF A PIONEER

After Dr. Shaw had talked to a group of boys at the State Reformatory in Illinois, one of the boys out on parole a year later, artlessly complimented her: "Us boys enjoyed you the best of any show we ever had!" There is indeed much in Dr. Shaw's personality and career that would be of interest to boys, for she was a born adventurer and met life with a dash and fighting spirit, as well as a warm human sympathy.

Her life was full of "pioneering" from the time when she was a child of twelve and her family moved to an uncleared tract in the northern forests of Michigan. There she had to learn to handle the ax and the spade, and there she began to teach the district school at the age of fifteen. She was a pioneer in the ministry, and years later, in 1880, after her graduation from Boston University and after two years of preaching, the refusal of the Methodist Episcopal Church formally to ordain her was a matter of national interest. She was granted ordination the same year, however, by the Methodist Protestant Church. She was a pioneer in medicine, too, for she obtained her degree in Boston Medical School in 1885. After her graduation from medical school, she resigned from the two churches where she was preaching and entered the lecture field, working especially for temperance, and pioneering in the suffrage field. She was an unusually persuasive speaker. "Drama in the Lecture Field" gives some of her lively experiences while she was thus engaged.

In her later years she was an ardent suffrage worker, and it is said that she was one of the strongest forces for the advancement of women that the age has known. From 1888 till 1906 she worked with Susan B. Anthony, acting as lecturer, as vice-president, and later as president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Dr. Shaw died in July, 1919, after the passage of the suffrage amendment for which she had worked so hard. During the World War she acted as Chairman of the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for her splendid work.

DRAMA IN THE LECTURE FIELD[1]

By ANNA HOWARD SHAW

My most dramatic experience occurred in a city in Michigan, where I was making a temperance campaign. It was an important lumber and shipping center, and it harbored much intemperance. The editor of the leading newspaper was with the temperance-workers in our fight there, and he had warned me that the liquor people threatened to "burn the building over my head" if I attempted to lecture. We were used to similar threats, so I proceeded with my preparations and held the meeting in the town skating-rink—a huge, bare, wooden structure.

Lectures were rare in that city, and rumors of some special excitement on this occasion had been circulated; every seat in the rink was filled, and several hundred persons stood in the aisles and at the back of the building. Just opposite the speaker's platform was a small gallery, and above that, in the ceiling, was a trapdoor. Before I had been speaking ten minutes I saw a man drop through this trapdoor to the balcony and climb from there to the main floor. As he reached the floor he shouted "Fire!" and rushed out into the street. The next instant every person in the rink was up and a panic had

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started. I was very sure there was no fire, but I knew that many might be killed in the rush which was beginning. So I sprang on a chair and shouted to the people with the full strength of my lungs:

"There is no fire. It's only a trick! Sit down! Sit down!"

The cooler persons in the crowd at once began to help in this calming process.

"Sit down!" they repeated. "It's all right! There's no fire! Sit down!"

It looked as if we had the situation in hand, for the people hesitated, and most of them grew quiet; but just then a few words were hissed up to me that made my heart stop beating. A member of our local committee was standing beside my chair, speaking in a terrified whisper:

"There *is* a fire, Miss Shaw," he said. "For God's sake get the people out—*quickly!*"

The shock was so unexpected that my knees almost gave way. The people were still standing, wavering, looking uncertainly toward us. I raised my voice again, and if it sounded unnatural my hearers probably thought it was because I was speaking so loudly.

"As we are already standing," I cried, "and are all nervous, a little exercise will do us good. So march out, singing. Keep time to the music! Later you can come back and take your seats!"

The man who had whispered the warning jumped into the aisle and struck up "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Then he led the march down to the door, while the big audience

swung into line and followed him, joining in the song. I remained on the chair, beating time and talking to the people as they went; but when the last of them had left the building I almost collapsed, for the flames had begun to eat through the wooden walls and the clang of the fire-engines was heard outside.

As soon as I was sure every one was safe, however, I experienced the most intense anger I had yet known. My indignation against the men who had risked hundreds of lives by setting fire to a crowded building made me "see red"; it was clear that they must be taught a lesson then and there. As soon as I was outside the rink I called a meeting, and the Congregational minister, who was in the crowd, lent us his church and led the way to it. Most of the audience followed us, and we had a wonderful meeting, during which we were able at last to make clear to the people of that town the character of the liquor interests we were fighting. That episode did the temperance cause more good than a hundred ordinary meetings. Men who had been indifferent before became our friends and supporters, and at the following election we carried the town for prohibition by a big majority.

There have been other occasions when our opponents have not fought us fairly. Once, in an Ohio town, a group of politicians, hearing that I was to lecture on temperance in the courthouse on a certain night, took possession of the building early in the evening, on the pretense of holding a meeting, and held it against us. When, escorted by a committee of leading women, I reached the building and tried

to enter, we found that the men had locked us out. Our audience was gathering and filling the street, and we finally sent a courteous message to the men, assuming that they had forgotten us and reminding them of our position. The messenger reported that the men would leave "about eight," but that the room was black with smoke and filthy with tobacco-juice." We waited patiently until eight o'clock, holding little outside meetings in groups, as our audience waited with us. At eight we again sent our messenger into the hall, and he brought back word that the men were "not through, didn't know when they would be through, and had told the women not to wait."

Naturally, the waiting townswomen were deeply chagrined by this. So were many men in the outside crowd. We asked if there was no other entrance to the hall except through the locked front doors, and were told that the judge's private room opened into it, and that one of our committee had the key, as she had planned to use this room as a dressing and retiring room for the speakers. After some discussion we decided to storm the hall and take possession. Within five minutes all the women had formed in line and were crowding up the back stairs and into the judge's room. There we unlocked the door, again formed in line, and marched into the hall, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

There were hundreds of us, and we marched directly to the platform, where the astonished men got up to stare at us. More and more women entered, coming

up the back stairs from the street and filling the hall; and when the men realized what it all meant, and recognized their wives, sisters, and women friends in the throng, they sheepishly unlocked the front doors and left us in possession, though we politely urged them to remain. We had a great meeting that night!

Another reminiscence may not be out of place. We were working for a prohibition amendment in the state of Pennsylvania, and the night before election I reached Coatesville. I had just completed six weeks of strenuous campaigning, and that day I had already conducted and spoken at two big outdoor meetings. When I entered the town hall of Coatesville I found it filled with women. Only a few men were there; the rest were celebrating and campaigning in the streets. So I arose and said:

"I would like to ask how many men there are in the audience who intend to vote for the amendment tomorrow?"

Every man in the hall stood up.

"I thought so," I said. "Now I intend to ask your indulgence. As you are all in favor of the amendment, there is no use in my setting its claims before you; and, as I am utterly exhausted, I suggest that we sing the Doxology and go home!"

The audience saw the common sense of my position, so the people laughed and sang the Doxology and departed. As we were leaving the hall one of Coatesville's prominent citizens stopped me.

"I wish you were a man," he said. "The town was

to have a big outdoor meeting tonight, and the orator has failed us. There are thousands of men in the streets waiting for the speech, and the saloons are sending them free drinks to get them drunk and carry the town tomorrow."

"Why," I said, "I'll talk to them if you wish."

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "I'd be afraid to let you. Something might happen!"

"If anything happens, it will be in a good cause," I reminded him. "Let us go."

Downtown we found the streets so packed with men that the cars could not get through, and with the greatest difficulty we reached the stand which had been erected for the speaker. It was a gorgeous affair. There were flaring torches all around it, and a "bull's-eye," taken from the head of a locomotive, made an especially brilliant patch of light. The stand had been erected at a point where the city's four principal streets meet, and as far as I could see there were solid masses of citizens extending into these streets. A glee-club was doing its best to help things along, and the music of an organette, an instrument much used at the time in campaign rallies, swelled the joyful tumult. As I mounted the platform the crowd was singing "Vote for Betty and the Baby," and I took that song for my text, speaking of the helplessness of women and children in the face of intemperance, and telling the crowd the only hope of the Coatesville women lay in the vote cast by their men the next day.

Directly in front of me stood a huge and extraordinarily repellent-looking negro. A glance at him almost made one shudder, but before I had finished my first sentence he raised his right arm straight above him and shouted, in a deep and wonderfully rich bass voice, "Hallelujah to the Lamb!" From that point on he punctuated my speech every few moments with good, old-fashioned exclamations of salvation which helped to inspire the crowd. I spoke for almost an hour. Three times in my life, and only three times, I have made speeches that have satisfied me—to the degree, that is, of making me feel that at least I was giving the best that was in me. The speech at Coatesville was one of those three. At the end of it the good-natured crowd cheered for ten minutes. The next day Coatesville voted for prohibition, and, rightly or wrongly, I have always believed that I helped to win that victory.

Here, by the way, I may add that of the two other speeches which satisfied me one was made in Chicago, during the World's Fair, in 1893, and the other in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912. The International Council of Women, it will be remembered, met in Chicago during the Fair, and I was invited to preach the sermon at the Sunday-morning session. The occasion was a very important one, bringing together at least five thousand persons, including representative women from almost every country in Europe, and a large number of women ministers. These made an impressive group, as they all wore their ministerial robes; and for the first time

I preached in a ministerial robe, ordered especially for that day. It was made of black crêpe de Chine, with great double flowing sleeves, white silk undersleeves, and a wide white silk underfold down the front; and I may mention casually that it looked very much better than I felt, for I was very nervous. My father had come on to Chicago especially to hear my sermon, and had been invited to sit on the platform. Even yet he was not wholly reconciled to my public work, but he was beginning to take a deep interest in it. I greatly desired to please him and to satisfy Miss Anthony, who was extremely anxious that on that day of all days I should do my best.

I gave an unusual amount of time and thought to that sermon, and at last evolved what I modestly believed to be a good one. I never write out a sermon in advance, but I did it this time, laboriously, and then memorized the effort. The night before the sermon was to be delivered Miss Anthony asked me about it, and when I realized how deeply interested she was I delivered it to her then and there as a rehearsal. It was very late, and I knew we would not be interrupted. As she listened her face grew longer and longer and her lips drooped at the corners. Her disappointment was so obvious that I had difficulty in finishing my recitation; but I finally got through it, though rather weakly toward the end, and waited to hear what she would say, hoping against hope that she had liked it better than she seemed to. But Susan B. Anthony was the frankest as well as the kindest of women. Resolutely she shook her head.

"It's no good, Anna," she said, firmly. "You'll have to do better. You've polished and repolished that sermon until there's no life left in it. It's dead. Besides, I don't care for your text."

"Then give me a text," I demanded, gloomily.

"I can't," said Aunt Susan.

I was tired and bitterly disappointed, and both conditions showed in my reply.

"Well," I asked, somberly, "if you can't even supply a text, how do you suppose I'm going to deliver a brand-new sermon at ten o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Oh," declared Aunt Susan, blithely, "you'll find a text."

I suggested several, but she did not like them. At last I said, "I have it—'Let no man take thy crown.' "

"That's it!" exclaimed Miss Anthony. "Give us a good sermon on that text."

She went to her room to sleep the sleep of the just and the untroubled, but I tossed in my bed the rest of the night, planning the points of the new sermon. After I had delivered it the next morning I went to my father to assist him from the platform. He was trembling, and his eyes were full of tears. He seized my arm and pressed it.

"Now I am ready to die," was all he said.

I was so tired that I felt ready to die, too; but his satisfaction and a glance at Aunt Susan's contented face gave me the tonic I needed. Father died two years later, and as I was campaigning in California I was not with

him at the end. It was a comfort to remember, however, that in the twilight of his life he had learned to understand his most difficult daughter, and to give her credit for earnestness of purpose, at least, in following the life that had led her away from him. After his death, and immediately upon my return from California, I visited my mother, and it was well indeed that I did, for within a few months she followed father into the other world for which all of her unselfish life had been a preparation.

Our last days together were perfect. Her attitude was one of serene and cheerful expectancy, and I always think of her as sitting among the primroses and bluebells she loved, which seemed to bloom unceasingly in the windows of her room. I recall, too, with gratitude, a trifle which gave her a pleasure out of all proportion to what I had dreamed it would do. She had expressed a longing for some English heather, "not the hothouse variety, but the kind that blooms on the hills," and I had succeeded in getting a bunch for her by writing to an English friend.

Its possession filled her with joy, and from the time it came until the day her eyes closed in their last sleep it was rarely beyond reach of her hand. At her request, when she was buried we laid the heather on her heart—the heart of a true and loyal woman, who, though her children had not known it, must have longed without ceasing throughout her New World life for the Old World of her youth.

The Scandinavian speech was an even more vital experience than the Chicago one, for in Stockholm I de-

livered the first sermon ever preached by a woman in the State Church of Sweden, and the event was preceded by an amount of political and journalistic opposition which gave it an international importance. I had also been invited by the Norwegian women to preach in the State Church of Norway, but there we experienced obstacles. By the laws of Norway women are permitted to hold all public offices except those in the army, navy, and church —a rather remarkable militant and spiritual combination. As a woman, therefore, I was denied the use of the church by the Minister of Church Affairs.

The decision created great excitement and much delving into the law. It then appeared that if the use of a State Church is desired for a minister of a foreign country the government can give such permission. It was thought that I might slip in through this loophole, and application was made to the government. The reply came that permission could be received only from the entire Cabinet; and while the Cabinet gentlemen were feverishly discussing the important issue, the Norwegian press became active, pointing out that the Minister of Church Affairs had arrogantly assumed the right of the entire Cabinet in denying the application. The charge was taken up by the party opposed to the government party in Parliament, and the Minister of Church Affairs swiftly turned the whole matter over to his conferees.

The Cabinet held a session, and by a vote of four to three decided *not* to allow a woman to preach in the State Church. I am happy to add that of the three who voted

favorably on the question one was the Premier of Norway. Again the newspapers grasped their opportunity—especially the organs of the opposition party. My rooms were filled with reporters, while daily the excitement grew. The question was brought up in Parliament, and I was invited to attend and hear the discussion there. By this time every newspaper in Scandinavia was for or against me; and the result of the whole matter was that, though the State Church of Norway was not opened to me, a most unusual interest had been aroused in my sermon in the State Church of Sweden. When I arrived there to keep my engagement, not only was the wonderful structure packed to its walls, but the waiting crowds in the street were so large that the police had difficulty in opening a way for our party.

I shall never forget my impression of the church itself when I entered it. It will always stand forth in my memory as one of the most beautiful churches I have ever visited. On every side were monuments of dead heroes and statesmen, and the high, vaulted blue dome seemed like the open sky above our heads. Over us lay a light like a soft twilight, and the great congregation filled not only all the pews, but the aisles, the platform, and even the steps of the pulpit. The ushers were young women from the University of Upsala, wearing white university caps with black visors, and sashes in the university colors. The anthem was composed especially for the occasion by the first woman cathedral organist in Sweden—the organist of the cathedral in Gothenburg—

and she had brought with her thirty members of her choir, all of them remarkable singers.

The whole occasion was indescribably impressive, and I realized in every fiber the necessity of being worthy of it. Also, I experienced a sensation such as I had never known before, and which I can only describe as a seeming complete separation of my physical self from my spiritual self. It was as if my body stood aside and watched my soul enter that pulpit. There was no uncertainty, no nervousness, though usually I am very nervous when I begin to speak; and when I had finished I knew that I had done my best.

But all this is a long way from the early days I was discussing, when I was making my first diffident bows to lecture audiences and learning the lessons of the pioneer in the lecture-field. I was soon to learn more, for in 1888 Miss Anthony persuaded me to drop my temperance work and concentrate my energies on the suffrage cause. For a long time I hesitated. I was very happy in my connection with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and I knew that Miss Willard was depending on me to continue it. But Miss Anthony's arguments were irrefutable, and she was herself, as always, irresistible.

"You can't win two causes at once," she reminded me. "You're merely scattering your energies. Begin at the beginning. Win suffrage for women, and the rest will follow." As an added argument, she took me with her on her Kansas campaign, and after that no further arguments were needed. From then until her death, eighteen

years later, Miss Anthony and I worked shoulder to shoulder.

The most interesting lecture episode of our first Kansas campaign was my debate with Senator John J. Ingalls. Before this, however, on our arrival at Atchison, Mrs. Ingalls gave a luncheon for Miss Anthony, and Rachel Foster Avery and I were also invited. Miss Anthony sat at the right of Senator Ingalls, and I at his left, while Mrs. Ingalls, of course, adorned the opposite end of her table. Mrs. Avery and I had just been entertained for several days at the home of a vegetarian friend who did not know how to cook vegetables, and we were both half starved. When we were invited to the Ingalls home we had uttered in unison a joyous cry, "Now we shall have something to eat!" At the luncheon, however, Senator Ingalls kept Miss Anthony and me talking steadily. He was not in favor of suffrage for women, but he wished to know all sorts of things about the Cause, and we were anxious to have him know them. The result was that I had time for only an occasional mouthful, while down at the end of the table Mrs. Avery ate and ate, pausing only to send me glances of heartfelt sympathy. Also, whenever she had an especially toothsome morsel on the end of her fork she wickedly succeeded in catching my eye and thus adding the last sybaritic touch to her enjoyment.

Notwithstanding the wealth of knowledge we had bestowed upon him, or perhaps because of it, the following night Senator Ingalls made his famous speech

against suffrage, and it fell to my lot to answer him. In the course of his remarks he asked this question: "Would you like to add three million illiterate voters to the large body of illiterate voters we have in America today?" The audience applauded light-heartedly, but I was disturbed by the sophistry of the question. One of Senator Ingalls's most discussed personal peculiarities was the parting of his hair in the middle. Cartoonists and newspaper writers always made much of this, so when I rose to reply I felt justified in mentioning it.

"Senator Ingalls," I began, "parts his hair in the middle, as we all know, but he makes up for it by parting his figures on one side. Last night he gave you the short side of his figures. At the present time there are in the United States about eighteen million women of voting age. When the Senator asked whether you wanted three million additional illiterate women voters, he forgot to ask also if you didn't want fifteen million additional intelligent women voters! We will grant that it will take the votes of three million intelligent women to wipe out the votes of three million illiterate women. But don't forget that that would still leave us twelve million intelligent votes to the good!"

The audience applauded as gaily as it had applauded Senator Ingalls when he spoke on the other side, and I continued:

"Now women have always been generous to men. So of our twelve million intelligent voters we will offer four million to offset the votes of the four million illiterate

men in this country—and then we will still have eight million intelligent votes to add to the other intelligent votes which are cast."

The audience seemed to enjoy this.

"The anti-suffragists are fairly safe," I ended, "as long as they remain on the plane of prophecy. But as soon as they tackle mathematics they get into trouble!"

Miss Anthony was much pleased by the wide publicity given to this debate, but Senator Ingalls failed to share her enthusiasm.

It was shortly after this encounter that I had two traveling experiences which nearly cost me my life. One of them occurred in Ohio at the time of a spring freshet. I know of no state that can cover itself with water as completely as Ohio can, and for no apparent reason. On this occasion it was breaking its own record. We had driven twenty miles across country in a buggy which was barely out of the water, and behind horses that at times were almost forced to swim, and when we got near the town where I was to lecture, though still on the opposite side of the river from it, we discovered that the bridge was gone. We had a good view of the town, situated high and dry on a steep bank; but the river which rolled between us and that town was a roaring, boiling stream, and the only possible way to cross it, I found, was to walk over a railroad trestle, already trembling under the force of the water.

There were hundreds of men on the river-bank watching the flood, and when they saw me start out on the

empty trestle they set up a cheer that nearly threw me off. The river was wide and the ties far apart, and the roar of the stream below was far from reassuring; but in some way I reached the other side, and was there helped off the trestle by what the newspapers called "strong and willing hands."

Another time, in a desperate resolve to meet a lecture engagement, I walked across the railroad trestle at Elmira, New York, and when I was halfway over I heard shouts of warning to turn back, as a train was coming. The trestle was very high at that point, and I realized that if I turned and faced an oncoming train I would undoubtedly lose my nerve and fall. So I kept on, as rapidly as I could, accompanied by the shrieks of those who objected to witnessing a violent death, and I reached the end of the trestle just as an express-train thundered on the beginning of it. The next instant a policeman had me by the shoulders and was shaking me as if I had been a bad child.

"If you ever do such a thing again," he thundered, "I'll lock you up!"

As soon as I could speak I assured him fervently that I never would; one such experience was all I desired.

Occasionally a flash of humor, conscious or unconscious, lit up the gloom of a trying situation. Thus, in Parkersburg, West Virginia, the train I was on ran into a coal-car. I was sitting in a sleeper, leaning back comfortably with my feet on the seat in front of me, and the force of the collision lifted me up, turned me completely over,

and deposited me, head-first, two seats beyond. On every side I heard cries and the crash of human bodies against unyielding substances as my fellow-passengers flew through the air, while high and clear above the tumult rang the voice of the conductor:

"Keep your seats!" he yelled. *"Keep your seats!"*

Nobody in our car was seriously hurt; but, so great is the power of vested authority, no one smiled over that order but me.

Many times my medical experience was useful. Once I was on a train which ran into a buggy and killed the woman in it. Her little daughter, who was with her, was badly hurt, and when the train had stopped the crew lifted the dead woman and the injured child on board, to take them to the next station. As I was the only doctor among the passengers, the child was turned over to me. I made up a bed on the seats and put the little patient there, but no woman in the car was able to assist me. The tragedy had made them hysterical, and on every side they were weeping and nerveless. The men were willing but inefficient, with the exception of one uncouth woodsman whose trousers were tucked into his boots and whose hands were phenomenally big and awkward. But they were also very gentle, as I realized when he began to help me. I knew at once that he was the man I needed, notwithstanding his unkempt hair, his general ungainliness, the hat he wore on the back of his head, and the pink carnation in his buttonhole, which, by its very incongruity, added the final accent to his un-

prepossessing appearance. Together we worked over the child, making it as comfortable as we could. It was hardly necessary to tell my aide what I wanted done; he seemed to know and even to anticipate my efforts.

When we reached the next station the dead woman was taken out and laid on the platform, and a nurse and doctor who had been telegraphed for were waiting to care for the little girl. She was conscious by this time, and with the most exquisite gentleness my rustic Bayard lifted her in his arms to carry her off the train. Quite unnecessarily I motioned to him not to let her see her dead mother. He was not the sort who needed that warning; he had already turned her face to his shoulder, and, with head bent low above her, was safely skirting the spot where the long, covered figure lay.

Evidently the station was his destination, too, for he remained there; but just as the train pulled out he came hurrying to my window, took the carnation from his buttonhole, and without a word handed it to me. And after the tragic hour in which I had learned to know him the crushed flower, from that man, seemed the best fee I had ever received.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

It sometimes happens that a man's life is so bound up with a series of great events that his biographers can see him only in that setting. We can hardly think of George Washington without thinking of the Revolution, and of his greatness as a military commander. From childhood we know that he was "first in war," and that it was he "who made republican government under the Constitution a practical reality." But how many of us know that he was one of the first great American experimental agriculturists?

The aim in biography, as has been emphasized, is a complete portrait of the subject. Washington's glory as a general and as a president have always thrown his glory as a husbandman into the dim background. Dr. Haworth grew interested in the fact that Washington loved farming, that he always looked upon himself first and foremost as a farmer rather than as a soldier or political executive. He collected into one volume all that he could find on Washington's farming operations, and the popularity of this book shows that this new view of a much-loved hero is widely appealing. In these days when the need of a widespread movement back to the soil is everywhere emphasized, the book is especially timely and valuable.

The first part of the book describes Washington's farms and the special problems they presented, the general state of agriculture in Virginia at the time, and Washington's operations and experiments before the Revolution. There are other interesting chapters, among which are discussions of Washington as a stockman, as a horticulturist, and as a slaveholder.

Dr. Haworth is a graduate of Indiana and Columbia universities, and has done much teaching, writing, and lecturing on history since 1904. He has written eight historical books, and has contributed many historical articles to leading magazines.

CONSERVING THE SOIL[1]

By PAUL LELAND HAWORTH

THE Revolution rudely interrupted Washington's farming experiments, and for eight long years he was so actively engaged in the grim business of checkmating Howe and Clinton and Cornwallis that he could give little time or thought to agriculture. For more than six years, in fact, he did not once set foot upon his beloved fields and heard of his crops, his servants and his live stock only from family visitors to his camps or through the pages of his manager's letters.

Peace at last brought him release. He had left Mount Vernon a simple country gentleman; he came back to it one of the most famous men in the world. He wasted no time in contemplating his laurels, but at once threw himself with renewed enthusiasm into his old occupation. His observation of northern agriculture and conversations with other farmers had broadened his views and he was more than ever progressive. He was now thoroughly convinced of the great desirability of grass and stock for conserving the soil and he was also wide awake to the need of better tools and methods and wished to make his estate beautiful as well as useful.

Much of his energy in 1784-85 was devoted to re-

[1] From *George Washington, Country Gentleman.* Copyright, 1915, 1925. Used by special permission of the publishers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

building his house and improving his grounds, and to his trip to his Ohio lands—all of which are described elsewhere. No diary exists for 1784 except that of the trip to the Ohio, but from the diary of 1785 we learn that he found time to experiment with plaster of Paris and powdered stone as fertilizers, to sow clover, orchard grass, guinea grass and peas and to borrow a scow with which to raise rich mud from the bed of the Potomac.

The growing poverty of his soil, in fact, was a subject to which he gave much attention. He made use of manure when possible, but the supply of this was limited and commercial fertilizers were unknown. As already indicated, he was beginning the use of clover and other grasses, but he was anxious to build up the soil more rapidly and the Potomac muck seemed to him a possible answer to the problem. There was, as he said, "an inexhaustible fund" of it, but the task of getting it on the land was a heavy one. Having heard of a horse-power dredge called the *Hippopotamus* that was in use on the Delaware River, he made inquiries concerning it but feared that it would not serve his purpose, as he would have to go from one hundred to eight hundred or a thousand yards from high water-mark for the mud—too far out for a horse to be available. Mechanical difficulties and the cost of getting up the mud proved too great for him—as they have proved too great even down to the present—but he never gave up the idea and from time to time tried experiments with small plots of ground that had been covered with the mud. His enthusiasm on the

subject was so great that Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, who visited him in this period, says that the standing toast at Mount Vernon was "Success to the mud!"

Every scientific agriculturist knows that erosion is one of the chief causes of loss in soil fertility and that in the basins and deltas of streams and rivers there is going to waste enough muck to make all of our land rich. But the cost of getting this fertility back to the soil has thus far proved too great for us to undertake the task of restoration. It is conceivable, however, that the time may come when we shall undertake the work in earnest, and then the dream of Washington will be realized.

The spring and summer of 1785 proved excessively dry, and the crops suffered, as they always do in times of drought. The wheat yield was poor and chinch bugs attacked the corn in such myriads that our Farmer found "hundreds of them & their young under the blades and at the lower joints of the Stock." By the middle of August "Nature had put on a melancholy look." The corn was "*fired* in most places to the Ear, with little appearance of yielding if Rain should now come & a certainty of making nothing if it did not."

Like millions of anxious farmers before and after him, he watched eagerly for the rain that came not. He records in his diary that on August 17th a good deal of rain fell far up the river, but as for his fields—it tantalizingly passed by on the other side, and "not enough fell here to wet a handkerchief." On the eighteenth, nine-

teenth and twenty-second clouds and thunder and lightning again awakened hopes but only slight sprinkles resulted. On the twenty-seventh nature at last relented and, to his great satisfaction, there was a generous downpour.

The rain was beneficial to about a thousand grains of Cape of Good Hope wheat that Washington had just sown and by the thirty-first he was able to note that it was coming up. For several years thereafter he experimented with this wheat. He found that it grew up very rank and tried cutting some of it back. But the variety was not well adapted to Virginia and ultimately he gave it up.

In this period he also tried Siberian wheat, put marl on sixteen square rods of meadow, plowed under rye, and experimented with oats, carrots, Eastern Shore peas, supposed to be strengthening to land, also rib grass, burnet and various other things. He planted potatoes both with and without manure and noted carefully the difference in yields. At this time he favored planting corn in rows about ten feet apart, with rows of potatoes, carrots, or peas between. He noted down that his experience showed that corn ought to be planted not later than May 15th, preferably by the tenth or perhaps even as early as the first, in which his practice would not differ much from that of today. But he came to an erroneous conclusion when he decided that wheat ought to be sown in August or at the latter end of July, for this was playing into the hands of his enemy, the Hessian fly, which is particularly

destructive to early-sown wheat. Later he seems to have changed his mind on that point, for near the end of his life he instructed his manager to get the wheat in by September 10th. Another custom which he was advocating was that of fall and winter plowing, and he had as much of it done as time and weather would permit. All of his experiments in this period were painstakingly set down and he even took the trouble in 1786 to index his agricultural notes and observations for that year.

Many of his experiments were made in what he called his "Botanical Garden," a plot of ground lying between the flower garden and the spinner's house. But he had experimental plots on most or all of his plantations, and each day as he made the rounds of his estate on horseback he would examine how his plants were growing or would start new experiments.

The record of failures is, of course, much greater than of successes, but that is the experience of every scientific farmer or horticulturist who ventures out of the beaten path. Even Burbank, the wizard, has his failures—and many of them.

One of Washington's successes was what he called a "barrel plow." At that time all seed such as corn, wheat and oats had to be sown or dropped by hand and then covered with a harrow or a hoe or something of the kind. Washington tried to make a machine that would do the work more expeditiously and succeeded, though it should be said that his plans were not altogether original with him, as there was a plan for such

a machine in Duhamel [2] and another was published by Arthur Young [3] about this time in the *Annals of Agriculture,* which Washington was now perusing with much attention. Richard Peters also sent yet another plan.

Washington's drill, as we should call it today, consisted of a barrel or hollow cylinder of wood mounted upon a wheeled plow and so arranged that as the plow moved forward the barrel turned. In the barrel, holes were cut or burnt through which the corn or other seed could drop into tubes that ran down to the ground. By decreasing or increasing the number of holes the grain could be planted thicker or thinner as desired. To prevent the holes from choking up he found it expedient to make them larger on the outside than on the inside, and he also found that the machine worked better if the barrel was not kept too full of seed. Behind the drills ran a light harrow or drag which covered the seed, though in rough ground it was necessary to have a man follow after with a hoe to assist the process. A string was fastened to this harrow by which it could be lifted around when turning at the ends of the rows, the drill itself being managed by a pair of handles.

Washington wrote to a friend that the drill would not "work to good effect in land that is very full either of stumps, stones, or large clods; but, where the ground is tolerably free from these and in good tilth, and partic-

[2] Duhamel du Monceau, a noted French authority on botany and agriculture.

[3] The foremost scientist of his day in England, and editor of the *Annals of Agriculture.*

ularly in light land, I am certain you will find it equal to your most sanguine expectation, for Indian corn, wheat, barley, pease, or any other tolerably round grain, that you may wish to sow or plant in this manner. I have sown oats very well with it, which is among the most inconvenient and unfit grains for this machine. . . . A small bag, containing about a peck of the seed you are sowing, is hung to the nails on the right handle, and with a small tin cup the barrel is replenished with convenience, whenever it is necessary, without loss of time, or waiting to come up with the seedbag at the end of the row."

As Washington says, the drill would probably work well under ideal conditions, but there were features of it that would incline, I have no doubt, to make its operator swear at times. There was a leather band that ran about the barrel with holes corresponding to those in the barrel, the purpose of the band being to prevent the seeds issuing out of more than one hole at the same time. This band had to be "slackened or braced" according to the influence of the atmosphere upon the leather, and sometimes the holes in the band tended to gape and admit seed between the band and the barrel, in which case Washington found it expedient to rivet "a piece of sheet tin, copper, or brass, the width of the band, and about four inches long, with a hole through it, the size of the one in the leather."

Washington was, however, very proud of the drill, and it must have worked fairly well, for he was not the man to continue to use a worthless implement simply

because he had made it. He even used it to sow very small seed. In the summer of 1786 he records: "Having fixed a Roller to the tale of my drill plow, & a brush between it and the barrel, I sent it to Muddy Hole & sowed turnips in the intervals of corn."

No man better understood the value of good clean seed than did he, but he had much trouble in satisfying his desires in this respect. Often the seed he bought was foul with weed seeds, and at other times it would not grow at all. Once he mentions having set the women and "weak hands" to work picking wild onions out of some Eastern Shore oats that he had bought.

He advocated planting the largest and finest potatoes instead of the little ones, as some farmers out of false ideas of economy still make the mistake of doing, and he followed the same principle that "the best will produce the best" in selecting all seed.

He also appreciated the importance of getting just the right stand of grain—not too many plants and not too few—upon his fields and conducted investigations along this line. He laboriously calculated the number of seeds in a pound Troy of various seeds and ascertained, for example, that the number of red clover was 71,000, of timothy 298,000, of "New River Grass" 844,800 and of barley 8,925. Knowing these facts, he was able to calculate how much ought to be sowed of a given seed to the acre.

The spectacle of the former Commander of the Armies

of a Continent engaging in such minute labor is ridiculous or sublime, according to the viewpoint!

In the spring of the year that he helped to frame the Federal Constitution he "Sowed the squares No. 2 & 4 at this place [Dogue Run] with oats in the following manner—viz—the East half of No. 2 with half a Bushel of Oats from George Town—and the west half with a Bushel of Poland Oats—The east half of No. 4 with half a bushel of the Poland Oats and the west half with a bushel of the George Town Oats. The objects, and design of this experiment, was to ascertn. 3 things—1st. which of these two kinds of Oats were best the George Town (which was a good kind of the common Oats)—2nd. whether two or four bushels to the Acre was best—and 3d. the difference between ground dunged at the Rate of 5 load or 200 bushels to the Acre and ground undunged."

This experiment is typical of a great many others and it resulted, of course, in better yields on the manured ground and showed that two bushels of seed were preferable to four. But if he ever set down the result of the experiment as regards the varieties, the passage has escaped me.

While at Fredericksburg this year visiting his mother and his sister Betty Lewis he learned of an interesting method of raising potatoes under straw and wrote down the details in his diary. A little later when attending the Federal Convention he kept his eyes and ears open

for agricultural information. He learned how the Pennsylvanians cultivated buckwheat and visited the farm of a certain Jones, who was getting good results from the use of plaster of Paris. With his usual interest in labor-saving machinery he inspected at Benjamin Franklin's a sort of ironing machine called a mangle, "well calculated," he thought, "for Table cloths & such articles as have not pleats & irregular foldings & would be very useful in large families."

This year he had in wheat seven hundred acres, in grass five hundred eighty acres, in oats four hundred acres, in corn seven hundred acres, with several hundred more in buckwheat, barley, potatoes, peas, beans and turnips.

In 1788 he raised one thousand eighty-eight bushels of potatoes on one plantation, but they were not dug till December and in consequence some were badly injured by the frost. An experiment that year was one of transplanting carrots between rows of corn and it was not successful.

He worked hard in these years, but, as many another industrious farmer has discovered, he found that he could do little unless nature smiled; and fickle nature persisted in frowning. In 1785 the rain seemed to forget how to fall, and in 1786 how to stop falling. Some crops failed or were very short and soon he was so hard up that he was anxious to sell some lands or negroes to meet debts coming due. In February, 1786, in sending fifteen guineas to his mother, he wrote:

"I have now demands upon me for more than £500, three hundred and forty odd of which is due for the tax of 1786; and I know not where or when I shall receive one shilling with which to pay it. In the last two years I made no crops. In the first I was obliged to buy corn, and this year have none to sell, and my wheat is so bad I can neither eat it myself nor sell it to others, and tobacco I make none. Those who owe me money cannot or will not pay it without suits, and to sue is to do nothing; whilst my expenses, not from any extravagance, or an inclination on my part to live splendidly, but for the absolute support of my family and the visitors who are constantly here, are exceedingly high."

To bad crops were joined bad conditions throughout the country generally. The government of the Confederation was dying of inanition, America was flooded with depreciated currency, both state and Continental. In western Massachusetts a rebellion broke out, the rebels being largely discouraged debtors. A state of chaos seemed imminent and would have resulted had not the Federal Convention, of which Washington was a member, created a new government. Ultimately this government brought order and financial stability, but all this took time and Washington was so financially embarrassed in 1789 when he traveled to New York to be inaugurated President that he had to borrow money to pay the expenses of the journey.

After having set the wheels of government in motion he made an extended trip through New England and

whenever public festivities would permit he examined into New England farm methods and took copious notes. On the first day up from New York he saw good crops of corn mixed with pumpkins and met four droves of beef cattle, "some of which were very fine—also a Flock of Sheep. . . . We scarcely passed a farm house that did not abd. in Geese." His judgment of New England stock was that the cattle were "of a good quality and their hogs large, but rather long legged." The shingle roofs, stone and brick chimneys, stone fences and cider-making all attracted his attention. The fact that wheat in that section produced an average of fifteen bushels per acre and often twenty or twenty-five was duly noted. On the whole he seems to have considered the tour enjoyable and profitable in spite of the fact that on his return through Connecticut the law against Sabbath traveling compelled him to remain over Sunday at Perkins' Tavern and to attend church twice, where he "heard very lame discourses from a Mr. Pond."

About 1785 Washington had begun a correspondence with Arthur Young and also began to read his periodical called the *Annals of Agriculture*. The *Annals* convinced him more than ever of the superiority of the English system of husbandry and not only gave him the idea for some of the experiments that have been mentioned, but also made him very desirous of adopting a regular and systematic course of cropping in order to conserve his soil. Taking advantage of an offer made by Young, he ordered (August 6, 1786) through him English plows, cabbage,

turnip, sainfoin, rye-grass and hop clover seed and eight bushels of winter vetches; also some months later, velvet wheat, field beans, spring barley, oats and more sainfoin seed. He furthermore expressed a wish for "a plan of the most complete and useful farmyard, for farms of about 500 acres. In this I mean to comprehend the barn, and every appurtenance which ought to be annexed to the yard."

Young was as good as his word. Although English law forbade the exportation of some of these things—a fact of which Washington was not aware—he and Sir John Sinclair prevailed upon Lord Grenville to issue a special permit and in due course everything reached Mount Vernon. Part of the seeds were somewhat injured by being put into the hold of the vessel that brought them over, with the result that they overheated—a thing that troubled Washington whenever he imported seeds—but on the whole the consignment was in fair order, and our Farmer was duly grateful.

The plows appeared excessively heavy to the Virginians who looked them over, but a trial showed that they worked "exceedingly well."

To Young's plan for a barn and barnyard Washington made some additions and constructed the barn upon Union Farm, building it of bricks that were made on the estate. He later expressed a belief that it was "the largest and most convenient one in this country." It has now disappeared almost utterly, but Young's plan was subsequently engraved in the *Annals*.

In return for the exertions of Young and Sinclair in his behalf Washington sent over some American products and also took pains to collect information for them as to the state of American agriculture. His letters show an almost pathetic eagerness to please these good friends and it is evident that in his farming operations he regarded himself as one of Young's disciples. He was no egotist who believed that because he had been a successful soldier and was now President of the United States he could not learn anything from a specialist. The trait was most commendable and one that is sadly lacking in many of his countrymen, some of whom take pride in declaring that "these here scientific fellers caint tell me nothin' about raisin' corn!"

Young and Sir John Sinclair were by no means his only agricultural correspondents. Even Noah Webster dropped his legal and philological work long enough in 1790 to propound a theory so startlingly modern in its viewpoint that it is worthy of reproduction. Said he:

"While therefore I allow, in its full extent, the value of stable manure, marl, plaster of Paris, lime, ashes, sea-weed, sea-shells & salt, in enriching land, I believe none of them are absolutely necessary, but that nature has provided an inexhaustible store of manure, which is equally accessible to the rich and the poor, & which may be collected & applied to land with very little labor and expense. This store is the *atmosphere,* & the process by which the fertilizing substance may be obtained is vegetation."

He added that such crops as oats, peas, beans and buckwheat should be raised and plowed under to rot and that land should never be left bare. As one peruses the letter he recalls that scientists of today tell us that the air is largely made up of nitrogen, that plants are able to "fix it," and he half expects to find Webster advocating "soil inoculation" and speaking of "nodules" and "bacteria."

Throughout the period after the Revolution our Farmer's one greatest concern was to conserve and restore his land. When looking for a new manager he once wrote that the man must be, "above all, Midas like, one who can convert everything he touches into manure, as the first transmutation toward gold; in a word, one who can bring wornout and gullied lands into good tilth in the shortest time." He saved manure as if it were already so much gold and hoped with its use and with judicious rotation of crops to accomplish his object. "Unless some such practice as this prevails," he wrote in 1794, "my fields will be growing worse and worse every year, until the Crops will not defray the expense of the culture of them."

He drew up elaborate plans for the rotation of crops on his different farms. Not content with one plan, he often drew up several alternatives; calculated the probable financial returns from each, allowing for the cost of seed, cultivation and other expenses, and commented upon the respective advantages from every point of view of the various plans. The labor involved in such work was very

great, but Washington was no shirker. He was always up before sunrise, both in winter and summer, and seems to have been so constituted that he was most contented when he had something to do. Perhaps if he had had to engage in hard manual toil every day he would have had less inclination for such employment, but he worked with his own hands only intermittently, devoting his time mostly to planning and oversight. . . .

In 1793 he built a new sixteen-sided barn on the Dogue Run Farm. The plan of this barn, drawn by Washington himself, is still preserved. He calculated that one hundred and forty thousand bricks would be required for it and these were made and burnt upon the estate. The barn was particularly notable for a threshing floor thirty feet square, with interstices one and a half inches wide left between the floor boards so that the grain when trodden out by horses or beat out with flails would fall through to the floor below, leaving the straw above.

This floor was to furnish an illustration of what Washington called "the almost impossibility of putting the overseers of this country out of the track they have been accustomed to walk in. I have one of the most convenient barns in this or perhaps any other country, where thirty hands may with great ease be employed in threshing. Half the wheat of the farm was actually stowed in this barn in the straw by my order, for threshing; notwithstanding, when I came home about the middle of September, I found a treading yard not thirty feet from the barn-door, the wheat again brought out of the barn, and horses

treading it out in an open exposure, liable to the vicissitudes of the weather."

I think we may safely conclude that this was one of those rare occasions when George lost his temper and "went up in the air!"

Under any conditions treading or flailing out wheat was a slow and unsatisfactory process and, as Washington grew great quantities of this grain, he was alert for a better method. We know that he made inquiries of Arthur Young concerning a threshing machine invented by a certain Winlaw and pictured and described in volume six of the *Annals,* and in 1790 he watched the operation of Baron Poelnitz's mill on the Winlaw model near New York City. This mill was operated by two men and was capable of threshing about two bushels of wheat per hour—pretty slow work as compared with that of a modern thresher. And the grain had to be winnowed, or passed through a fan afterward to separate it from the chaff.

Finally in 1797 he erected a machine on plans evolved by William Booker, who came to Mount Vernon and oversaw the construction. Next April he wrote to Booker that the machine "has by no means answered your expectations or mine." At first it threshed not quite fifty bushels per day, then fell to less than twenty-five, and ultimately got out of order before five hundred bushels had been threshed, though it had used up two bands costing between eight and ten pounds. Booker replied that he had now greatly improved his invention and would

come to Mount Vernon and make these additions, but whether or not he ever did so I have failed to discover.

By 1793 the burden of the estate had become so heavy that Washington decided to rent all of it except the Mansion House Farm and accordingly he wrote to Arthur Young telling his desire in the hope that Englishmen might be found to take it over. One man, Parkinson, of whom more hereafter, came to America and looked at one of the farms, but decided not to rent it. Washington's elaborate description of his land in his letter to Young, with an accompanying map, forms one of our best sources of information regarding Mount Vernon, so that we may be grateful that he had the intention even though nothing came of it. The whole of Mount Vernon, continued to be cultivated as before until the last year of his life, when he rented Dogue Run Farm to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis.

As a public man he was anxious to improve the general state of American agriculture and in his last annual message to Congress recommended the establishment of a board of agriculture to collect and diffuse information and "by premiums and small pecuniary aids to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement." In this recommendation the example of the English Board of Agriculture and the influence of his friend Arthur Young are discernible. It would have been well for the country if Congress had heeded the advice, but public opinion was not then educated to the need of such a step and almost a century passed before anything of much impor-

tance was done by the national government to improve the state of American agriculture.

In farming as in politics Washington was no stand-patter. Notwithstanding many discouragements, he could not be kept from trying new things, and he furnished his farms with every kind of improved tool and implement calculated to do better work. At his death he owned not only threshing machines and a Dutch fan, but a wheat drill, a corn drill, a machine for gathering clover seed and another for raking up wheat. Yet most of his countrymen remained content to drop corn by hand, to broadcast their wheat, to tread out their grain and otherwise to follow methods as old as the days of Abel for at least another half century.

He was the first American conservationist. He realized that man owes a duty to the future just as he owes a debt to the past. He deplored the already developing policy of robber exploitation by which our soil and forests have been despoiled, for he foresaw the bitter fruits which such a policy must produce, and indeed was already producing on the fields of Virginia. He was no misanthropic cynic to exclaim, "What has posterity ever done for us that we should concern ourselves for posterity?" His care for the land of Mount Vernon was evidence of the God-given trait imbedded in the best of men to transmit unimpaired to future generations what has been handed down to them.

His agricultural career has its lessons for us, even though we should not do well to follow some of his

methods. The lessons lie rather in his conception of farming as an honorable occupation capable of being put on a better and more scientific basis by the application of brains and intelligence; in his open-minded and progressive seeking after better ways. Many of his experiments failed, it is true, but for his time he was a great Farmer, just as he was a great Patriot, Soldier and Statesman. Patient, hard-working, methodical, willing to sacrifice his own interests to those of the general good, he was one of those men who have helped raise mankind from the level of the brute and his whole career reflects credit upon human nature.

Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war, and the picture of the American Cincinnatus [4] striving as earnestly on the green fields of Mount Vernon as he did upon the scarlet ones of Monmouth and Brandywine, is one that the world can not afford to forget.

[4] A Roman patrician, who, when the senators came to him to offer him the dictatorship, was found at the plow.

MODELING MY LIFE

If one has ever studied Janet Scudder's delightful Dancing Children, or smiled sympathetically at the happy little boy of the Frog Fountain, he will unconsciously have speculated on the personality that created these charming figures. Miss Scudder's autobiography has much the same gay and humorous charm that she has expressed in her fountain children, though there is mingled with it the gravity that appears in a life touched at times with misfortune and with sorrow.

Miss Scudder was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, and comes from, as she says, "wholly Anglo-Saxon" ancestry. She seems to have had a leaning toward art from her very early youth, when she and a small friend carried off every prize in a county fair exhibition of art! Her father was much interested in her talent in this direction, and this chapter shows her, at eighteen, just beginning her attendance at the Cincinnati Academy of Art.

Miss Scudder was one of a number of women who assisted Lorado Taft on several groups he was doing for one of the Columbian Exposition buildings, where women sculptors were for the first time employed. She became interested here in the work of the sculptor MacMonnies, a pupil of Saint-Gaudens, and went to Paris to study with him. Her experiences in Paris and later in New York are delightfully told. When success began to come, it came sweepingly. Miss Scudder has become famous for two types of work: her splendid portrait medallions, which are a part of the collection of the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, a signal honor for an American woman sculptor; and her garden fountains with their delightful splashing babies.

CHICAGO VIA CINCINNATI[1]

By JANET SCUDDER

THE excitement of arriving in Cincinnati had nothing to do with the fact that it was my first visit to a large city; it was all due to that Academy of Art. All the details of being met by an uncle I had never seen and taken to a boarding-house on Walnut Hills, where arrangements had been made for me to stay, made no impression. My eyes and my heart were straining in the direction of that seat of learning where something within me—I wasn't yet quite sure what—was going to burst into full bloom.

The first glimpse of the building sent a chill through me; I suppose it would even now if I should see it again; it was of gray stone, ominous, cold—exactly the sort of building you see from train windows and are told is the state penitentiary or lunatic asylum. And the director, to whom I applied the next morning, was no more assuring in appearance than the building; I still think of him as the biggest, hairiest, severest person I have ever met. I was shown into his office and left standing to meet his searching eyes alone.

"Well, young lady, what is it you want to do?"

[1] Copyright, 1925. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company.

I avoided his eyes, changed from one foot to the other and clasped my hands.

"I—I want to study art."

He probably smiled; I only remember that I didn't.

"What branch?"

This was almost too much to bear. I stammered again: "I—I don't know."

"We teach all branches of art in this academy."

"Then—I—suppose I'd better study them all."

"Wouldn't that be something of an undertaking for so young a girl as you?"

I lifted my head a little less shyly. "I'm eighteen."

"Yes—but still—" I think he was finding me as difficult a subject as I was finding him. "Suppose you begin with drawing, see how you get along at that and then later, perhaps, go on to something else."

I nodded, glad of anything that would get me away from his disturbing presence; but a few minutes later, when I was facing the thin, frowning countenance of the drawing-school teacher, I began to think the director had a rather sympathetic face. She received me even more abruptly and when I timidly announced I wanted to enter the drawing class drew a large book towards her, dipped pen in ink and again shot a glance at me.

"What is your name?"

"Netta Scudder."

Her glance was now nothing less than annihilating. "We don't use foolish family pet names in the Academy. I want your real name."

I swallowed hard and repeated: "Netta Scudder."

"Netta isn't a name."

"It's mine."

"No—it's some sort of an abbreviation or nickname. Can't you remember what you were christened?"

"Oh—you want it all!" I breathed a little more easily. "Netta Deweze Frazee Scudder."

This either satisfied her or overwhelmed her, it was difficult to say which; at any rate she said no more, wrote down my full name, gave me a list of things I should buy for the drawing class, told me the hours and dismissed me as abruptly as she had received me.

But all that day her comment and surprise and insult to my name absorbed my attention to the exclusion of new surroundings. What was the matter with it, anyway? No one had ever before suggested that it was unusual. Now that I began to think about it, I realized that I had no fondness for it myself; the more I thought of it the more foolish it sounded. No—it wouldn't do; I saw that quite plainly. But what would take its place? Should I use Deweze or Frazee instead? They were even worse. I went over this problem for several days until, running across the name of Antoinette, I decided that was what I was looking for. Probably Netta was an abbreviation of it anyway. Yes—Antoinette was charming. When later I entered the water-color class I gave my name as Antoinette and had the satisfaction of seeing it written down without either comments or insults. But by the time I entered the wood-carving class I had

reached the conclusion that Antoinette was a bit frivolous for me. In search of something more suitable, I began studying the dictionary—that part of it which gives proper names; that was what I wanted—a proper name; and there was something about Antoinette that seemed to me not altogether proper. I entered the oil-painting class under the name of Jeanette, though I knew I hadn't yet reached the perfect form. Several weeks later I discovered the Scotch modification of Jeanette—Janet. I tried this over, speaking it aloud, writing it on a piece of paper and sticking it up on the wall. I looked at it before I went to sleep; it was the first thing I saw in the morning; and when I finally entered the modeling class I gave this new name with considerable satisfaction. It had a certain dignity and simplicity about it; it suggested—at least to me—seriousness and strength; and the shifting of the accent from the net to the Jan was just what I was looking for. I finally reached the conclusion that Janet Scudder was the name that suggested something I wanted to be; and it has remained my name ever since.

All the time my name was going through this process of evolution I was working in the drawing class doing geometrical solids on large pieces of manila paper. It wasn't exciting work, but I plodded along conscientiously and have always been very thankful that I did. A sculptor must know how to draw even if modern painters think it unnecessary; and just working day after day getting the angles and curves and bodies of those solids at my finger tips has been of inestimable ad-

vantage to me. There is something fundamental about drawing from geometrical solids; you are working from the outside in—not from the inside out. Somehow it rather suggests to me the need of a writer to know how to spell and punctuate before he can compose a really finished sentence.

From these solids I went on to drawing detached features—feet, hands, ears, noses, eyes—all from plaster casts; then came anatomical figures eight feet high. Three months were supposed to be spent on each anatomical drawing; three months on the front view, three months on the back view, and three months on the profile —the drawings being eight feet in length, as the figure. Every subcutaneous muscle was shown on the plaster figure, and we were supposed to reproduce them in the drawing. Connected with this work were other studies of anatomy. We had to read books on the subject and attend lectures; we even had to be present at the dissecting of a corpse, at which time we were shown muscles and ligaments and layers of flesh as they actually exist.

I studied anatomy prodigiously and have found sculpture immeasurably more alluring in consequence. I understand subcutaneous muscles now, know their sources and their effect upon each other. I learned all their names and could rattle them off without an effort, though now I seem to recall only one—gastrocnemius. This particular one remained in my memory probably only because I have had some personal experience with this muscle, particularly when playing tennis.

Towards the end of the course in anatomy—thank Heaven it was not at the beginning!—the teacher wished the students to examine very closely an eyeball—a real one!—that he was lecturing about and had the horrible object sent forth through the audience, each student passing it by hand to his neighbor. When I saw it getting nearer and nearer to me and realized that I was supposed to hold it in my hand, I rose abruptly and hurried from the lecture hall. That ended my lessons in anatomy. . . . After all, I'm not sorry that I left off anatomy at that point. I don't believe artists should be subjected to experiences that harden the sensibilities; without sensibility no fine work can ever be done.

While all this was going on I was constantly faced with the problem of finding a self-supporting profession; and just learning how the body was made and how to draw it didn't seem, at that time, to promise much in the way of making a living—and that necessity was always in the back of my mind. I wasn't at all sure that my father would be able to keep me at the Academy for more than two years. I must make hay while the sun was shining. And making hay took the form very quickly of wood-carving. It was the form of artistic development in the United States that was most popular at that moment; every one was buying wood-carved articles; every mother felt that her table was incomplete if she did not have a carved wood bread trencher on which she could slice bread; and a library without hand-carved book racks

was not a library at all. It was the sort of artistic endeavor that was just then quite profitable.

I plunged head and heels into wood-carving. My efficiency progressed by leaps and bounds. I scorned small bits of work and attacked a whole mantelpiece, carved up one side and down the other and all across the front with grapes that stood out in relief as no real ones would ever have the courage to do. It was the sort of thing that would have taken Leonardo da Vinci's whole class years to do. I am not suggesting that their finished work would not have been very different from mine; but I was quite happy over it and had the satisfaction—and pride too undoubtedly—of selling my mantelpiece at once for the huge sum of sixty dollars. I would give anything if I could find it now; it is undoubtedly ornamenting, in a most flamboyant way, some prosperous wheat grower's mansion in Ohio at this very moment.

But sixty dollars! Unheard-of sum! Why—that would pay for fifteen weeks at the boarding-house where I was having trouble persuading the landlady that I was accustomed to two sheets on my bed instead of one. Incidentally, I never persuaded her. I had to move before I got two sheets. A dazzling future seemed now before me; and yet, even with the satisfaction of material success, I knew wood-carving was not what I was struggling towards.

I next entered an interior decorating class and gave

some time to designing wall paper; then came water colors; and then—but why go on enumerating all the departments of that Academy of Art? Suffice it to say that I entered every class in existence and was working every hour of the day and often in the evening; and yet, for some strange reason, I had not discovered the one class that was to mean so much to me.

This discovery came about quite casually. I had noticed from time to time very untidy-looking students going in and out of a room on the basement floor; I hadn't an idea what the white stuff was that covered their aprons nor what the work was that they were doing—plaster and clay meant nothing to me then. One day, seeing all these strange-looking students go out and leave the door open after then, I crept in to see what on earth could have been going on in that room. It was a bare room with high windows, much like all the others; but what caught my attention at once was that the floor and tables and walls were covered with plaster casts. Another drawing class, I thought; but there were no easels or quantities of paper and pencils about. It must be some form of art that I had not heard about. I approached an object covered with a damp cloth. I gingerly raised the cloth and found a wet clay bust in the process of formation. I next found a mound of soft clay. I picked up a handful, rolled it between my fingers and suddenly felt an almost overwhelming delight course through me. The feel of that clay in my hand was entirely different from anything I had ever experienced before. Just

the mere sensual part of it, the touch, seemed to fire me with something tremendously stimulating.

Gradually it came over me that I was standing in the sculpture classroom; and with this knowledge came a flaring resentment that no one had ever told me it existed. There I had been studying all those other things for months and not even hearing about this branch of art. I rushed upstairs, entered the secretary's room and spent an impatient half-hour awaiting his return in order to announce that I wanted to enter the modeling class at once—which I did under my now permanent name, Janet Scudder.

The teacher received me indifferently, no doubt considering me like many of the others who entered that field for a few months and, curiosity allayed, returned to the gentler arts. I was told to begin modeling—copying—a plaster cast of a foot, always a difficult thing to do even after years of experience. But the feel of that wet clay in my hands was sufficient joy to overcome any moments of discouragement. I neglected everything else—even the money-making wood-carving—to work in the modeling room. I spent weeks on that foot, glancing only now and then at some shelves which were piled up with casts of faces and one or two figures. When, oh, when, would I be allowed to copy them! Two of them held special inspiration for me—a mask of a smiling boy and the head of a man. When I eventually copied these two favorites and carried them home with me, I told my friends that the boy had no name, but the head of the

man was a portrait of King Lear. I didn't know any better—and no one in the class apparently did; at least no one took the trouble to tell me what these casts were. It was not until several years later, when I was wandering through the Louvre, that I recognized that boy as being Rude's Neapolitan Fisher Boy; and still later, when standing spellbound before the Arc de Triomphe [2] in Paris, whom should I meet looking down at me from the Victory group, by the same artist, but that face that I had so long thought was a portrait of King Lear!

I cite this as an instance of the indifference of teachers of those days. Why weren't we told and encouraged and stimulated with the stories of the casts we were copying and their creators? Think how inspiring it would have been to a young student in modeling to be told that he was copying the work of one of the greatest French sculptors, an artist who had been awarded all the groups on the Arc de Triomphe and who, through political influence, is only permitted to do one of them—though that one was admitted by the whole world to be the finest war monument in existence. Stories like this go a long way in firing the imagination of students; they make the work under way an adventure, romantic, dramatic; they lift it at once from the commonplace and put it in the realms of the ideal.

As I say, I worked on that clay foot for weeks and weeks; as a matter of fact I very likely would still be

[2] Huge triumphal arch at the head of the Champs Elysées, Paris, begun in 1806 by Napoleon I, and finished in 1836. The Victories are the work of James Pradier.

working on it if it hadn't been for the appearance one day of a most perfectly tailor-made girl with a really lovely head. She blew into the classroom one afternoon when I was there entirely alone, asked for the instructor and was on the point of going out when she happened to glance at the foot I was still struggling over.

"How long did it take you to do that?" she asked.

"I've been at it three weeks," I replied.

"Three weeks! Aren't you ever going to cast it?"

I blushed furiously. To be perfectly honest, I didn't know what she meant. I took refuge in saying I didn't know how to cast it.

"Would you like me to show you?"

"But—ought I? Would they let me?"

She glanced round and smiled. "No one's here. Let's do it."

She picked up a blouse some one had left hanging over a chair, carefully covered her pretty dress and went efficiently to work to cast my foot. She evidently knew what she was about, so I stood off and stared at her in amazement.

She first looked about for a long piece of stout thread, which, when found, she laid very carefully down the center of my clay foot. Then she went to a corner of the room where basins and barrels of plaster and water were kept, filled a basin half full of water, dropped a small blue ball in it which colored the water lightly, sifted into this several handfuls of plaster which she let flow slowly through her fingers. When the plaster had settled

down under the water, she took a large spoon and began stirring it from the bottom. After the bubbles had all disappeared, the basin was carried to my clay foot and my new and most capable friend—much to my consternation—began throwing little handfuls of the plaster between the toes, and finally all over the foot, until my work of weeks was entirely hidden from view in a thin coat of blue plaster. While this was hardening she very carefully pulled up the thread so that a small open seam was made, running down the center of the plaster. The process was continued with another mixture of clay, this time white, though in adding this second coat the seam was never covered. When this second coat was quite hard, she took a chisel and worked gently along the edges of the seam until the plaster fell apart leaving two empty parts—the mold of my foot. These pieces were washed thoroughly, soaked, oiled, tied together with an opening left at the top and finally another mixture of quite liquid plaster was poured in until the empty center was filled.

"Now—we'll leave it until tomorrow," my amazingly accomplished friend said, covering the whole mass with a cloth. "I'll drop in about noon and we'll see what luck we've had." And before I could say anything or thank her or tell her how wonderful I thought she was, she had disappeared.

The next morning I was afraid to remove the cloth by myself. I awaited impatiently the arrival of what I was

sure now was a famous sculptor who had appeared out of the void and so suddenly returned to it. She came at noon, soon found a hammer and chisel and began chipping away the white plaster and then, more carefully, the blue; there, at last, gleaming at me in all the glory of fresh white plaster was my first piece of sculpture.

There are no words that would express convincingly my sensations when I saw a plaster cast of my work there before me. It recalled vibrantly my hammered brass head of Medusa carrying off the blue ribbon with the peach preserves and the plum jelly. And that pretty girl in the lovely clothes! She was a rather wonderful experience, too, especially when she took me off with her that afternoon to her studio—her own studio!—where she modeled in all the privacy of her own home and gave tea parties—I have a suspicion that this was the more important and interesting part of being an artist to her—as it is with many local art celebrities. It was a new phase of life to me, one I had not even heard of; and she was the first of that type that I was to meet all along my rocky path that led towards art, the type that we must not criticize too much, for though they never do anything important themselves, they make pleasant little breaks in the drudgery of real artists' lives; they give the young lion cubs tea, they sometimes go further and give them luncheons and dinners and they cheer them up a bit by making them think they will arrive some day. I suppose these art patrons might be called the modern de-

velopment of the early Medicean idea when the rich gave the struggling artist a lift, a square meal and a remunerative order.

The real master of the modeling class came once a week to look at our work and criticize it. He went, to us, by the name of Professor, a rather oldish Italian named Ribisso, whom the Academy considered a blazing light of genius because of a commission he was at work on, an equestrian statue of General Grant which was to be placed in Lincoln Park in Chicago. After I had been taken to his studio and had seen this statue in clay, marveling over the wonder of such a mammoth work, my future suddenly appeared before me, definite and clear-cut; nothing but a sculptor who confined his work to equestrian statues would do for me. I even went so far as to interpret that oil painting of a horse on canvas as being a divine demonstration which had come to show me in which direction my talents lay.

Dear old Professor Ribisso! He probably never knew what he meant in my life. And how intently he would watch me at work, always criticizing and approving and encouraging in his gentle way! Once, when he came in and found me modeling with my fingers a statuette of a horse, I felt very guilty and tried to find one of the little wooden tools with which he always modeled.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, seeing my confusion, "to use your fingers instead of instruments. They are much more sensitive."

I was delighted with his sympathetic acceptance of

what I had discovered for myself; and for once overcoming my shyness with him I went further and asked him a question.

"Professor—will I ever be a sculptor?"

"You are on your way to being one now."

"But I mean a real sculptor—a great one—like you?"

I can still see the flash of enthusiasm in his eyes. He took my hands in his—both his and mine were sticky with clay—and held them while he looked straight into my eyes.

"I'm going to tell you something. You've got it in you—the feeling for clay—the understanding—the—well—whatever you want to call it! One of these days you will be a much greater sculptor than I am. You are going way beyond me."

This was entirely too much for me. If I had been the crying sort I should have burst out right there in the classroom; instead, I washed the clay off my hands, folded up my blouse, put on my hat and went out and walked and walked—I hadn't the slightest idea where. Some one who knew had told me that I had it in me!

This carried me through all the rest of the season on wings. My feet never again touched ground—even when I got an order to do another mantelpiece, this time covered not only with grapes but also with acanthus leaves and dogwood, with a bowknot thrown in now and then just to keep any spot from being left uncarved; in fact, as long as wood-carving would furnish me with the means to continue the study of sculpture, I was willing

and glad to continue doing it with an energy that amounted to fury.

Even when the summer vacation came and the Academy closed and I had to return home to go through some experiences that were actually more dismal than I had yet passed through, I kept those words going at white heat all the time. I wouldn't let them get out of my consciousness. "One of these days you will be a much greater sculptor than I am. You are going way beyond me."

When I reached home that summer I found many changes—all for the worse. The family fortunes had completely disappeared. Hannah, old faithful Hannah, had been dismissed; my eldest sister had married and gone away; my playmate brother, Charlie, was drowned that year while swimming. My father and his wife and myself were the only ones in the house—a house never gay and now dismal beyond words with only the bedrooms and the kitchen opened. My stepmother did all the work and cooked and served our meals in the kitchen, while I did what I could about the house and added to the slender income by giving some lessons in wood-carving. Then—as a climax to a situation that was already hopeless—my father announced one morning that he would not get up that day; he repeated this decision the next day and the next; and in two weeks he died—of no illness whatever, the doctor said, adding that he evidently had no desire to live any longer. No desire to live any longer! Those words of the doctor made more im-

pression on me than my father's death. Nothing I have ever heard since seems to me to express so poignantly complete despair. No desire to live any longer! I was not able to visualize what was meant then; I can't even now. Not to want to go on living is incredible to me. Life is entirely too full of excitement and adventure—just the mere living of it—ever to think of voluntarily giving it up.

I thought my father's death would surely mean the end of all my ambitions, so far as further study in Cincinnati went; how he was ever able to send me there was never explained; but now that he was gone I supposed I must abandon all hope of returning to the Academy that autumn. But though life may be a fairly continuous gray, it is rarely all black, as that summer was. I still look back on it with a shudder. Then, as is invariably the case, the silver lining began to show through ominous clouds. My eldest brother, now married and living in Chicago, took pity on me and offered to pay for my next season at the Academy in Cincinnati.

This third year probably I made some progress—one usually advances in some direction—though now that I think of it, it seems to have been almost a waste of time. I really learned very little. Everything there must have been frightfully dull and wanting in anything that developed originality or personality. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the Academy was run and directed almost entirely on Munich art school traditions. I went on modeling, with now and then help and encouragement

from Professor Ribisso; but on the whole it seems to have been a time given in great measure to that ever-present wood-carving which helped out my living expenses. I was sure the fates or the devil, or whatever my evil influences are, were determined to make and keep me a wood-carver.

At the end of the second term and with another ghastly summer facing me, my brother once more came to the rescue. He wrote that if I would come to Chicago, help his wife a bit with the housekeeping and the new baby, I could live with them and surely find something to do in my chosen profession.

My chosen profession? What was it, anyway—wood-carving? At first Chicago said it was. Soon after I arrived there I landed a job that was to me extraordinarily remunerative—a position as wood-carver in a factory at one hundred dollars a month. And I must have been pretty good at that job, for they gave me a room to myself and were apparently pleased with my work. I went along blithely carving grapes and dogwood and acanthus leaves for several weeks; helping my sister-in-law with the cooking and the baby; and on the whole probably happier than I had ever been before. I was at last self-supporting.

BARNUM

The new school of interpretative biography has one of its best exponents in M. R. Werner, author of *Barnum* and *Brigham Young*. As some one has aptly said of the new method, we used to look at a man, but now we look through him. The attempt is made, as in Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, to take a figure around which certain traditional ideas have grown, to examine all the biographical material that is available, and to work out from that an interpretation of the subject that is more completely truthful than the old conception was. That is just what Mr. Werner has done. His search for material that would throw new light on Barnum was thorough, and his study of Barnum's Autobiography was intent and careful. When asked how he happened to become interested in writing this biography, Mr. Werner said: "My interest in biography was aroused to action by my admiration for the work of Lytton Strachey, more than by any other influence. I wrote *Barnum* because I happened to begin a short story, the first sentence of which read, 'P. T. Barnum had the right idea.' I wondered whether there wasn't more to that idea than 'There's a sucker born every minute,' and whether, after all, he did have the right idea. Then I investigated and found that no one had ever appraised the career of the man whose influence on American social life was as great as that of any other single individual in the history of American tradition. The material was so fascinating that, obviously, it had to be done, and fortunately for me, I had no job at the time."

Mr. Werner was born in New York City, and educated at Columbia University. He really began his biographical writing, he says, as obituary editor of the *New York Tribune*. During 1920 he visited China and Japan as special correspondent for the same newspaper. *Brigham Young*, his second venture in biography, met with the same success as his *Barnum*.

Barnum was born in 1810, at Bethel, Connecticut, of Yankee parentage. He inherited a love for practical joking and, he says, "a large organ of acquisitiveness." He started working in his father's country store when he was still very young. Between the ages of twelve and fifteen he was a lottery sales-

man, and at eighteen he went into the lottery business on a large scale; it was then permitted by the State. In these early occupations he probably picked up many of the tricks with which he later fooled the public. At nineteen he was married. In 1834 he moved to New York and his career from that time is a rapid one. He purchased an old slave, Joice Heth, the reputed nurse of George Washington, and exhibited her at great profit. Then he toured the country with a traveling circus. When he was thirty-two he bought, without owning a dollar, Scudder's American Museum. After developing that, he started exhibiting the midget, General Tom Thumb, and made a triumphant tour of Europe with him. Then he succeeded in persuading Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, to tour America with him, and thus he introduced the first operatic concerts into America. The chapter "Sundries and an Autobiography" follows directly after the Jenny Lind experience.

Gamaliel Bradford says that the first of typical Americans was Franklin, the second was Lincoln, and Barnum was no contemptible third.

SUNDRIES AND AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY[1]

By M. R. Werner

I

Barnum wrote that he "did not know a waking moment that was entirely free from anxiety" during the nine months of the Jenny Lind tour; but, despite the labor and annoyances of that enterprise, it was not his only occupation during the period. Barnum's American Museum was still flourishing, and it received additional patronage because of the national advertising that Barnum gave Jenny Lind, and which Jenny Lind gave Barnum. Always mindful of the success of his Museum, Barnum sold the tickets for Jenny Lind concerts in New York at the Museum, in the expectation, which was usually gratified, that those who came to buy Jenny Lind tickets would stay to look at the diorama of Napoleon's funeral.

But Jenny Lind and his Museum were not enough for the Barnum who had capital to invest. In 1849 he and Sherwood E. Stratton, General Tom Thumb's father, organized "Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum, and Menagerie." They chartered a ship which was sent to Ceylon in May, 1850, to bring back twelve or more live elephants, and any other available wild animals. On the Island of St. Helena the ship left five hundred tons

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of hay to be used for feeding the beasts on the return trip. The ship arrived in New York with its extraordinary cargo in 1851, and ten of the elephants, harnessed in pairs to a chariot, paraded up Broadway and were reviewed by Jenny Lind from the Irving House.

"Barnum's Great Asiatic Caravan, Museum, and Menagerie," including General Tom Thumb, traveled the country for four years, yielding large profits to its owners. After four years all the equipment was sold, except one elephant, which Barnum retained for his personal use. In charge of a keeper the elephant was sent to Bridgeport and on Barnum's farming land adjoining "Iranistan" [2] both were put to new uses. The keeper was dressed in Oriental costume of silken breeches, turban, and yellow silk tunic. A six-acre field, facing the railroad tracks of the New York & New Haven Railroad, was set aside for the exclusive use of the elephant. Barnum gave the keeper a railroad time table, and whenever a passenger train came into sight the elephant busily plowed the land, the keeper goading him on and leading him as close as possible to the railroad tracks, so that he who rode might see. This publicity plan was arranged by Barnum for the benefit of his American Museum.

The newspapers of this country and Europe printed accounts of the phenomenon, and everywhere it soon became known that "P. T. Barnum, proprietor of the American Museum in New York," had been the first man

[2] Iranistan was Barnum's home at Bridgeport, an Oriental palace built in imitation of the Brighton Pavilion at Brighton, England.

in the world to make use of the elephant as an agricultural animal. Many people visited Bridgeport especially to watch the elephant in action, and hundreds of letters came to Barnum from agricultural societies. In his autobiography he summed up the questions asked, as follows:

1. Is the elephant a profitable agricultural animal?
2. How much can an elephant plow in a day?
3. How much can he draw?
4. How much does he eat?
5. Will elephants make themselves generally useful on a farm?
6. What is the price of an elephant?
7. Where can elephants be purchased?

Concerning, "Will elephants make themselves generally useful on a farm?" Barnum said, "I suppose some of my inquirers thought the elephant would pick up chips, or even pins as they have been taught to do, and would rock the baby and do all the chores including the occasional carrying of a trunk, other than his own, to the depot." The elephant's trunk was an inexhaustible source of puns to Barnum. Some anxious farmers asked whether an elephant would quarrel with a cow, if it was possible to breed elephants on the farm, and how old calf elephants must be before they would begin to earn their own living. The number of letters he received, written with a serious inquiring purpose, caused Barnum to fear that some farmers would buy elephants, and he printed a form letter, headed "Strictly Confidential." In this letter, a copy of which was sent to each of his correspondents, Barnum

said that to him the elephant was a profitable agricultural animal because he advertised the Museum, but that other farmers might find the animal a burden. The original cost of an elephant, Barnum pointed out, was from $3,000 to $10,000. In cold weather the animal would not work at all; and in any weather he could not earn his keep, since every year he would eat up the value of his head, trunk, and body. He concluded by asking his correspondents to keep these facts secret, so that each of the hundreds felt himself in the confidence of a great man.

The newspapers worked Barnum's elephant for all he was worth. Reporters made special trips to Bridgeport from distant points to write of the scene accurately. Some of their stories said that Barnum's elephant built a stone wall around the farm, planted corn with his trunk, washed the windows of "Iranistan," and sprinkled the walks and lawns by inhaling water into his trunk and using that instrument as a garden hose. The elephant was also credited with feeding the pigs and picking the fruit, and one writer had the audacity to print that since he was a male elephant he carried Barnum's letters to and from the post office. Millions of readers throughout the country saw pictures of Barnum's elephant, and after the six-acre field had been plowed more than fifty times, the animal was sold to Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

For several years at this period Barnum was president of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society, although his practical knowledge of farming was nothing. But he proved useful as manager of the county fairs of the

society. His knowledge of showmanship was exhibited in this capacity with great effect in at least one instance. At one of the last sessions of Barnum's last fair a pickpocket was caught. Pickpockets visited the fair annually and usually came away with large profits, and this particular pickpocket had a reputation for that work both here and in England. The day after his arrest was the last day of the fair, and Barnum anticipated light receipts. He therefore obtained permission from the sheriff to exhibit the pickpocket at the agricultural fair, for the purpose, he urged the sheriff, of giving those who had been robbed an opportunity to identify him. Barnum issued handbills announcing that for the last day of the fair the management had obtained an unusual attraction, "a live pickpocket," who would be exhibited, safely handcuffed, without extra charge. Some farmers brought their children ten miles to see the extraordinary sight.

Barnum was now recognized by his fellow citizens as a superior organizer of large-scale entertainment. When the New York Crystal Palace was in financial difficulties, he was asked to become president. By means of Julien's [3] concerts and a celebration of the Independence of the United States, he tried to save it from bankruptcy, but he came to the conclusion after three months' work that "the dead could not be raised," and when he discovered that the creditors of the Crystal Palace expected him personally to pay all its debts he resigned.

[3] Julien was a popular French conductor of band concerts on a large scale.

Demands were continually made upon Barnum's time and his money at this period. Men with inventions visited him almost daily, offering him the opportunity to make a profit of never less than $100,000 and often as high as $1,000,000 in a remarkably short time. He was offered thousands of acres of land if he would lend his name to the sale of many more acres by stock companies, and impromptu miners offered similar inducements for the use of his notoriety. These adventurers in finance, Barnum tells us, usually began their conversations with, "Mr. Barnum, I know you are always ready to join in anything that will make money on a large scale." Barnum's answer usually was: "You are much mistaken in supposing that I am so ready or anxious to make money. On the contrary, there is but one thing in the world that I desire—that is, tranquillity. I am quite certain your project will not give me that, for you probably would not have called upon me if you did not wish to draw upon my brains or my purse—very likely on both. Now of the first, I have none to spare. Of the second, what I have is invested, and I have no desire to disturb it." The schemer usually protested that his plan only required a stock company for its promotion, and that Barnum would not be bothered with details. "If you should propose to get up a stock company for converting paving stones into diamonds, with a prospect of my making a million a year, I would not join you," Barnum tells us he always replied. When he was assailed with the glittering prospects of money to be made, he answered: "I do

not want to make any money, sir; I have sufficient already to spoil my children." But these answers did not turn away the pests. A man in Nashville, Tennessee, begged Barnum to join him in a project for a cemetery in that city, and when Barnum doubted whether people would die fast enough to make it profitable, the prospector answered, "Oh, the money is not to be made out of the necessities of the dead, but from the pride of the living." Another man planned to carry passengers overland to California on camels, and Barnum told him he thought asses preferable, but he did not wish to be one of them. Professor Gardner, the New England soap manufacturer, wrote to Barnum:

Barnum:—I never saw you, nor you me, yet we are not strangers. You have soaped the community, and so have I. You are rich, I am not. I have a plan to add half a million to your wealth, and many laurels to your brow. I manufacture by far the best soap ever known, as a million of gentlemen, and three millions of God's greatest work, beautiful women, will testify. I send you a sample to prove the truth of my words. Try it, and when you find that I state FACTS, put $10,000 in the soap business, join me as an equal partner, and we will thoroughly soap the American Continent in three years, at a profit of a million dollars.

By doing this, sir, you will erect a monument in the hearts of the people worthy of your name! You will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have conferred a boon upon your countrymen. Cleanliness is next to godliness. You, sir, can aid in cleaning and purifying at least ten millions of your dirty fellow-citizens. It is a duty you owe to them and yourself. Look at my portrait on the soap wrapper, and you will see the face of an honest man. Send

me your check next week for $5,000, and the week after for $5,000 more. This additional capital will enable me to supply the demand for my unrivaled soap, and I will send you quarterly returns of profits. Come, old fellow, fork over, and no grumbling! You will thus become a public benefactor, and unwashed millions shall chant your name in praise.

My soap makes soft hands and cures soft heads. It removes paint and grease, is unsurpassed for shaving, cures chaps on hands or face, and is death on foul teeth. It cures eruptions to a charm. I have no doubt that a sufficient quantity, properly applied, would cure the eruption of Vesuvius.

Address me immediately at Providence, Rhode Island.

Yours, etc.,

PROFESSOR GARDNER,
Known as the New England Soap Man.

That Barnum declined the offer is strange, for, undoubtedly, he believed that cleanliness is next to godliness. But he tried the cake of soap and found it to be excellent.

Barnum did put money into many schemes and business enterprises, and almost always it was lost. Phillips's Fire Annihilator, an English patent; the steamship *North America,* designed to carry immigrants and freight from Ireland to New York; and the *Illustrated News,* a weekly illustrated newspaper published in New York in 1853, were a few of his investments. The Fire Annihilator refused to put out fire; the *North America* could not find enough Irish freight, and the *Illustrated News* was abandoned after one year because Barnum's partners did not know enough about the issue of a newspaper. Through-

out his career whenever he turned from pure showmanship to trade, he usually lost money.

II

While indulging moderately in sundry enterprises, Barnum kept careful control of the Museum. He visited New York only one or two days each week, spending the rest of his time at "Iranistan," but he transacted business for the Museum at his home, and he continued his efforts to make the collection larger and better. Any curiosity that happened to be passing through New York was requisitioned for the Museum. Miss Pwan Tekow, a Chinese lady, arrived in New York in April, 1850, and Barnum exhibited her at the Chinese Museum, a collection he purchased at this time and operated separately from Barnum's American Museum. The advertisement for Miss Pwan Tekow read: "She is such a curiosity! The women admire her tiny feet, the men her pretty face, plump figure, and both the air of high breeding and education she exhibits. Surrounded by the immense Chinese collection she fancies herself in the Flowery Nation, and laughs and talks with all the spirit and vivacity of our own beauties. This is the first time that a Chinese lady of consequence has ever been seen by the eyes of 'barbarians.'" The Chinese Museum brought in revenue while the American Museum was being enlarged, so that business literally continued while alterations were going on.

In August of 1850 a negro came to New York who claimed to have discovered a weed that would turn negroes white. Barnum exhibited him at the Museum. He hailed this negro and his weed as the solution of the slavery problem, contending in his advertisements that if all the negroes could be turned white the problem of slavery would disappear with their color. The newspapers reported daily the progress of the negro's change in color.

A Gallery of Beauty, a contest in which two hundred prizes were offered to "the handsomest women in America, the Public to be the Judges" from daguerreotypes sent to the Museum, created a sensation, and another Baby Show added greatly to the popularity of the Museum. Barnum wrote to his friend Ballou, of *Ballou's Pictorial:*

FRIEND BALLOU.

Dear Sir: We gave Mr. French to-day our advertisement of the Baby Show—I send here a circular of particulars which I hope you will notice.

Two triplets and one Quartern are already engaged, and we expect the woman from Ohio who has *five* (at a birth).

In a few days we shall have the Giant Woman from Maine, said to be a very tall curiosity. I guess our Museum can sometimes furnish as good things for you to illustrate as you can pick up elsewhere, and I will occasionally pay for engraving special curiosities such as giant, etc., if you will publish them. Of course I don't expect or wish you to publish anything that is not of itself full of *interest* to the public.

Our Baby Show will make a grand scene for illustration.

Yours very truly,

P. T. BARNUM.

Barnum, having passed the first ten years of his notorious career, was now known the world over as a consumer

of curiosities. He had first choice on all the monstrosities in the world, because he paid more for them than anybody else. Men, women and children wrote to him, telegraphed him, and called with varied products for his inspection. Ossified men, all bone, india-rubber men, with no bones, three-legged men, and men without legs were brought to his attention. Often Barnum must have felt like the Creator in the presence of His mistakes.

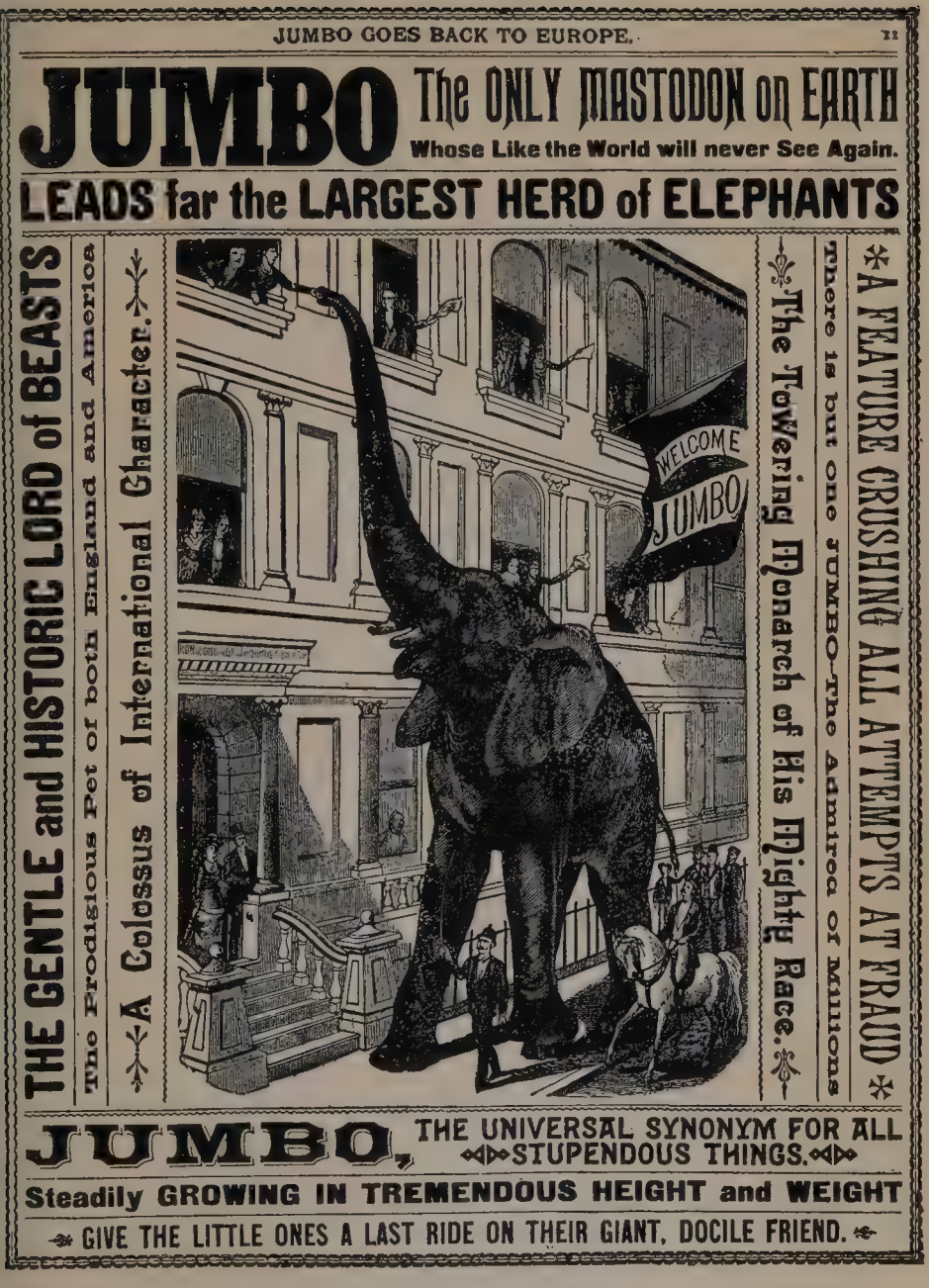
Upon one occasion a man rushed into the Museum office and asked how much Barnum would pay for the greatest curiosity ever exhibited anywhere by anybody. Barnum asked for particulars. The curiosity was a man, but this man had two heads, with two distinct faces, both handsome. His two mouths spoke Spanish, French, and English; they could carry on a dialogue with each other, sing duets, one mouth singing in English and one in Spanish, or vice versa, including French, and the two mouths could converse at the same time with Spanish, French and English gentlemen. The discoverer of this unique man wanted only a price and traveling expenses to transport his man from Mexico. Barnum said: "Why, let me see. There's no use specifying a particular sum, or standing upon trifles in an affair of such importance, and I'll tell you what I will do. As soon as you bring your curiosity to me, and I find that the man is, and can do, what you say, you may hire a wagon, and the stoutest cart horse you can find in New York, and I will go with you to the United States Sub-Treasury building at the corner of Wall and Nassau Street, and load on all the

silver coin the wagon can carry and the horse can drag. That is merely your commission as agent. I will make terms with the curiosity afterwards." The agent never appeared again.

While some people thought that they could make Barnum believe in anything, others sincerely believed that anything was a valuable curiosity. He received a telegram from Baltimore, Maryland: "To P. T. Barnum: I have a four-legged chicken. Come quick."

Sometimes when Barnum could not get exactly what he wanted for his Museum, he stooped to deception of a kind that might be characterized as both fraudulent and damaging to the interests of other entertainers. Alexander, the Conjurer, known as Alexander, the Great, who in the middle period of the nineteenth century was the most famous of all magicians, told Houdini, the magician, when the latter visited him in Germany some years ago, that when he was in New York Barnum offered him an engagement at the American Museum. Alexander refused, because at the time he was exhibiting his art for an admission fee of fifty cents, and he was afraid to lose caste if he were to exhibit at Barnum's, where admission was only twenty-five cents. Barnum promptly hired an unknown magician and advertised him widely as Alexander, the Great.

Barnum was now forty years old. In 1841 he was living on cold dinners, and Charity Barnum was hostess of a boarding-house in Frankfort Street. In 1851 his wife entertained in a palatial example of Oriental architec-


JUMBO
The ONLY MASTODON on EARTH
Whose Like the World will never See Again.
LEADS far the LARGEST HERD of ELEPHANTS
THE GENTLE and HISTORIC LORD of BEASTS
The Prodigious Pet of both England and America
A Colossus of International Character.
WELCOME JUMBO
The Towering Monarch of His Mighty Race.
There is but one JUMBO-The Admired of Millions
A FEATURE CRUSHING ALL ATTEMPTS AT FRAUD
JUMBO, THE UNIVERSAL SYNONYM FOR ALL STUPENDOUS THINGS.
Steadily GROWING IN TREMENDOUS HEIGHT and WEIGHT
GIVE THE LITTLE ONES A LAST RIDE ON THEIR GIANT, DOCILE FRIEND.

One of Barnum's circus advertisements. (From M. R. Werner's *Barnum.*)

ture, and Barnum was president of a bank, with a general reputation as the most delightfully crafty man in the United States. . . .

III

In 1854, sitting under the weird, gilded minarets and Persian domes of his replica of the George IV Pavilion, in his private study, where the walls were brocaded with rich orange satin, Barnum composed his first autobiography. He was forty-four years old. General Tom Thumb, The Fejee Mermaid and The Woolly Horse, The Swedish Nightingale and The Bearded Lady, had made his fortune, and, taking his ease at his "Iranistan," the promoter of these works told the world how to do it, or at least how he thought he did it.

The book is an extraordinary one; in the large library of theatrical memories and books of actors' and managers' reminiscences it stands out as highly exceptional both in quality and quantity. From the year 1855, when Barnum first issued the *Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself,* until 1891, when he died, there were seven different editions of this book under that and other titles. The story is that a lady who bought all the successive editions of the *Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself,* and *Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself,* as it was sometimes called, said to Barnum: "You know, Mr. Barnum, I am continually busy with your 'Life.' You

have no idea how much I enjoy reading it." "My dear madam," said Barnum, "that is nothing to the way I enjoy living it." He should have added, "and writing it," for, every year after the first revised edition was issued in 1869, Barnum added an appendix, telling in detail what had happened to him of interest to the world during the past year. He developed his autobiography, which was sold in large numbers first at the Museum and later at the Circus, into an annual message to the American people, a periodical repetition of the details of his lively achievement. The appendix usually told how much the Circus had earned during the past year, what cities Barnum had visited and who had visited him at Bridgeport; if he chanced to move his residence, there was a new, pretty description of his latest house. He also gave thanks that he was still alive, and expressed appropriate humility before God and his readiness at any time to proceed to heaven, should the necessity arise. There is so much solemn reiteration of the fact that "all of that which we now prize highly (except our love to God and our affections for humanity) shall dwindle into insignificance," that one suspects Barnum of an obsession in the nature of regret that the Greatest Show on Earth could not by any known means be transported to heaven.

The first edition of the book in 1855 bore the dedication: "To the Universal Yankee Nation, of Which I Am Proud to Be One, I Dedicate These Pages, Dating Them from the American Museum, Where the Public First Smiled Upon Me, and Where Henceforth My Per-

sonal Exertions Will Be Devoted to Its Entertainment." The book caused a storm of protest on the literary side and enjoyed a popular success almost immediately. Many of the editors who reviewed Barnum's book were shocked, and England was especially mortified. The élite, the classes, had taken up Barnum, called madly for General Tom Thumb for their week-end parties and evening fêtes, rushed after Jenny Lind, and now Barnum had the audacity and the bad taste to take his machine apart and show those who had watched it eagerly how it turned the wheels of their fatuity. They recognized their folly—and blamed him for it. *Blackwood's Magazine, Fraser's Magazine, Tait's Edinburgh Review* in Great Britain, and the *Southern Literary Messenger* in the United States, among others, wrote ten-page reviews of the *Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself.* They recalled the shades of Cagliostro [4] and other famous and comparative rascals and impostors to prove that Barnum was the present world's worst woe. The editors were very angry, and through the pages of their reviews one can hear the sounds of their gasps of perturbation in their too apparent determination to finish this charlatan once for all by a mighty stroke of a thundering pen, wielded for the common good. The burden of their complaints was that Barnum had deceived the world by his brazen curiosities: Joice Heth, he admitted, may not have been 161 years old; General Tom Thumb was born in Bridgeport, not imported from

[4] An Italian adventurer of the eighteenth century, notorious for his frauds and impositions in Russia, Paris, and elsewhere.

England, and was five years old, not eleven: The Woolly Horse and Colonel Frémont were strangers. And Barnum boldly admitted his deceptions in his book. It was immoral, said the editors. No one of them had had the perspicacity to doubt Barnum's integrity when his ventures were presented for admiration. The editors, along with their wives and children, had screamed their delight. It took Barnum himself to tell them the secret that they had been humbugged, and they never forgave his lack of editorial ethics. To have whispered privately in an editor's ear that he was only spoofing him would have been taken in confidence and with dignity, for the editor could then have bragged about it from his club chair. But to take in the public and the editor too was unpardonable sin, and the man who did it was a scoundrel, and no mistake. One New York newspaper writer was also shocked by Barnum's admission that he did good for his own profit: that was a radical and cynical principle of ethics, which turned slightly sour the milk of human kindness.

The popular journals and Barnum's host of patrons accepted his book as the greatest curiosity of all, and half a million copies were sold, according to his estimates. His was the virtue of success, and the large majority, who bowed down in what William James called "the exclusive worship of the goddess SUCCESS," accepted Barnum's autobiography as a handbook. It had this advantage over all other such manuals, that it was witty. Mark Twain "sat up nights to absorb it, and woke early and lighted the lamp to follow the career of the great showman," accord-

ing to Albert Bigelow Paine, his biographer. Mrs. Clemens could not understand, did not at all approve of her husband's interest in Barnum and Barnum's methods. "She did not realize then," wrote Mr. Paine, "his vast interest in the study of human nature, or that such a book contained what Mr. Howells calls 'the root of the human matter,' the inner revelation of the human being at first hand." She also did not realize then, or ever, that there was much of Colonel Sellers [5] in Samuel L. Clemens, and that her husband was compelled by circumstances to make a fortune first, and immortality afterwards. It is natural that Mark Twain should have found worth reading by early morning lamplight the chronicle of an adventurer who had carved out of the world a fortune for himself.

Barnum also admired Mark Twain. He tried persistently to harness his friend's literary ability and popularity to his own enterprises. Whenever Mark Twain spent a night in Barnum's home at Bridgeport the greatest showman on earth tried very hard to get the highest paid writer in the country to write a piece about the circus.

The book itself undoubtedly contains "the root of the human matter," and it is so fascinating because Barnum succeeds in concealing nothing except certain facts. He attempted to paint himself in angel white, with a dash of coloring in the cheeks to make the picture popular, but his very strivings after sainthood reveal his mind and

[5] Colonel Sellers—a visionary southern speculator, the leading character in *The Gilded Age*, a novel by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner.

character too plainly, and whenever he tries most to deceive the reader, he succeeds only in enlightening him. The book is well written, if we consider that the man who wrote it left school when he was twelve years old and found little leisure for study in composition after that period. Of course, the subject was one that always delighted the author, and his inspiration was therefore ever with him.

Barnum wrote as he talked, grandly, sonorously and wittily, but he is often exceedingly dull. What he never learned was the art of concentrating his material. He was himself Boswell to his own Dr. Johnson, and he wrote with even less critical perspective than the illustrious Scotch *raconteur*. Almost anything that happened to him seemed to him fit for publication, unless it was obscene or self-damaging. When he gave a relative money, it was set down with unction in the current edition of the autobiography. When he bought a sister's son a farm in Wisconsin, so that the boy might spent the rest of his days in honest toil and healthy happiness, it was set down in the autobiography, with the notation that it is always admirable to help those who will help themselves. Barnum labored under the delusion for the most part of his career, at least so far as his literary expression was concerned, that everything he did was both important and interesting; that is why one quarter of the autobiography is soporific. There is nothing so tiresome for continued reading as a joke book, and Barnum was unsparing in his rambling anecdotes, cheap-jack chronicles, and tales of

country yokelry. Indiscriminately, promiscuously, without connection or reason, he poured forth jokes on or by his friends and neighbors and himself, in a barber shop, in a church, on his father's farm, in the Museum, at "Iranistan." Some of the anecdotes are interesting, and some are revelatory, but even these lose their effect in the jumble of their dreary companions. In the later editions he, or an adviser, had enough judgment to omit some of the extraneous boyhood anecdotes that fill many pages in the first edition, but too many are retained, and after a period with the book the reader must conclude that the charm of many of his stories probably lay in the way he told them rather than in the stories. Barnum as a wag in print was inferior to Barnum as a manipulator of choice pieces of waggery gathered from the ends of the earth, or at least from Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"The idea haunts one like a presence," wrote the editor of the *Christian Review* concerning the autobiography, "that having sold the public in so many nice tricks, he may have sold it again in explaining how they were done." This is fair criticism, for while reading Barnum there is always a suspicion that he is not telling the truth even now when he thinks it can be told, a suspicion confirmed often by other men's books.

Whether or not he told the truth, he struck a note that found large sympathy among his contemporaries. The American people were looking for a philosophy of Success, and Barnum combined for them "There's a sucker born every minute," with "Honesty is the Best Policy." These

truths, neither imposing in itself, taken together, as Barnum took them, formed the metaphysics of business, whose Aristotle was Barnum.

It is easy to believe that his book sold half a million copies, for Barnum's influence contributed profoundly to the life of his period, and has lapped over into our own time. His success was so much admired, envied, and emulated that today we have a host of advertising and publicity experts, who owe more for their facility than they realize to the way which Barnum paved. It would be absurd to make Barnum responsible for the crimes and follies of publicity that have since his time become common, but since he was clearly the father of publicity, which has developed into unquestioned and legitimate misrepresentation on a large scale, he must acknowledge his child, and must also be held responsible in some measure for its antics, but only in so far as any father may be said to be responsible for the actions of his child. The effect alone of the statement attributed to Barnum, which he made in a speech, "There's a sucker born every minute," is incalculable, but the persistency with which it has worked its way into the body of American proverbs until it stands as one of the few distinctive proverbs of the country indicates its prestige. This simple sentence of Barnum's has done more than any other one thing to crystallize the American preference for bluff rather than scientific thoroughness: the implication of "There's a sucker born every minute" is "Catch him, or you're a sucker of the worst order," and it unconsciously converts

the Golden Rule into "Do the other fellow, or he'll do you."

While a few editors roared and the people bought his book, Barnum sat in his study at "Iranistan" and laughed. All he usually asked of any one was, "Mention my name." If people called him a scoundrel in print, it was good; for to call him a scoundrel in print they had to say, "P. T. Barnum, of the American Museum, is a scoundrel," and their diatribes soon made it unnecessary to add, "of the American Museum." The more people who read of Barnum's rascality, the more people bought the *Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself* and dated from the American Museum. And those who read the *Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself* visited Barnum's American Museum. There was not more than a loud minority of censure. Even the pious portion of the community recommended Barnum. He had so cleverly and sincerely mixed his own earnest piety with his large-scale deception that clergymen were known to recommend his book to the young. Henry Hilgert, a preacher in Baltimore, said from his pulpit: "I pray you to recommend the good citizen, Phineas Taylor Barnum, to your children as an exemplary man. When you give one of your daughters away in matrimony, advise her to imitate Charity Barnum; when your son leaves home to try his luck upon the ocean of life, give him Barnum for a guide; when you yourself are in trouble and misery, and near desperation, take from Barnum's life and teachings consolation and new courage." Barnum never neglected to include this reference

in the subsequent editions of the autobiography. And Mr. Hilgert was not alone. The clergy followed close behind the business community, taking him into the fold, with frequent and familiar public references to their good fellow citizen, "Brother Barnum."

MARIE ANTOINETTE

In this book we have a combination of three things: the story of one of the most thrilling periods in European history; the biography of a beautiful and self-willed queen; and a kind of turning of the devices of the novel to the service of those two—an attempt, in a word, to tell history as a story.

While old King Louis XV was still ruler of France, Marie Antoinette, daughter of Francis I and Maria Theresa of Austria, was married to Louis's grandson in order to confirm the alliance between Austria and France. This grandson became Louis XVI in 1774, when he was twenty and Marie only about nineteen.

The young rulers inherited many troubles. During the long preceding reign heavy taxes had been levied so unfairly that while the court at Versailles lived in luxury and magnificence the poor people who paid the bills had to grub and starve. The old King had not tried to correct these evils, but had merely said, "Things will hold out until my death."

The new King seems to have had some sympathy for the common people, but he was shy, awkward, fat, and irresolute, and whenever he had instituted a reform the nobles and courtiers would persuade or frighten him into revoking it. Marie Antoinette doubtless did her share in influencing him, for while she was unusually vivacious and charming she was also willful and extravagant, without any understanding of the miseries of the people.

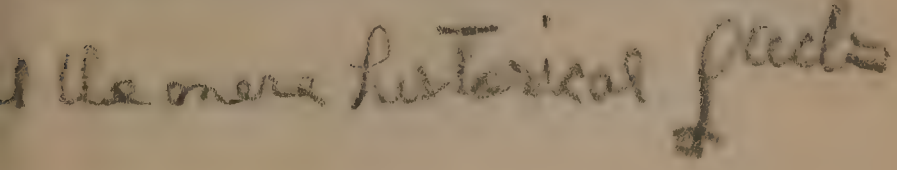
Finally, in 1789, as a culmination to various political reverses a mob attacked the palace at Versailles and the royal family were forced to move to the palace of the Tuileries, in Paris, where they were virtually prisoners. By 1791 the situation had become unbearable for them and a flight to the border was secretly attempted. But when they were within sight of freedom the fugitives were captured and brought back to the Tuileries.

In order to protect Louis and his family the Austrian and Prussian armies then invaded France. The republicans of Paris insisted that the King and Queen had secretly urged the foreign invasion. The people were filled with wrath and terror. A mob, organized by republican leaders, marched against the

Tuileries to overthrow the man whom they thought to be in league with foreign despots.

At the beginning of the following selection, the royal family had just been driven to the Temple, a palace of the King's brother, where the city of Paris was determined to hold them hostages against the advancing Austrian and Prussian armies.

By birth half English and half French, with a slight mixture of Irish blood, Hilaire Belloc has a splendid equipment for historical writing. He was educated at Oxford, where he took high honors in history. He served as a conscript in the French army, and became intimate with the geography and history of that country. It has always been his custom, it is said, to steep himself in his material until he comes to live and breathe in the period he is describing. About twenty-five years ago he began to study the French Revolution, and attracted much attention by his biographies of Danton and of Robespierre. But *Marie Antoinette* established firmly his reputation as a historian. As Laurence Stallings says of it: "*Marie Antoinette* seems to be his summit of prose excellence—a moving, haunting tragedy, a gradual movement of beauty into despair."



THE TEMPLE[1]

By Hilaire Belloc

To the north of the square keep which was the main outline of the Tower, a second building, an afterthought of the latter Middle Ages, had been added. It leant up against its larger neighbor, forming a kind of penthouse; its four stories were far lower than those of the stronghold—the rooms into which each story was partitioned were necessarily smaller and less convenient than those which they were to occupy later in the main tower: it was nevertheless necessary to lodge them here for the first few weeks, because this annex alone was furnished. It had been the residence of the Archivist[2] in charge; its main room had been his drawing-room; the whole was ready for an immediate occupation.

To these Princesses and their train there was a portentous novelty in such a place. The King, a man, and one fond of hunting in all weathers, self-centered, negligent of his person, careless of any luxury save that of the table, saw nothing sharp in these surroundings: indeed, his sex, especially when it is leisured, can take what it finds in a campaign or accident with no great shock. But the women, who had in every moment of their lives been

[1] From *Marie Antoinette,* by Hilaire Belloc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Copyright, 1924. Used by permission of the publishers.

[2] Archivist, a keeper of the records.

molded by magnificence and ease, could not understand the place at all. Varennes [3] had been a hurly-burly; the wretched three days just ended at the Feuillants [4] a violent interlude; for the rest their pains and terrors of the past three years had been played upon a gorgeous scene. They had slept for a thousand nights of peril in very soft and bulging beds whose frames were thick with gilding, beds whose canopies were splendidly high and curtained like thrones. They had been surrounded for a thousand days of peril by silent servants trained and dressed in gorgeous livery for their work. They had looked out on great ordered gardens; and had walked over the shining floors of the palace. That was their protection: a habit of grand circumstance and continuous exalted experience against which the occasional horror and the strain of their lives could make no impression.

Tonight, in the unaccustomed stillness of the Temple enclosure, they sat silent in the knowledge that these low roofs and common walls must be a kind of home for them. All was at first insupportable; the King's sister, sleeping on a ground floor, in a room which once the cooks of the house inhabited: next to her through the wall, the Guard Room; the Queen, the royal children and their governess, cooped up in a couple of small bedrooms fifteen feet square or less, preparing their own beds and the Dauphin's, were in a new, worse world. The poor Princesse de Lamballe,

[3] Varennes—the town at which Drouet, a young French revolutionist, had intercepted the royal family in their attempted flight to the border.

[4] Feuillants, a monastery near the Tuileries.

with her own great virtue of fidelity surviving all her inanities, put a truckle bed for herself in the dark little passage between the two rooms and slept there, as a dog sleeps at the door of its mistress. Nor did even this society endure. A week had not passed when the officers came by night to read a new decree, and to separate the Duchesse de Tourzel [5] and the Princesse de Lamballe from their masters, saying: "There must be no one here but Capetians." [6] Then the complete isolation of their lives, a new habit, of settled hours and monotonous exactitude, began.

This life reflected as in a quiet mirror the chaos of the enormous struggle which was being fought out beyond the walls of the Temple. They were prisoners and yet unrestricted; confined by public authority and yet permitted the refinements of their rank. Surrounded by guardians, but by guardians none of whom as yet insulted them, many of whom were secretly their friends, some few their devoted servants, traitors to the State in the crisis of a great war but traitors through devotion to a national tradition.

Twenty courses at a meal were not thought too many; a dozen servants, paid fantastic salaries, did not suffice them; their expenditure, if not the half-million voted, was yet at the rate of many thousands a year; the doctor and

[5] The Duchesse de Tourzel was the governess to the royal children; the Princesse de Lamballe was an old and intimate friend to the Queen.

[6] Capetians—a name applied to the kings of France, beginning with Hugh Capet in 987.

the drawing master may visit them, and the Duchesse de Gramont may send them books. Their wine, though the King alone drank it, was of the best, commonly champagne (at that time not the fashionable wine of the rich, but rather the ritual of feast days); they had good furniture at their demand, an ample library of many hundred volumes; and in general such comfort as such a situation could afford. But a violent contrast marked their lives, the contrast between this luxury and the anarchy of manners around them. Their guards, often gentlemen, were now courteous, now obsequious, now offensive, according as chance sent men of varying politics or character by turn to be on duty at the Tower.

The alternate fears and expectations of the Revolution, the doubtful chances of the frontier battles, the unsettled quarrel of the political parties among the conquerors—all these permit the inconsistencies of that moment upon the part of the Commune and the Parliament. They permit within the Tower that mixture of the prison and the home whereby an increasing severity of rule and an increasing vexation did not forbid the costly furniture, the very complete library, the exquisite cooking which make up the curious contrast of their lives.

The order of their day was simple and unchangeable. The King would rise at six, shave, dress, and read till nine. The Queen and the Dauphin [7] were up by eight, at which hour the servants and the guard came into the rooms. At nine they breakfasted. During the morning

[7] Dauphin, a title of the eldest son of the king of France.

The tower of the Temple at the time of Marie Antoinette's and the royal family's imprisonment there. (From Hilaire Belloc's *Marie Antoinette*. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

great care was taken by Louis himself with the lessons of the boy. The Queen and her sister-in-law dressed for the day. They walked in the large gardens where the mob from far off could watch them from behind the railings of the Square; dined at two o'clock, played cards. The King would sleep in the afternoon, would sup again at nine, and read till midnight.

A week after the Princesse de Lamballe and the Duchesse de Tourzel had left them, before the end of August, the first of the indignities offered to the person of the Monarch came to him thus: They took away his sword. It was but an ornament, yet in all that long line of ancestry no other had had his sword unclasped. And this man, who could never have used a true sword, let alone that toy, felt the loss like a wound. Much at the same time, that is before the end of August, entered three new people into the prison—Tison and his wife, new jailers who had to act as spies upon them; and Cléry, who was to act as the valet of Louis, who was devoted to him, and who has left us what is certainly the clearest and probably the most accurate account of the prison life of the family.

In those same days they heard whispered to them by one of the guards, Hue, the first news they had had upon the matter that never left their thoughts. The invasion was successful. Brunswick [8] was well on his way—it was impossible that he should be opposed.

For yet another week no incident disturbed the common

[8] The Duke of Brunswick was in command of the allied Prussian and Austrian armies that were advancing to the rescue of the royal family.

run of their quiet; the physical impressions which build up most of life were neighboring and small; the daily noise of hammering in the great tower next door where their permanent apartments were preparing; and the daily reading, the daily games of backgammon and, daily, the sumptuous meals; the modest dresses, changed (as is the custom of the gentry) for the evening; the daily intercourse with such two commissioners from the City Council as happened to be on guard. From their windows they could see the rapid demolition of the small huddled buildings round the Tower, and Palloy's great encircling wall rising between them and liberty on every side.

But beyond these exterior things their minds dwelt continually upon the matter which had held all their thoughts for a year. They remembered, in their isolation, the frontier, the Argonne (which is a wall), and beyond it the bare plains of the East: moving densely over these the convoys, the guns, and the packed columns of the invasion. They had failed to hold their Parisian fortress till the advent of that slow machine, but they could still hope serenely: they had known regulars since their childhood: they saw in the advance of Brunswick something inevitable; they were certain of this success, and they waited.

. . . . . .

How truly the history of the Revolution is the history of war can never sufficiently be stamped upon the mind of the student. The Terror when it came was, as I shall call it, nothing but martial law established during a reign: the steps by which the fury of the time advanced towards

it corresponded exactly to the fortune of the French armies.

Upon the 2nd of September, as the prisoners walked in the garden, they heard a roar throughout the city. The populace beyond the railings threw stones: they were hurried back into their prison. For a moment before dusk they saw the wild and fanatical face of Mathieu, once a monk, who shouted at them: "The Émigrés [9] have taken Verdun, but if we perish you shall perish with us." In the increasing hubbub all around, the little Dauphin cried and was disturbed; and all night the Queen could not sleep. She could not sleep as the noise rose and roared throughout Paris. . . . It had almost come. The armies were almost here, and once again the dice were being shaken for the murder of the prisoners, or for their deliverance.

It was on that day, and pricked by the spur of such news, that Marat's frenzied committee gathered a band, and began the massacre of those caught in the public prisons—all those suspect of complicity with the invasion and of the desire to help the foreigner in destroying the new liberties of the nation. Among these hundreds, roped in suddenly upon suspicion from among the rich or the reactionary of the older world, was the foolish, tender and loyal woman who had determined to share the fortunes of the Queen—the Princesse de Lamballe. When they had taken her a fortnight before from the side of her friend

[9] Émigrés were those royalists who left France in 1789 and later, some of whom returned to fight against the French.

she had but been thrust into another prison to await these days.

The 3rd of September broke upon the captives, a dull uneasy morning in which the clamor of distant disturbance still occasionally reached them from the center of the city southward, then came nearer.

They were told that on that day there would be no walk in the garden. They sat therefore all the morning in their rooms. They dined as was their custom; their dinner was over, it was not quite three o'clock, and the King and the guard for the day stood together at one of the great tunnel-like windows of the first floor, for the windows were not yet blinded as they later were. The guard by his side was one Danjou, a young man of thirty-two, very eager upon the new world which he believed to be then arising; full of a vision of freedom; a good sculptor—for that was his business—intense in action, he was, above all, brave. Energy bubbled out of him, and he had, what goes with energy, a clear head and rapid decision. The King and this man stood together exchanging that kind of easy conversation which Louis had by this time learnt to hold with men of every rank. They were watching the workmen pull down the houses near by, and the rising of the wall which was built to enclose the gardens of the Temple. Now and then, as a great beam fell with its great clouds of dust, the honest and slow King would laugh and say: "There goes another!" Their conversation was on this level when they heard an increasing noise outside the gates. To the Royal Family it meant but one

more mob rolling by. Danjou, who was a free man fresh from outside and knew better, was silent and anxious: he was aware that the massacres had begun.

At first it was a set of drunken songs far off, and then a clamor in the streets. At last, quite close, separate cries and loud demands, and hammering at the gates; and next a nasty crowd burst in. They were not very numerous, but they were drunk and mad with blood; and they dragged with them the body of the only woman killed during all those horrors, a corpse stripped, perhaps mutilated, and separated from it a head with powder on the hair. This head, thrust upon a pike, some of the foremost raised before the window; and Louis, slow of vision though he was, recognized it for the Princesse de Lamballe. His wife was at the table behind him. The window was high, deep and distant. Louis cried suddenly, "Prevent the Queen . . . !" But, whether she had seen or had not seen that dreadful thing, the Queen had fainted.

Without, Danjou, acting as promptly as a soldier, was standing on the steps, giving the mob all the words that came to him of flattery, rhetoric, or menace; and getting them at last to scramble down from the heaps of broken brick and rubble they occupied, and to go, taking their trophy with them. Within, her sister and her husband attended the Queen.

She was quite broken down. The night fell, but again she could not sleep. She passed the dark hours sobbing with pain, until yet another day had dawned upon her. And still a long way off in Paris the massacres continued.

Still, through the first week of September and the second, advanced the army of the invaders which was to save them as it came victorious; or at the worst it came at least to destroy their enemies and the city which had dared to imprison them.

News did not reach the prisoners save at such intervals, or in such broken whispers, or by such doubtful signs that they could make little of it: but whether they knew much of that news or little, the army was irresistibly advancing: the French troops which were to oppose it were increasingly falling in value: the passes of Argonne were forced—all but one. Dumouriez [10] was turned; and by the 20th of September Prussia and Austria were present, armed, four days' march from the gates; and there was no force at all between them and Paris. That same day the Parliament in Paris met the menace by declaring the Republic.

Upon the morrow the most extreme of the extremists, Hébert,[11] the cleanly and insane, looked in to mock them coldly; while outside the booming voice of Lubin proclaimed in a most distinct proclamation, phrase by phrase, that the French Monarchy was no more. The King went on reading, the Queen went on sewing; for such was the occupation of either as they heard those words. The slow hours of the equinox passed without news or disturbance in the city; but meanwhile, out where the armies were, a

[10] Dumouriez, general in command at the victories of Valmy and Jemappes.

[11] Hébert, notorious Revolutionist and principal witness against Marie Antoinette at her trial.

prodigious and as yet unexplained thing had happened. Austria and Prussia and the Emigrants had failed. The strong cities which they had easily taken, the passes of Argonne which they had almost as easily forced, the contemptuous and just strategy by which they had marched round the worthless forces of the National Defense and now stood between it and Paris—all these by some miracle of war had availed them nothing: and in a muddy dip before the windmill of *Valmy* the whole campaign had failed.

. . . . . .

I wish I had the space here to digress into some account of that inexplicable day. I know the place, and I have well comprehended the conditions of soil and of gunnery under which the Prussian charge failed even before its onset. Nor could any study more engross, nor any examination prove more conclusive, than an analysis of the few hours in which this accident of European history was decided upon the ground which, centuries before, had seen Gaul, and therefore Europe, saved from Attila. But neither the limits nor the nature of my subject permit me; and it must be enough to say that on the 21st of September at Valmy, a few yards from the road whereby the King had fled to Varennes, by the failure of one charge the invasion failed. In a few days the retreat of the army that was to rescue or to avenge the King and the Queen had begun; and from that moment the nature of their imprisonment changed.

. . . . . .

Upon the 29th of September pens, ink and paper were taken away from the prisoners, and on the evening of the same day there once more entered the cleanly and insane Hébert, who read to them the order that Louis XVI should be separated from his family and imprisoned in another set of rooms in the Tower.

Those relations which had been at first ridiculous, later tolerated, and though affectionate not deep, between the Queen and her husband, her dislike of his advances towards the Liberal movement, her angry amazement at his patriotism in the early days of the revolt—all these which are too often read into her last emotions in his regard, must be in part forgotten when we consider how they all lived together behind those thick walls. Every human soul that left the group was something lost to them forever. Of the two that had last left them, the head of one, shown murdered, had been seen at the window. And moreover, this order to separate the King meant almost certainly some form of approaching disaster. The children also were a bond. For they knew nothing of whatever early phantasies, whatever recent disagreements there had been between the wife and the husband, and they must now have their father hidden from them.

He was taken away. Upon the next day, the 30th, as once before during their imprisonment, the Queen refused to eat and sat silent. To that silence there succeeded a fit of violent anger in which she screamed at the guards. It was when Cléry came to get some books for his master.

It is reported that Simon, one of the Municipals who was

later to be jailer of her child, said as he saw the distress of the women, that it nearly moved him to tears, and that turning to the Queen he told her that she had had no tears when the palace fought the people upon the 10th of August. It is said that the Queen answered: "You do not understand." And when he added: "You should be glad at least that the traitors are caught"—by which phrase he meant the popular vengeance and the massacres in the prisons, the repulsion of the invasion and the rest of it—the Queen would not answer a word.

Upon the 1st of November, the day before her thirty-seventh birthday, she saw again a visitor to her prison, a dark face which it appalled her to see: it was a face stamped with all the associations of Varennes. It was the face of Drouet.

He spoke to her as a deputy from the Municipality (to which he now belonged), to ask whether she had anything to complain of. She resolutely maintained her sullen silence; she turned her face away and treated him as though he were not there, and he on his part threw his arms up in a gesture of resignation, then bowed to her and went out.

The royal people had colds in November and waited through a shivering month what could not but be the approach of some very evil thing. Upon the 6th, one of those scraps of news—positive news and ill—which reached them like patches of clear light in the midst of murky fears and rumors, was granted to the prisoners. The Committee of Parliament had reported upon Louis'

case: an indictment was framed; he would certainly be tried.

To such an advance of misfortune they could only oppose the fixed hope that in some way or other the regular armies of the Old World *must* break through. They had been checked at Valmy, nay, they had retreated. But surely they *could not but* return, and brush aside at last the raw and formless rags of the French volunteers. *They could not but.* The old regulated armies, the peace of mind, the brilliant uniforms, the vast prestige of German arms, the leadership of gentlemen—sanity, cleanliness, and the approval of educated men—these *must* at last destroy those mere composite mobs, half regulars, half levies, half sodden, half mutinous, ill-fed, ill-clothed, officered as best might be, untutored and untutorable, which their jailers had flung together in a sort of delirium, hotchpotch, to make a confused covering against the governing classes of Europe who were advancing in defense of all the decencies of this world.

As the Royal Family so hoped against hope, that ill-conditioned crowd—old soldiers relaxed in discipline, young enthusiasts who drank, sickly and grumbling volunteers, veterans hoping for revenge against the harsh experience of years (a dangerous type), company-officers of a week's standing, put side by side with others of twenty years, captains in boyhood and lieutenants at forty—this welter was jumbled all together under the envious eye of Dumouriez, along a valley of the frontier, on the muddy banks of the river called Hate—La Haine.

I know the place: low banks that rise in the distance into hills are overlooked far up stream and down by the fantastic belfry of Mons and its huge church dominating the plain. Dumouriez, deeply doubting his rabble but knowing the temper of his own people, poured the young men and the old across the line of the river, leading them with the Marseillaise. Among the villages of the assaulted line Jemappes has given its name to the charge. By the evening of that same day, the 6th of November, the Austrian force was destroyed, a third of its men lay upon the field or had deserted, the rest were beating off in a pressed retreat, eastward and away. The rabble should have failed and had succeeded.

I have said that for Valmy no explanation has as yet been given. For Jemappes there are many explanations: that the Austrians had attempted to hold too long a strategic line and were outnumbered at the chief tactical point of the battle: that their excellent cavalry (the French in this arm were deplorable) had not been allowed to hold their left long enough: that one passage of the river was accidental and could not have been foreseen (a bad commentary on any action!). But the true cause of that temporary yet decisive achievement was to be found in two forms of energy: rapidity in marching and in the handling of guns—but such criticisms do not concern this book.[12]

Of this victory, coincident with the beginning of the

[12] These two military qualities are present today capitally among the French, and may at any moment reappear in the discussions of modern Europe.

King's agony, Marie Antoinette for days could know nothing, and even when the rumor reached her it was but the victorious shouting in the streets and a name or two whispered by a servant that gave her a passing impression that her champions had suffered a further check—no more. Yet before that tide should flow back and finally swamp the French packed in Leipsic, twenty years must pass, and not till then should the Kings and the lords at last see Paris from a hill.

There is one detail in connection with Jemappes which the reader must know because it does so illustrate the myriad coincidences of the Queen's life.

That child whom she had seen and adopted during her early childless years, when her fever of youth and exasperation was upon her, that child which for a moment had supplied to the girl something of maternity, had now grown to manhood. The birth of her own daughter had long ago driven out any recollection of the whim: the peasant boy of St. Michel was forgotten. He had grown into his teens full of the bitterness which irresponsible and spasmodic patronage can so vigorously breed. During the days of October he had been recognized among the wildest of those who attacked the palace in Versailles; he had shouted for the Nation; he had enlisted and was there at Jemappes, an obscure volunteer among the thousands whom Dumouriez forced forward upon the frontier. He was present upon the 6th of November upon the bank of the Haine when the mixed battalions charged, singing: a bullet struck him and he fell down dead. She, the Queen, was there a

prisoner in her dimly lit room at night—separated from the father of the children who slept near by: her mind was big with the new doom of his Indictment and Trial which the dull day had brought her. Eighteen years before she had caught up that peasant baby in the Louveciennes road and kissed it, her eyes full of tears, and in her heart a violent yearning half-virginal, half-maternal: he, however, lay dead that same night in the Hainault mud with the autumn rain upon his body: his name was Jacques Amand.

. . . . . .

With December there was some little respite, for a new Municipality had been elected that was a trifle more moderate than the old, but in general this life of hers with its calm, its dread and its monotony, continued. Now it contained some act of humiliation, as when all razors and sharp-edged things were taken from the King (upon the 7th), now some indulgence, as when (upon the 9th) a clavecin was allowed the Queen—and it is said that from curiosity she played upon this, later, the new notes of the Marseillaise.

For a few hours the Dauphin was taken from her. It was her turn to ask questions of the guards, and theirs to be silent; she asked distractedly: they did not reply: but the child returned.

The affair of the trial proceeded rapidly. The briefs were gathered, the King's counsel met the King day after day in the apartment below, and she stayed above there alone with her children and was still. She had no communications with him at all save when at Christmas, after

he had drafted his will, he wrote to the Convention and caused a short message to be conveyed to the Queen. It was perhaps during these days that she wrote upon a flyleaf which is still preserved in St. Germain, *"Oportet unum mori pro populo."*

Louis, as the new year broke, saluted it sadly. Within a fortnight he had been pronounced guilty at the bar of the Parliament before which he was arraigned—guilty, that is, of intrigue with the foreigner and of abetting the invasion. Upon the 17th of January, 1793, it was known in his prison that the penalty would be death. Again did Marie Antoinette hear in the room below the step of Malesherbes, her husband's counsel, coming upon that day to confer with the King, but this time he came to speak not of defense but of death. A respite was denied to Louis. Upon the 20th his prayer for three days in which he might prepare to meet God was again refused, and his execution was fixed for the morrow. His sentence was read to him in his prison: he heard it quietly: and thus upon that 20th of January (a Sunday), a murky evening and cold, when it was quite dark the princesses heard in the street a newspaper-seller crying the news that the King must die; the hollow word *"la mort,"* very deep and lugubrious, repeated and repeated in the chanting tones of that trade, floated up from the winter streets.

It was eight o'clock when they were told that they might go down with the children and see the King.

The family met together and for a little time were silent.

. . . . . .

The spell was on them which we never mention—one which the inmost mind refuses—I mean that fear . . .

During this long isolation of theirs they had become very fixed upon the matter of the Catholic Faith, but that fear pervaded them as the Church has said that it must always pervade the last hours. This human curse, too sacred for rhetoric and too bewildering to occupy a just and reasonable prose, I will abandon, content only to have written it down—for it was the air and the horror of that night.

For not quite two hours they sat together, not speaking much, for all understood, except the little boy: he was sad as children are, up to the usual pitch of sadness, for any loss great or small which they do not understand: he saw his own sister, a child older than he, and all his grown-up elders thus crushed, and he also was full of his little sorrow. He knew at least that his father was going away.

The King, seated with his wife on his left and his sister at his right hand, drew the boy towards him and made him stand between his knees. He recited to him, as it is proper to recite to children, words whose simplicity they retain but whose full purport they cannot for the moment understand. He told the child never to avenge his death, and, since oaths are more sacred than repeated words, he took and lifted up his small right hand. Then, knowing that the will of the sufferer alone can put a due term to such scenes, he rose. His wife he pressed to his shoulder. She caught and grasped to her body her little children—to hold so much at least firm in this world that was

breaking from around her. She knew that Louis desired them to leave, and she said, after she had wildly sworn that she would stay all night and the children with her (which he would not have):

"Promise that you will see us again?"

"I will see you in the morning," he answered, "before . . . I go. At eight."

"It must be earlier," she said, not yet releasing him.

"It shall be earlier, by half an hour."

"Promise me."

He repeated his promise, and the two women turned to the great oaken, nail-studded door; helping the fainting girl and taking the child by the hand, they went out to the winding stair of stone. It was a little after ten.

When the iron outer door had shut and he knew the women and the children to be above, out of hearing, Louis turned to his guards and gave this order, that in spite of what he had said, the women should not be told in the morning of his departure, for that neither he nor they could suffer it.

Then he went into the turret chamber where the priest was, and said: "Let me address myself to the unique affair."

But above, from the room whose misery could just be heard, the Queen, when she had put her boy to bed and kissed him bitterly, threw herself upon her own bed all dressed, and throughout the darkness of the whole night long her daughter could hear her shuddering with cold and anguish.

That night there was a murmur all around the Tower, for very many in Paris were watching, and through the drizzling mist there came, hour by hour, the distant rumble of cannon, and the sharp cries of command, and men marching by companies up the narrow Temple lane.

It was the very January dark, barely six of the morning, when a guard from the King's room came up the stair. The Queen from above heard him coming. Her candle was lit—her fixed gaze expected him. . . . He entered, but as he spoke her heart failed her: he had not come for the summons, he had but come for the King's book of prayers. She waited the full hour until seven struck in the steeples of the town, and the pale light began to grow: she waited past the moment of her husband's promise, till eight, till the full day—but no one came. Still she sat on, not knowing what might not have come between to delay their meeting: doors opening below, steps coming and going on the stairs, held all her mind. But no one sent for her, no one called her. It was nine when a more general movement made her half hope, half fear. The sound of that movement, which was the movement of many men, passed downward to the first stories, to the ground, and was lost. An emptiness fell upon the Tower. Then she knew that her hope had dèparted.

For a moment there were voices in the courtyard, the tramp of many men upon the damp gravel, the creaking of the door, more distant steps in the garden, and the wheels of the coach far away at the outer porch. Then the confused noise of a following crowd dwindling west-

ward till nothing remained but a complete silence in those populous streets, now deserted upon so great a public occasion.

For yet another hour the silence endured—unbroken: ten o'clock struck amid that silence, and the quarter. . . . The Queen heard through the shuttered window the curious and dreadful sound of a crowd that roars far off, and she knew that the thing had been done.

Life returned into the streets beneath, the loud shrill call of the news-men, crying the news accursedly, came much too shrill and too distinct against the walls. All day long, on to the early closing of the darkness, the mists gathered and lay thick over Paris and around her high abandoned place.

A LABRADOR DOCTOR

It is a real pleasure to find some one who is leading a life of service and self-sacrifice and who says, and very convincingly too, that he is having a jolly good time of it. Dr. Grenfell, the famous missionary doctor of Labrador, has always been fond of life in the open and has loved action and adventure. When he was about twenty years of age, and in his second year of medical school, he accidentally dropped in one evening at an evangelistic meeting led by Dwight L. Moody, and the famous preacher made him decide that religion could be made "real fun—a field brimming with opportunities." So Dr. Grenfell began searching for a field that combined adventure and service with his study of medicine, and in Labrador he surely found one. But he stoutly refuses to be commended for any self-sacrifice in making his choice: "I have always believed that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he wanted to."

In his autobiography, *A Labrador Doctor,* he tells us of his happy boyhood on the famous Sands of Dee, near Chester, England. There are typical tales of boarding-school, and an especially interesting account of his work in the London Hospital and the London slums. Sir Frederick Treves, lecturer in anatomy and surgery at his medical college, got him interested in a hospital ship, the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, working in the North Sea. The work grew so rapidly that they soon had a fleet of several vessels. In 1891 a member of the Mission board returned from a visit to Newfoundland and asked Dr. Grenfell to consider a similar project for the fishermen of the northwest Atlantic. They sailed in 1892, and after a stop in St. John's, Newfoundland, sailed north for summer work along the coast of Labrador. This chapter begins just after they have sighted the Labrador coast for the first time. The remainder of the book is taken up with his life work in Labrador and Newfoundland, where he has built many hospitals, started all kinds of organizations for helping the people, and incidentally had the most thrilling adventures. He is the author of a half-dozen interesting books on Labrador, such as *Labrador and Its People* and *Tales of the Labrador.*

THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR[1]

By WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL

TWENTY years have passed away since that day, and a thousand more important affairs which have occurred in the meantime have faded from my memory; but still its events stand out clear and sharp. The large and lofty island, its top covered with green verdure, so wonderful a landmark from the sea, its peaks capped with the fleecy mist of early morning, rose in a setting of the purest azure blue. For the first time I saw the faces of its ruddy cliffs, their ledges picked out with the homes of myriad birds. Its feet were bathed in the dark, rich green of the Atlantic water, edged by the line of pure white breakers, where the gigantic swell lazily hurled immeasurable mountains of water against its titanic bastions, evoking peals of sound like thunder from its cavernous recesses—a very riot of magnificence. The great schools of whales, noisily slapping the calm surface of the sea with their huge tails as in an *abandon* of joy, dived and rose, and at times threw the whole of their mighty carcasses right out of water for a bath in the glorious morning sunshine. The shoals of fish everywhere breaching the water, and the silver streaks which flashed beneath our bows as we lazed

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along, suggested that the whole vast ocean was too small to hold its riches.

When we realized that practically no man had ever lived there, and few had even seen it, it seemed to overwhelm us, coming as we did from the crowded Island of our birth, where notices not to trespass haunted even the dreams of the average man.

A serried rank of range upon range of hills, reaching north and south as far as the eye could see from the masthead, was rising above our horizon behind a very surfeit of islands, bewildering the minds of men accustomed to our English and North Sea coast-lines.

In a ship just the size of the famous *Matthew*,[2] we had gone west, following almost the exact footsteps of the great John Cabot when just four hundred years before he had fared forth on his famous venture of discovery. We seemed now almost able to share the exhilaration which only such experiences can afford the human soul, and the vast potential resources for the blessing of humanity of this great land still practically untouched.

At last we came to anchor among many schooners in a wonderful natural harbor called Domino Run, so named because the Northern fleets all pass through it on their way north and south. Had we been painted scarlet, and flown the Black Jack instead of the Red Ensign, we could not have attracted more attention. Flags of greeting were run up to all mastheads, and boats from all sides were soon aboard inquiring into the strange phenomenon. Our

[2] The vessel in which John Cabot sailed for America.

object explained, we soon had calls for a doctor, and it has been the experience of almost every visitor to the coast from that day to this that he is expected to have a knowledge of medicine.

One impression made on my mind that day undoubtedly influenced all my subsequent actions. Late in the evening, when the rush of visitors was largely over, I noticed a miserable bunch of boards, serving as a boat, with only a dab of tar along its seams, lying motionless a little way from us. In it, sitting silent, was a half-clad, brown-haired, brown-faced figure. After long hesitation, during which time I had been watching him from the rail, he suddenly asked:

"Be you a real doctor?"

"That's what I call myself," I replied.

"Us hasn't got no money," he fenced, "but there's a very sick man ashore, if so be you'd come and see him."

A little later he led me to a tiny sod-covered hovel, compared with which the Irish cabins were palaces. It had one window of odd fragments of glass. The floor was of pebbles from the beach; the earth walls were damp and chilly. There were half a dozen rude wooden bunks built in tiers around the single room, and a group of some six neglected children, frightened by our arrival, were huddled together in one corner. A very sick man was coughing his soul out in the darkness of a lower bunk, while a pitiably covered woman gave him cold water to sip out of a spoon. There was no furniture except a small stove with an iron pipe leading through a hole in the roof.

My heart sank as I thought of the little I could do for the sufferer in such surroundings. He had pneumonia, a high fever, and was probably tubercular. The thought of our attractive little hospital on board at once rose to my mind; but how could one sail away with this husband and father, probably never to bring him back? Advice, medicine, a few packages of food were only temporizing. The poor mother could never nurse him and tend the family. Furthermore, their earning season, "while the fish were in," was slipping away. To pray for the man, and with the family, was easy, but scarcely satisfying. A hospital and a trained nurse was the only chance for this bread-winner—and neither was available.

I called in a couple of months later as we came South before the approach of winter. Snow was already on the ground. The man was dead and buried; there was no provision whatever for the family, who were destitute, except for the hollow mockery of a widow's grant of twenty dollars a year. This, moreover, had to be taken up in goods at a truck store, less debts *if* she owed any.

Among the nine hundred patients that still show on the records of that long-ago voyage, some stand out more than others for their peculiar pathos and their utter helplessness. I shall never forget one poor Eskimo. In firing a cannon to salute the arrival of the Moravian [3] Mission ship, the gun exploded prematurely, blowing off both the man's arms below the elbows. He had been lying on his

[3] A religious sect called the United Brethren, which formed a separate church in Moravia, now a part of Czecho-Slovakia, in the fifteenth century.

back for a fortnight, the pathetic stumps covered only with far from sterile rags dipped in cold water. We remained some days, and did all we could for his benefit; but he too joined the great host that is forever "going west," for want of what the world fails to give them.

It is not given to every member of our profession to enjoy the knowledge that he alone stands between the helpless and suffering or death, for in civilization modern amenities have almost annihilated space and time, and the sensations of the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur are destroyed by the realization of competitors "just as good," even if it often does leave one conscious of limitations. The successful removal of a molar which has given torture for weeks in a dentistless country, gains one as much gratitude as the amputation of a limb. One mere boy came to me with necrosis of one side of his lower jaw due to nothing but neglected toothache. It had to be dug out from the new covering of bone which had grown up all around it. The whimsical expression of his lop-sided face still haunts me.

Deformities went untreated. The crippled and blind halted through life, victims of what "the blessed Lord saw best for them." The torture of an ingrowing toe-nail, which could be relieved in a few minutes, had incapacitated one poor father for years. Tuberculosis and rickets carried on their evil work unchecked. Preventable poverty was the efficient handmaid of these two latter diseases.

There was also much social work to be done in con-

nection with the medical. Education in every one of its branches—especially public health—was almost nonexistent—as were many simple social amenities which might have been so easily induced.

At one village a woman with five children asked us if we could marry her to her husband. They had never been together when a parson happened along, and they now lived in a lonely cove three miles away. This seemed a genuine case of distress; and as it happened a parson was taking a passage with us, we sent two of our crew over in a boat to round up the groom. Apparently he was not at all anxious, but being a very small man and she a large woman, he discreetly acquiesced. The wedding was held on board our ship, every one entering into the spirit of the unusual occasion. The main hold was crammed with guests, bells were rung and flags flown, guns fired, and at night distress rockets were sent up. We kept in touch with the happy couple for years, till once more they moved away to try their luck elsewhere.

Obviously the coast offered us work that would not be done unless we did it. Here was real need along any line on which one could labor, in a section of our own Empire, where the people embodied all our best sea-traditions. They exhibited many of the attractive characteristics which, even when buried beneath habits and customs the outcome of their environment, always endear men of the sea to the genuine Anglo-Saxon. They were uncomplaining, optimistic, splendidly resourceful, cheerful and gen-

erous—and after all in one sense soap and water only makes the outside of the platter clean.

I confess that we had greatly enjoyed the adventure *qua* adventure. Mysterious fjords which wound out of sight into the fastnesses of unknown mountains, and which were entirely uncharted, fairly shouted an invitation to enter and discover what was round the next corner. Islands by the hundred, hitherto never placed on any map, challenged one's hydrographic skill. Families of strange birds, which came swinging seaward as the season advanced, suggested a virgin field for hunting. Berries and flowering plants, as excellent as they were unfamiliar, appealed for exploration. Great bowlders perched on perilous peaks, torn and twisted strata, with here and there raised beaches, and great outcrops of black traprock piercing through red granite cliffs in giant vertical seams—all piqued one's curiosity to know the geology of this unknown land. Some stone arrow-heads and knives, brought to me by a fisherman, together with the memories that the Norse Vikings and their competitors on the scroll of discovery made their first landfall on this the nearest section of the American coast to Europe, excited one's curiosity to know more of these shores. The dense growth of evergreen trees abounding in every river valley, and the exquisite streams with trout and salmon and seals attracted one whose familiarity with sport and forests was inseparably connected with notices to trespassers.

It only wanted an adventure such as we had one day

while sailing up a fjord on a prosaic professional call, when we upset our cutter and had to camp for the night, to give spice to our other experiences, and made us wish to return another year, better equipped, and with a more competent staff.

I am far from being the only person from the outside world who has experienced what Wallace [4] describes as "the Lure of the Labrador." It was a genuine surprise to me one morning to find ice on deck—a scale of sparkling crystals most beautifully picking out the water-line of our little craft. It was only then that I realized that October had come. The days, so full of incident, had passed away like ships in the night. Whither away? was the question. We could not stay even though we felt the urgent call to remain. So "Heigho for the southward bar" and a visit to St. John's to try and arouse interest in the new-discovered problems, before we should once more let go our stern lines and be bowling homeward before the fall nor'westers to dear old England.

Home-going craft had generously carried our story before us to the city of St. John's. The Board of Trade commended our effort. The papers had written of the new phenomenon; the politicians had not refrained from commendation. His Excellency the Governor made our path plain by calling a meeting in Government House, where the following resolution was passed:

"That this meeting, representing the principal merchants and traders carrying on the fisheries, especially on

[4] Dillon Wallace, author of *The Lure of the Labrador Wild.*

The Labrador Doctor. (From Wilfred Thomason Grenfell's *A Labrador Doctor*. Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company.)

the Labrador coast, and others interested in the welfare of this colony, desires to tender its warmest thanks to the directors of the Deep-Sea Mission for sending their hospital ship *Albert* to visit the settlement on the Labrador coast.

"Much of our fishing industry is carried on in regions beyond the ordinary reach of medical aid, or of charity, and it is with the deepest sense of gratitude that this meeting learns of the amount of medical and surgical work done. . . .

"This meeting also desires to express the hope that the directors may see their way to continue the work thus begun, and should they do so, they may be assured of the earnest coöperation of all classes of this community."

When at last we said good-by on our homeward voyage, our cabins were loaded with generous souvenirs for the journey, and no king on his throne was happier than every man of the crew of the good ship *Albert*.

Our report to the Council in London, followed by the resolution sent by the Newfoundland Committee, induced the Society to repeat the experiment on a larger scale the following spring. Thus, with two young doctors, Elliott Curwen of Cambridge and Arthur Bobardt from Australia, and two nurses, Miss Cawardine and Miss Williams, we again set out the following June.

The voyage was uneventful except that I was nearly left behind in mid-Atlantic. While playing cricket on deck our last ball went over the side, and I after it, shouting to the helmsman to tack back. This he did, but I failed to

cut him off the first time, as he got a bit rattled. However, we rescued the ball.

We had chosen two islands two hundred miles apart for cottage hospitals, one at Battle Harbor, on the north side of the entrance of the St. Lawrence (Straits of Belle Isle), and the other at Indian Harbor, out in the Atlantic at the mouth of the great Hamilton Inlet. Both places were the centers of large fisheries, and were the "bring-ups" for numberless schooners of the Labrador fleet on their way north and south. The first, a building already half finished, was donated by a local fishery firm by the name of Baine, Johnston and Company. This was quickly made habitable, and patients were admitted under Dr. Bobardt's care. The second building, assembled at St. John's, was shipped by the donors, who were the owners of the Indian Harbor fishery, Job Brothers and Company. Owing to difficulties in landing, this building was not completed and ready for use until the following year, so Dr. Curwen took charge of the hospital ship *Albert,* and I cruised as far north as Okkak (lat. 57°) in the *Princess May,* a midget steam launch, eight feet wide, with a cook and an engineer. As there was no coal obtainable in the North, we used wood, and her fire-box being small the amount of cutting entailed left a permanent impression on our biceps.

A friend from Ireland had presented this little boat, which I found lying up on the Chester Race-Course, near our home on the Sands of Dee. We had repaired her and steamed her through the canal into the Mersey, where, somewhat to our humiliation, she had been slung up onto

the deck of an Allan liner for her transatlantic passage, as if she were nothing but an extra hand satchel. Nor was our pride restored when on her arrival it was found that her funnel was missing among the general baggage in the hold. We had to wait in St. John's for a new one before starting on our trip north. The close of the voyage proved a fitting corollary. In crossing the Straits of Belle Isle, the last boat to leave the Labrador, we ran short of fuel, and had to burn our cabin-top to make the French shore, having also lost our compass overboard. Here we delayed repairing and refitting so long that the authorities in St. John's became alarmed and dispatched their mail steamer in search of us. I still remember my astonishment, when, on boarding the steamer, the lively skipper, a very tender-hearted father of a family, threw both arms around me with a mighty hug and exclaimed: "Thank God, we all thought you were gone. A schooner picked up your flagpole at sea." Poor fellow, he was a fine Christian seaman, but only a year or two later he perished with his large steamer while I still rove this rugged coast.

That summer we visited the stations of the Moravian Brethren, who were kindness personified to us. Their stations, five in number, dated back over a hundred and thirty years, yet they had never had a doctor among them. It would scarcely be modest for me to protest that they were the worse off for that circumstance. Each station was well armed with homeopathic pills, and at least those do no harm; while one old German house-father had really performed with complete success craniotomy and delivery of a

child *en morcellement*, in the case of a colleague's wife. During our stay they gave us plenty of work among their Eskimos, and were good enough to report most favorably of our work to their home Committee.

. . . . . .

With October came the necessity for returning South, and the long dark nights spent at the little fishing stations as we journeyed from place to place proved all too short. The gatherings for lantern meetings, for simple services, for spinning yarns, together with medicine and such surgery as we could accomplish under the circumstances, made every moment busy and enjoyable. One outstanding feature, however, everywhere impressed an Englishman—the absolute necessity for some standard medium of exchange. Till one has seen the truck system at work, its evil effects in enslaving and demoralizing the poor are impossible to realize.

All the length and breadth of the coast, the poorer people would show me their "settling up" as they called their account, though many never got as far as having any "settling up" given them—so they lived and died in debt to their merchant. They never knew the independence of a dollar in their pockets and the consequent incentive and value of thrift.

It was incredible to me that even large concerns like the Hudson's Bay Company would not pay in cash for valuable furs, and that so many dealers in the necessities of life should be still able to hold free men in economic bondage. It seemed a veritable chapter from *Through*

the Looking Glass, to hear the "grocer" and "haberdasher" talking of "my people," meaning their patrons, and holding over them the whip of refusal to sell them necessities in their hour of need if at any time they dealt with outsiders, however much to their advantage such a course might be.

This fact was first impressed upon me in an odd way. Early in the summer an Eskimo had come aboard the hospital ship with a bear skin and a few other furs to sell. We had not only been delighted with the chance to buy them, but had spread them all around the cabin and taken a picture of him in the middle. Later in the season, while showing my photograph album to a trader, he had suddenly remarked, "Why, what's —— doing here?"

"Selling me some beautiful furs," I replied.

"Oh! was he?" said the man. "I'll make him sing for selling the furs for which I supplied him."

It was no salve to his fretfulness when I assured him that I had paid in good English gold, and that his "dealer" would be as honest with the money as the system had made him. But the trader knew that the truck system creates slippery, tricky men; and the fisherman openly declares war on the merchant, making the most of his few opportunities to outwit his opponent.

A few years later a man brought a silver fox skin aboard my ship, just such a one as I had been requested by an English lady to secure for her. As fulfilling such a request would involve me in hostilities (which, however, I

do not think were useless), I asked the man, who was wretchedly poor, if he owed the skin to the trader.

"I am in debt," he replied, "but they will only allow me eight dollars off my account for this skin, and I want to buy some food."

"Very well," I answered. "If you will promise to go at once and pay eight dollars off your debt, I will give you eight gold sovereigns for this skin."

To this he agreed, and faithfully carried out the agreement—while the English lady scored a bargain, and I a very black mark in the books of my friend the trader.

On another occasion my little steamer had temporarily broken down, and to save time I had journeyed on in the jolly-boat, leaving the cook to steer the vessel after me. I wanted to visit a very poor family, one of whose eight children I had taken to hospital for bone tuberculosis the previous year, and to whom the Mission had made a liberal grant of warm clothing. As the steamer had not come along by night, I had to sleep in the tiny one-roomed shack which served as a home. True, since it stood on the edge of the forest, there was little excuse that it was no larger; but the father, a most excellent, honest, and faithful worker, was obviously discouraged. He had not nearly enough proper food for his family; clothing was even more at a discount; tools with which to work were almost as lacking as in a cave man's dwelling; the whole family was going to pieces from sheer discouragement. The previous winter on the opposite bank of the same river, called Big River, a neighbor had in desperation sent his wife and

eldest boy out of the house, killed his young family, and then shot himself.

When night came five of the children huddled together for warmth in one bed, and the parents and balance of the family in the other. I slept on the floor near the door in my sleeping-bag, with my nose glued to the crack to get a breath of God's cold air, in spite of the need for warmth—for not a blanket did the house possess. When I asked, a little hurt, where were the blankets which we had sent last year, the mother somewhat indignantly pointed to various trousers and coats which betrayed their final resting-place, and remarked, "If you'se had five lads all trying to get under one covering to onct, Doctor, you'd soon know what would happen to that blanket."

Early in the morning I made a boiling of cocoa, and took the two elder boys out for a seal hunt while waiting for my steamer. I was just in time to see one boy carefully upset his mug of cocoa, when he thought I was not looking, and replace it with cold spring water. "I 'lows I'se not accustomed to no sweetness" was his simple explanation. It was raw and damp as we rowed into the estuary at sunrise in search of the seals. I was chilly even in a well-lined leather coat. But the two shock-headed boys, clad in ancient cotton shirts, and with what had once been only cotton overall jackets, were as jolly as crickets, and apparently almost unduly warm. The Labrador has taught me one truth, which as a physician I never forget, that is, coddling is the terrible menace of civilization, and "to endure hardness" is the best preparation for a "good

soldier." On leaving, I promised to send to those boys, whose contentment and cheerfulness greatly endeared them to me, a dozen good fox traps in order to give them a chance for the coming winter. Such a gift as those old iron rat traps seemed in their eyes! When at last they arrived, and were really their own possessions, no prince could have been prouder than they. The next summer as I steamed north, we called in at D—— B——'s house. The same famine in the land seemed to prevail; the same lack of apparently everything which I should have wanted. But the old infective smile was still presented with an almost religious ceremonial, and my friend produced from his box a real silver fox skin. "I kept it for you'se, Doctor," he said, "though us hadn't ne'er a bit in t' house. I know'd you'd do better'n we with he."

I promised to try, and on my way called in at some northern islands where my friend, Captain Bartlett, father of the celebrated "Captain Bob" of North Pole fame, carried on a summer trade and fishery. He himself was a great seal and cod fisherman, and a man known for his generous sympathy for others.

"Do your best for me, Captain Will," I asked as I handed over the skin—and on coming south I found a complete winter diet laid out for me to take to D—— B——'s house. It was a veritable full load for the small carrying capacity of my little craft.

When we arrived at the house on the promontory, however, it was locked up and the family gone. They were off fishing on the outer islands, so all we could do was to

break in the door, pile up the things inside, bar it up again, affixing a notice warning off bears, dogs, and all poachers, and advising Dick that it was the price of his pelt. In the note we also told him to put all the fur he caught the following winter in a barrel and "sit on it" till we came along, if he wanted a chance to get ahead. This he did almost literally. We ourselves took his barrel to the nearest cash buyer, and ordered for him goods for cash in St. John's to the full amount realized. The fur brought more than his needs, and he was able to help out neighbors by reselling at cash prices. This he did till the day of his death, when he left me, as his executor, with a couple of hundred good dollars in cash to divide among his children.

It was experiments like this which led me in later years to start the small coöperative distributive stores, in spite of the knowledge of the opposition and criticism it would involve. How can one preach the gospel of love to a hungry people by sermons, or a gospel of healing to underfed children by pills, while one feels that practical teaching in home economics is what one would most wish if in their position? The more broad-minded critics themselves privately acknowledged this to me. One day a Northern furrier, an excellent and more intelligent man than ordinary, came to me as a magistrate to insist that a trading company keep its bargain by paying him in cash for a valuable fox skin. They were trying to compel him to take flour and supplies from them at prices far in excess of those at which he could purchase the goods in St John's, via the mail steamer.

When asked to act as a justice of the peace for the Colony, I had thought it my duty to accept the responsibility. Already it had led me into a good deal of trouble. But that I should be forced to seize the large store of a company, and threaten an auction of goods for payment, without even a policeman to back me up, had never entered my mind. It was, however, exactly what I now felt called upon to do. To my intense surprise and satisfaction the trader immediately turned round and said: "You are quite right. The money shall be paid at once. The truck system is a mistaken policy, and loses us many customers." It was Saturday night. We had decided to have a service for the fishermen the next day, but had no place in which to gather. Therefore, after we had settled the business I took my pluck in my hands, and said:

"It's Sunday tomorrow. Would you lend us your big room for prayers in the morning?"

"Why, certainly," he replied; and he was present himself and sang as heartily as any man in the meeting. Nor did he lose a good customer on account of his openmindedness.

MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A man like Theodore Roosevelt, of a vivid and dramatic personality and splendid achievement, has naturally been the subject of many biographies and memoirs since his death in 1919. Of all these the most intimate and charming is that written by his sister, Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, *My Brother Theodore Roosevelt*. The events of his public life, his public virtues, are so well known that they hardly need repeating, but she gives us a new side when she writes of him as "The Great Sharer," as one who shared all the splendid gifts of his mind and heart with those whom he loved.

Mrs. Robinson was only three years younger than her famous brother, and since he was not strong as a child, they were the closest of companions. There are delightful tales of a winter on the Nile and a summer in Dresden, and later on humorous and charming letters from Roosevelt at Harvard. After Mrs. Robinson had married, and Roosevelt had entered public life, he was often at her New York home. She had always been interested in politics, and her intense admiration and love for her brother made her follow his career with an interest which is evident on every page of this book, from the stories of his beloved Rough Riders to the tales of the famous political breakfast parties at her Madison Avenue home.

The story of the attempt of the New York State Republican leaders to "bury" Roosevelt in the vice presidency in 1900, and his accidental succession to the presidency within a year, through the assassination of President McKinley, is a familiar one. Roosevelt, who loved so much to earn what came to him, hoped eagerly that the people might show by their vote that they approved of the service he had given and of the reforms he had initiated.

No one but his sister could have written this book, a critic has said. It is touched with a warmth and a living quality that can come only through close association and understanding sympathy. As Mrs. Robinson herself writes: "We were even more friends than brother and sister." Mrs. Robinson, besides being a lecturer and public speaker of some repute, is the author

of several volumes of poetry. Senator Lodge says of her *My Brother Theodore Roosevelt:* "I marvel at the skill with which Mrs. Robinson has passed through all the history made in that crowded life without ever forgetting it or failing to use it as a background and yet never for a moment allowing it to distract attention."

HOME LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE[1]

By CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

IN spite of his "mind steeled for any outcome," the one great ambition of Theodore Roosevelt's life was to be chosen President on his own merits by the people of the United States. He longed for the seal of approval on the devoted service which he had rendered to his country, and one of my clearest memories is my conversation with him on Election Day, 1904, when on his way back from voting at Oyster Bay, I met him at Newark, N. J., and went with him as far as Philadelphia. In his private drawing-room on the car, he opened his heart to me, and told me that he had never wanted anything in his life quite as much as the outward and visible sign of his country's approval of what he had done during the last three and a half years. I frankly do not feel that this wish was because of any overweening ambition on his part, but to the nature of Theodore Roosevelt it had always been especially difficult to have come into the great position which he held through a calamity to another rather than as the personal choice of the people of the United States. His temperament was such that he wished no favor which he had not himself won. Therefore, it seemed to him a crucial moment in his life when, on his

[1] Copyright, 1921. Reprinted by permission of and by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.

own merit, he was to be judged as fit or unfit to be his own successor. Not only for those reasons did he wish to be elected in his own right, but because, as was the case in former days when he wished to be renominated governor of New York State, he had again initiated many reforms, and had made many appointments, and he wished to carry those reforms into effect and to back up those appointments with his own helpfulness and prestige.

When we parted in Philadelphia, I to return to my home in Orange and he to go on to meet this vital moment of his career, I remember feeling a poignant anxiety about the result of the election, and it can well be understood the joy I felt that evening when the returns proved him overwhelmingly successful at the polls. Late at night, we received a telegram from the White House directed to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson in answer to our wire sent earlier in the evening. It ran as follows: "Was glad to hear from you. Only wish you were with us this evening." The next morning I received a letter, only a few lines but infinitely characteristic. They were penned by my brother upon his arrival at the White House after we had parted in Philadelphia, some hours before he knew anything of the election returns. In this letter he describes his sudden reaction from the condition of nervous excitement from which he had suffered during the day. He says: "As I mounted the White House steps, Edith came to meet me at the door, and I suddenly realized that, after all, no matter what the outcome of the election should prove to be,

my *happiness* was assured, even though my ambition to have the seal of approval put upon my administration might not be gratified,—for my life with Edith and my children constitutes my *happiness*." This little note posted to me on the eve of his great victory showed clearly his sense of proportion and his conception of true values.

On November 11, 1904, he writes again: "Darling Corinne: I received your letter. I have literally but one moment in which to respond, for I am swamped with letters and telegrams. We have received between eight and ten thousand. I look forward with keen eagerness to seeing you and Douglas."

And so the crucial moment was over, and by a greater majority than had ever before been known in this country, the man of destiny had come into his own, and Theodore Roosevelt, acclaimed by all the people whom he had served so faithfully, was, in his own right and through no sad misfortune, President of the United States of America.

Almost immediately after the excitement of the election, namely, on November 12, 1904, my brother writes to my husband: "If you and Corinne could come on with us to the St. Louis Fair, it would be the greatest possible delight. Now, for Heaven's sake, don't let anything interfere with both of you coming."

Needless to say, we accepted the invitation joyfully, and the trip to the St. Louis Fair was one of our most unique experiences. Coming as it did almost immediately after the great victory of his overwhelming election, wherever the train stopped he received a tremendous ovation,

and my memory of him during the transit is equally one of cheering groups and swarming delegations.

In spite of the noise and general excitement, whenever he had a spare moment of quiet, I noticed that he always returned to his own special seat in a corner of the car, and became at once completely absorbed in a large volume which was always ready on his chair for him. The rest of us would read irrelevantly, perhaps, talk equally irrelevantly, and the hours sped past; but my brother, when he was not actually receiving delegations or making an occasional impromptu speech at the rear end of the car to the patient, waiting groups who longed to show him their devotion, would return in the most detached and focused manner to the books in which he absorbed himself.

Our two days at St. Louis were the type of days only led by a presidential party at a fair. Before experiencing them I had thought it would be rather "grand" to be a President's sister, with the aforesaid President when he opened a great fair. "Grand" it certainly was, but the exhaustion outbalanced the grandeur. I ran steadily for forty-eight hours without one moment's intermission. My brother never seemed to walk at all, and my whole memory of the St. Louis Fair is a perpetual jog-trot, only interrupted by interminable receptions, presentations of gifts, lengthy luncheons and lengthier evening banquets, and I literally remember *no night* at all! Whether we never went to bed during the time we were at the fair, or exactly what happened to the nights after

twelve o'clock, is more than I can say. At the end of the time allotted for the fair, after the last long banquet, we returned to our private car, and I can still see the way in which my sister-in-law (she was not *born* a Roosevelt) fell into her stateroom. I was about to follow her example (it was midnight) when my brother turned to me in the gayest possible manner and said: "Not going to bed, are you!" "Well," I replied, "I *had thought* of it." "But no," he said; "I told my stenographer this morning to rest all day, for I knew that I would need her services tonight, and now she is perfectly rested." I interrupted him: "But, Theodore, you never told *me* to rest all day. I have been following you all day—" He laughed, but firmly said: "Sit right down here. You will be sorry if you go to bed. I am going to do something that is very interesting. James Rhodes has asked me to review for him his fifth volume of the *History of the United States*. You may have noticed I was reading those volumes on the way from Washington. I feel just like doing it now. The stenographer is rested, and as for you, it will do you a great deal of good, because you don't know as much as you should about American history." Smilingly he put me in a chair and began his dictation. Lord Morley [2] is reported to have said, after his visit to the United States, when asked what he thought most interesting in our country: "There are two *great* things in the United States: one is Niagara, the other is Theodore Roosevelt." As

[2] John Morley, an English statesman and author of several fine biographies. He visited the United States in 1904, as the guest of Andrew Carnegie.

I think of my brother that night, Lord Morley's words come back to me, for it seemed as if, for once, the two great things were combined in one. Such a Niagara as flowed from the lips of Theodore Roosevelt would have surprised even the brilliant English statesman. He never once referred to the books themselves, but he ran through the whole gamut of their story, suggesting here, interpolating there, courteously referring to some slight inaccuracy, taking up occasionally almost a page of the matter (referring to the individual page without ever glancing at the book), and finally, at 5 A.M., with a satisfied aspect, he turned to me and said: "That is all about *"Rhodes's History."*

I rose feebly to my feet and said: "Good night, darling." But not at all—still gayly, as if he had just begun a day's work, instead of having reached the weary, littered end of twenty-four hours, he said once more: "Don't go to bed. I must do one other piece of work, and I think you would be especially interested in it. Peter Dunne [3]—'Dooley,' you know—has sent me an article of his on the Irish Question, and wants a review on that from me. I am very fond of Dunne, and really feel I should like to give him my opinions, as they do not entirely agree with his in this particular article. I feel like doing this now. Sit down again." He never asked me to do anything with him that I ever refused, were it in my power to assent to his suggestion. How I rejoice to think that this was the

[3] An American journalist and humorist, best known for the creation of "Mr. Dooley," an Irish saloon-keeper who voiced shrewd and witty opinions on topics of the day.

case, and there was no exception made to my usual rule at 5 A.M. that November morning. I sat down again, and sure enough, in a few moments all fatigue seemed to vanish from me, as I listened with eager interest to his masterly review of Peter Dunne's opinions on the Irish situation at that moment. It was a little late, or perhaps one might say a little early, to begin so complicated a subject as the Irish Question, and my final memories of his dictation are confused with the fact that at about 7 A.M. one of the colored porters came in with coffee, and shortly after that I was assisted to my berth in a more or less asphyxiated condition, from which I never roused again until the train reached the station at Washington. That was the way in which Theodore Roosevelt did work. I have often thought that if some of us always had the book at hand that we wanted to read, instead of wasting time in looking for it, if we always had clearly in our minds the extra job we wanted to do, and the tools at hand with which to do it, we might accomplish in some small degree the vast numbers of things he accomplished because of *preparedness*.

As early as December 19, 1904, my sister-in-law wrote me: "Theodore says that he wants you and Douglas under his roof for the Inauguration." I always felt a deep appreciation of the fact that both my brother and his wife made us so welcome at the most thrilling moments of their life in the White House.

In January, 1905, he came to stay with me in New York to speak at several dinners, and a most absurd

and yet trying incident occurred, an incident which he met with his usual sunny and unselfish good humor. We had had a large luncheon for him at my home, and when the time came for him to dress in the evening for the dinner at which he was to speak, I suddenly heard a call from the third story, a pitiful call: "I don't think I have my own dress coat." I ran upstairs, and sure enough the coat laid out with his evening clothes, when he tried to put it on, proved to be so tight across his broad shoulders that whenever he moved his hands it rose unexpectedly almost to his ears. I called my butler, who insisted that he had taken the President's coat with the rest of his clothes to brush, and had brought it back again to his room. This, however, was untrue, for the awful fact was soon divulged that the extra waiter engaged for the luncheon, and who had already left the house, had apparently confused the President's coat, which was in the basement to be pressed, with his own, and had taken away the President's coat! No one knew at this man's house where he had gone. There seemed no method of tracing the coat. We dressed my brother in my husband's coat, but that was even worse, for my husband's coat fell about him in folds, and there seemed nothing for it but to send him to the large public dinner with a coat that, unless most cleverly manipulated, continued to rise unexpectedly above his head. No one but my brother would have taken this catastrophe with unruffled gayety, but he started off apparently perfectly contented, rather than give me a more dejected feeling than I already had about the mis-

adventure. I, myself, was to go later to the dinner to hear his speech from one of the boxes, and I shall never forget my trepidation when he began his address, as I saw the coat slowly rising higher and higher. At the most critical moment, when it seemed about to surmount his head, a messenger-boy, flurried and flushed with exertion, ran upon the stage with a package in his hand. The recalcitrant waiter had been found by my butler, and the President's coat had been torn from his back. Excusing himself for a moment, with a laughing gesture which brought the coat completely over his head he retired into the wings, changed the article in question, and a few moments later brought down the whole house by his humorous account of the reason for his retirement.

On March 3, 1905, as the guests of my cousin Emlen Roosevelt, who took a special car for the occasion, the members of my family, my husband, and myself started for the inauguration of Theodore Roosevelt as President. Memories crowd about me of those two or three days at the White House. The atmosphere was one of great family gayety, combined with an underlying seriousness which showed the full realization felt by my brother of the great duties which he was again to assume, this time as the choice of the people.

What a day it was, that inaugural day! As usual, the personal came so much into it. The night before, Mr. John Hay[4] sent him a ring with a part of the lock of

[4] One of Lincoln's private secretaries at the time of his death, and later joint author with Nicolay of the most authoritative biography of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln's hair which John Hay himself had cut from the dead President's forehead almost immediately after his assassination. I have never known my brother to receive a gift for which he cared so deeply. To wear that ring on the day of his own inauguration as President of the United States, elected to the office by the free will of the great American people, was to him, perhaps, the highest fulfillment of his desires. The day dawned dark and threatening and with snow filtering through the clouds, but occasionally rifts of sunlight broke through the somber bank of gray. The ceremonies were fraught, to those of us who loved him so deeply, with great solemnity. The Vice-President taking his oath in the senate-chamber, the arrival there of the judges of the Supreme Court, the glittering uniforms of the foreign ambassadors and their suites, the appearance of the President-elect, and our withdrawal to the porch of the Capitol, from which he was to make his inaugural address—all of this remains indelibly impressed upon my mind. His solemn, ardent words as he dedicated himself afresh to the service of the country, the great crowd straining to hear each sentence, the eager attitude of the guard of honor (his beloved Rough Riders)—all made a vivid picture never to be forgotten. An eye-witness wrote as follows: "Old Chief Justice Fuller with his beautiful white hair and his long, judicial gown administered the oath, and Roosevelt repeated it so loudly that he could be heard in spite of the wind. In fact the wind rather added to the impressiveness than otherwise, as it gave the President a chance

to throw back his shoulders to resist it, and that gave you a wonderful feeling of strength that went splendidly with the speech itself. The speech was short, and was mainly a plea for the 'Peace of Justice' as compared with the 'Peace of the Coward.' It was very stirring. The applause was tremendous."

I would have my readers remember that when Theodore Roosevelt pleaded for such a peace it was in 1905, nine years before peace was broken by the armies of the Huns, and during those long years he never once failed to preach that doctrine, and to the last moment of his life abhorred and denounced the peace of the coward.

Following quickly on his inaugural speech came the luncheon at the White House, at which friends from New York were as cordially welcomed as were Bill Sewall's large family from the Maine woods and Will Merrifield, who, now a marshal, brought the greetings of the State of Montana. After luncheon we all went out on the reviewing-stand. The President stood at the front of the box, his hat always off in response to the salutes. The great procession lasted for hours—West Pointers and naval cadets followed by endless state organizations, governors on horseback, cowboys waving their lassos and shouting favorite slogans (they even lassoed a couple of men, *en passant*), Chief Joseph, the grand old man of the Nez Percé [5] tribe, gorgeously caparisoned, his brilliant headdress waving in the wind, followed by a body of Indians only a shade less superb in costume, and then a hundred

[5] Nez Percé, a tribe of Indians, most of them residents of Idaho.

and fifty Harvard fellows in black gowns and caps—and how they cheered for the President as they passed the stand! Surely there was never before such an inauguration of any President in Washington. Never was there such a feeling of personal devotion in so many hearts. Other Presidents have had equal admiration, equal loyalty perhaps, but none has had that loyalty and admiration given by so liberal and varied a number of his fellow countrymen.

It was dark before we left the stand, and soon inside of the White House there followed a reception to the Rough Riders. What a happy time the President had with them recalling by-gone adventures, while the Roosevelt and Robinson children ran merrily about listening to the wonderful stories and feeding the voracious Rough Riders. Later the President went bareheaded to the steps under the porte-cochère and received the cowboys, who rode past one after another, joyfully shaking hands with their old chief, ready with some joke for his special benefit, to which there was always a repartee. It was a unique scene as they cheered the incoming magnate under the old porte-cochère, and one never to be repeated. And then the Harvard men filed past to shake hands. Needless to say, dinner was rather late, though very merry, and we were all soon off to the inaugural ball. It was a beautiful sight, the hall enormous, with two rows of arches and pillars, one above the other, along each side. The floor was absolutely crowded with moving people, all with their faces straining up at our box. Ten thousand people

bought tickets. Mr. Matthew Hale, then tutor to my nephew Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has described the scene as follows: "The whole room was beautifully decorated with lights and wreaths and flowers. As I stood looking down on the great pageant I felt as though I were in some other world,—as though these people below there and moving in and out were not real people, but were all part of some great mechanism built for our special benefit. And then my feeling would change to the other extreme when I thought of each one of those men and women as individuals, each one thinking, and feeling and acting according to his own will,—and that all, just for that one night, came together for a common purpose, to see the President. Soon an open place appeared in the throng before us, and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and behind them Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks, walked to the other end of the hall and back, while the people cheered and cheered." And soon it was time to go back to the White House, and then, best of all, came what we used to call a "back-hair" talk in Theodore and Edith's room. What fun we had as we talked the great day over in comfortable déshabille! A small round bottle of old wine was found somewhere by Mrs. Roosevelt, and the family drank the President's health, and we talked of old times and childhood days, and of the dear ones whose hearts would have glowed so warmly had they lived to see that day. We laughed immoderately over all kinds of humorous happenings, and we could hardly bear to say "good night," we still felt so gay, so full of life and fun, so in-

vigorated and stimulated by the excitement and by the deeper thoughts and desires, which, however, only took the form that night of increasing hilarity!

Shortly after that March inauguration my daughter Corinne, just eighteen, was asked by her kind aunt to pay a visit at the White House, and I impressed upon her the wonderful opportunity she would have of listening to the great men of the world at the informal luncheon gatherings which were a feature of my brother's incumbency. "Do not miss a word," I said to my daughter. "Uncle Ted brings to luncheon all the great men in Washington—almost always several members of the cabinet, and any one of interest who is visiting there. Be sure and listen to everything. You will never hear such talk again." When she returned home from that visit I eagerly asked her about the wonderful luncheons at the White House, where I had so frequently sat spellbound. My somewhat irreverent young daughter said: "Mother, I laughed internally all through the first luncheon at the White House during my visit. Uncle Ted was perfectly lovely to me, and took me by the hand and said: 'Corinny, dear, you are to sit at my right hand today, and you must have the most delightful person in the room on your other side.' With that he glanced at the distinguished crowd of gentlemen who were surrounding him waiting to be assigned to their places, and picking out a very elderly gentleman with a long white beard, he said with glowing enthusiasm: 'You shall have John Burroughs, the great naturalist.' I confess I had hoped for some secretary

in the cabinet, but, no, Uncle Ted did not think there was any one in the world that compared in thrilling excitement to his wonderful old friend and lover of birds. Even so, I thought, 'Mother would wish me to learn all about natural history, and I shall hear marvelous ornithological tales, even if politics must be put aside.' But even in that I was somewhat disappointed, for at the very beginning of luncheon Uncle Ted leaned across me to Mr. Burroughs and said: 'John, this morning I heard a chippy sparrow, and he sang twee, twee, right in my ear.' Mr. Burroughs, with a shade of disapproval on his face, said: 'Mr. President, you must be mistaken. It was not a *chippy* sparrow if it sang twee, twee. The note of the *chippy* sparrow is twee, twee, twee.' From that moment the great affairs of our continent, the international crises of all kinds were utterly forgotten, while the President of the United States and his esteemed guest, the great naturalist, discussed with a good deal of asperity whether that chippy sparrow had said 'twee, twee,' or 'twee, twee, twee.' We rose from the table with the question still unsettled." My brother always loved to hear my daughter tell this story, although his face would assume a somewhat sheepish expression as she dilated on the difference between her mother's prognostications of what a luncheon at the White House would mean from an intellectual standpoint, and what the realization actually became!

In spite of my daughter's experience, however, I can say with truth that there never were such luncheons as those luncheons at the White House during my brother's

life there. The secretary of state, Mr. Elihu Root, with his unusual knowledge, his pregnant wit, and quiet, brilliant sarcasm; the secretary of war, Mr. Taft, with his gay smile and ready response; Mr. Moody, the attorney-general, with his charming culture and universal kindliness, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the brilliant scholar and statesman, my brother's most intimate friend and constant companion, were frequent members of the luncheon-parties, and always, the most distinguished visitor to Washington, from whatever country or from whatever State of our own country, would be brought in with the same informal hospitality and received for the time being by President and Mrs. Roosevelt into the intimacy of family life. The whole cabinet would occasionally adjourn from one of their most important meetings to the lunch-table, and then the President and Mr. Root would cap each other's stories of the way in which this or that question had been discussed during the cabinet meeting. I doubt also if ever there were quite such cabinet meetings as were held during those same years!

That spring Mr. Robinson and I took my daughter to Porto Rico to visit Governor and Mrs. Beekman Winthrop. My brother believed strongly in young men, and having admired the intelligence of young Beekman Winthrop (he came of a fine old New York family) as circuit judge in the Philippines, he decided to make him governor of Porto Rico. He was only twenty-nine, and his charming wife still younger, but they made a most ideal couple as administrators of the beautiful island. After having been

with them in the old palace for about a week, and having enjoyed beyond measure all that was so graciously arranged for us, I was approached one day by Governor Winthrop, who told me that he was much distressed at the behavior of a certain official and that he felt sure that the President would not wish the man to remain in office, for he was actually a disgrace to the United States. "Mrs. Robinson," he said, "will you not go to the President on your return, and tell him that I am quite sure he would not wish to return this man in office? I know the President likes us to work with the tools which have been given us, and I dislike beyond measure to seem not to be able to do so, but I am convinced that this man should not represent the United States in this island." "Have you your proofs, Beekman?" I asked. "I should not be willing to approach my brother with any such criticism without accurate proofs." "I most assuredly have them," he answered, and sure enough he *did* have them, and I shortly afterward sailed with them back to New York. Immediately upon my arrival I telegraphed my brother as follows: "Would like to see you on Porto Rican business. When shall I come?" One of Theodore Roosevelt's most striking characteristics was the rapidity with which he answered letters or telegrams. One literally felt that one had not posted a letter or sent the telegram rushing along the wire before the rapid answer came winging back again, and *that* particular telegram was no exception to the rule. I had rather hoped for a week's quiet in which to get settled after my trip to Porto Rico, but that was

not to be. The rapid-fire answer read as follows: "Come tomorrow." Of course there was nothing for me to do but go "tomorrow." It was late in April, and as I drove up to the White House from the station, I thought how lovely a city was Washington in the springtime. The yellow forsythias gave a golden glow to the squares, and the soft hanging petals of the fringe-trees waved in the scented air. I never drove under the White House porte-cochère without a romantic feeling of excitement at the realization that it was *my* brother, lover of Lincoln, lover of America, who lived under the roof which symbolized all that America means to her children. As I went up the White House steps, he blew out of the door, dressed for his ride on horseback. His horse and that of a companion were waiting for him. He came smilingly toward me, welcomed me, and said: "Edie has had to go to Philadelphia for the night to visit Nellie Tyler, so we are all alone, and I have ordered dinner out on the back porch, for it is so warm and lovely, and there is a full moon, and I thought we could be so quiet there. I have so much to tell you. All sorts of political things have happened during your absence, and besides that I have learned several new poems of Kipling and Swinburne, and I feel like reciting them to you in the moonlight!" "How perfectly lovely," I replied, "and when shall I see you about Porto Rico?" A slight frown came on his brow, and he said, "Certainly not tonight," and then rather sternly: "You have your appointment at nine o'clock tomorrow morning in the office to discuss business matters." Then with a

returning smile: "I will be back pretty soon. Good-by." And he jumped on his horse and clattered away toward Rock Creek.

It all came true, although it almost seemed like a fairy-tale. We *had* that dinner *à deux* on the lovely portico at the rear of the White House looking toward the Washington Monument—that portico was beautifully reproduced by Sargent's able brush for Mrs. Roosevelt later—and under the great, soft moon, with the scent of shrub and flower in the air, he recited Kipling and Swinburne, and then falling into more serious vein, gave me a vivid description of some difficulty he had had with Congress, which had refused to receive a certain message which he had written and during the interval between the sending of it and their final decision to receive it, he had shut himself up in his library, glad to have a moment of unexpected leisure, and had written an essay, which he had long desired to write, on the Irish sagas. The moon had waned and the stars were brighter and deeper before we left the portico. We never could go to bed when we were together, and I am so glad that we never did!

The next morning I knocked at his door at eight o'clock, to go down to the early breakfast with the children, which was one of the features also, quite as much as were the brilliant lunches, of home life in the White House. He came out of his dressing-room radiant and smiling, ready for the day's work, looking as if he had had eight hours of sleep instead of five, and rippling all over with the laughter which he always infused into those

family breakfasts. As we passed the table at the head of the staircase, at which later in the day my sister's secretary wrote her letters, the telephone-bell on the table rang, and with spontaneous simplicity—not even thinking of ringing a bell for a "menial" to answer the telephone call—he picked up the receiver himself as he passed by. His face assumed a listening look, and then a broad smile broke over his features. "No," he said. "No, I am not Archie, I am Archie's father." A second passed and he laughed aloud, and then said: "All right, I will tell him; I won't forget." Hanging up the receiver, he turned to me half-sheepishly but very much amused. "That's a good joke on any President," he said. "You may have realized that there was a little boy on the other end of that wire, and he started the conversation by saying, 'Is that you, Archie?' and I replied, 'No, it is Archie's father.' Whereupon he answered, with evident disgust: 'Well, you'll *do*. Be sure and tell Archie to come to supper. Now, don't forget.' 'How the creatures order you about!' " he gayly quoted from our favorite book, *Alice in Wonderland,* and proceeded to run at full speed down to the breakfast-room. There the children greeted us vociferously, and the usual merry breakfast ensued. For that half-hour he always belonged to the children. Questions and answers about their school life, their recreation when out of school, etc., etc., followed in rapid succession, interspersed with various fascinating tales told by him for their special edification.

After they had dispersed there was still a half-hour

From a photograph, copyright by C. Le Gendre.

Theodore Roosevelt with his little granddaughter, Edith Roosevelt Derby, 1918. (From Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's *My Brother* Theodore Roosevelt. Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

left before he went to the office at 9 o'clock, and whenever I visited the White House (my visits were rather rare, as my husband, being a busy real-estate broker in New York, could not often break away) that half-hour was always given to me, and we invariably walked around the great circle at the back of the White House. It was his most vigorous moment of the day, that hour from 8:30 to 9. He had not yet met the puzzling defeats and compromises necessitated by the conflicting interests of the many appointments in the office, and he was fresh and vivid, interested in the problems that were to be brought to him for solution that day, and observant of everything around him. I remember that morning as we walked around the circle he was discussing a very serious problem that had to be decided immediately, and he held his forefinger straight up, and said: "You know my temperament always wants to get there"—putting his other forefinger on the apex of the first. "I naturally wish to reach the goal of my desire, but would I not be very blind and stupid if, because I couldn't get *there,* I decided to stay here [changing his right forefinger to the base of the left] rather than get here"—finishing his simile by placing the right finger to the third notch of the finger on his other hand.

Just as he was finishing this simile his eye caught sight of a tiny object on the pathway, so minute a little brown spot that I should never have noticed it; but he stooped, picked it up, and held it between his forefinger and thumb, looking at it eagerly, and then muttering

somewhat below his breath: "Very early for a fox-sparrow." He threw the tiny piece of fluff again upon the path. "How do you know that that was a feather from a fox-sparrow, Theodore?" I said, in my usual astonishment at his observation and information. "I can understand how you might know it was a sparrow, but how know it belonged to the fox-sparrow rather than to any of the other innumerable little creatures of that species?" He was almost deprecatory in his manner as he said in reply: "Well, you see I have really made a great study of sparrows." And then we were back at the entrance to the White House, and in a moment I leaned out of the dining-room window and watched him walk across the short space between that window and the office, his head thrown back, his shoulders squared to meet the difficulties of the day, and every bit of him alert, alive, and glowing with health and strength and power and mentality.

I went upstairs, put on my "best bib and tucker," and proceeded to go around the other way to the front door of the offices. As I rang the bell the dear old man who always opened the door greeted me warmly, and said: "Yes, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, your appointment is at 9. It is just time." I went into the outer hall, where a number of the appointees of 9:15, 9:30, etc., were already waiting, to be surely on hand for their appointments, and in a moment or two Mr. Loeb opened the door of the private office of the President, and came out into the hall and said in a rather impersonal way, "Mrs. Douglas Robinson's appointment," and I was shown into

the room. My brother was seated at a large table, and on it was every imaginable paper marked "Porto Rico." As I entered he was still reading one of these papers. He looked up, and I almost felt a shock as I met what seemed to be a pair of perfectly opaque blue eyes. I could hardly believe they were the eyes of the brother with whom I had so lately parted, the eyes that had glistened as he recited the poems of Kipling and Swinburne, the eyes that had almost closed to see better the tiny breast-fluff of the fox-sparrow. These were rather cold eyes, the eyes of a just judge, eyes that were turned upon his sister as they would have been turned upon any other individual who came to him in connection with a question about which he must give his most careful and deliberate decision. He waved me to a chair, finished the paper he was reading, and then turning to me, his eyes still stern and opaque, he said: "I believe you have come to see me on business connected with Porto Rico. Kindly be as condensed as possible." I decided to meet him on his own ground, and made my eyes as much like his as possible, and was as condensed as possible. Having listened carefully to my short story, he said: "Have you proof of this?" still rather sternly. Again I decided to answer as he asked, and I replied: "I should not be here, wasting your time and mine, did I not have adequate proof." With that I handed him the notes made by the governor of Porto Rico, and proceeded to explain them. He became a little less severe after reading them, but no less serious, and turning to me more gently, said: "This is a

very serious matter. I have got to be sure of the correctness of these statements. A man's whole future hangs upon my decision." For a moment I felt like an executioner, but realizing as I did the shocking and disgraceful behavior of the official in question, I knew that no sentimentality on my part should interfere with the important decision to be made, and I briefly backed up all that the governor had written. I can still hear the sound of the President's pen as he took out the paper on which the man's name was inscribed, and with one strong stroke effaced that name from official connection with Porto Rico forever. That was the way that Theodore Roosevelt did business with his sister.

During that same year, 1905, the old Provençal poet Frédéric Mistral [6] sent him his volume called "Mireille," and the acknowledgment of the book seems to me to express more than almost any other letter ever written by my brother the spirit which permeated his whole life. It shows indisputably that though he had reached the apex of his desires, that though he was a great President of a great country, perhaps the most powerful ruler at the moment of any country, that his ideals for that country, just as his ideals for himself and for his own beloved home life, were what they had always been before the scepter of power had been clasped by his outstretched hand.

[6] Joint recipient with Echegaray of the Nobel prize in literature in 1904.

White House, Washington,
December 15, 1905.

My dear M. Mistral:

Mrs. Roosevelt and I were equally pleased with the book and the medal, and none the less because for nearly twenty years we have possessed a copy of Mireille. That copy we shall keep for old association's sake, though this new copy with the personal inscription by you must hereafter occupy the place of honor.

All success to you and your associates! You are teaching the lesson that none need more to learn than we of the West, we of the eager, restless, wealth-seeking nation; the lesson that after a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached, then the things that really count in life are the things of the spirit. Factories and railways are good up to a certain point, but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and of lofty endeavor, the homely work-a-day virtues and the heroic virtues—these are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail either the individual or the nation. I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body; I only desire that they shall not make us forget that beside the nation's body there is also the nation's soul.

Again thanking you on behalf of both of us, believe me,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) Theodore Roosevelt.

To M. Frédéric Mistral.

No wonder that Mistral turned to a friend after reading that letter and said with emotion: "It is he who is the new hope of humanity."

QUEEN VICTORIA

Lytton Strachey's two volumes of biography, *Eminent Victorians,* published in 1918, and *Queen Victoria,* 1921, have achieved so remarkable a success that he has been hailed as the founder of a new school of biography. That is not quite true, perhaps, for others have used the same interpretative method, the method of brushing aside previous conceptions of a biographical subject, and studying the material at hand until the author feels competent to draw his own conclusions, which may or may not agree with those of other writers. But Mr. Strachey conveys his impression with such a delightful ironic wit, with such a perfect concentration of idea into appropriate phrase, that we have an impression of something new and vigorous and stimulating. He sees Victoria in a different light from that in which most of her loving subjects saw her, and we are startled at the unexpected truth of his point of view.

To be the Queen of England for nearly sixty-four years, and so well loved a queen, to give one's name to an age so renowned for its advance in science and in industry, and for its achievement in literature, is perhaps enough to make a biography interesting; but it is in her character that Mr. Strachey arouses most interest. Victoria was born in 1819, the daughter of an English duke and a German princess. She was very quietly and carefully reared. The adored Baroness Lehzen became her governess when she was five years old, and remained with her after the Queen's marriage. Just after her eighteenth birthday her uncle William IV died, and she became the Queen of England. Another uncle, Leopold of Belgium, sent over his faithful friend, Baron Stockmar, as a kind of private political adviser. At that time Lord Melbourne, a leading Whig, fifty-eight years old, was Prime Minister, and a strong friendship sprang up between the brilliant statesman and the young girl-queen. She was not quite twenty-one when she was married to her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. The portion here quoted has to do with her life about two years after her marriage. Baron Stockmar and the Prince had quietly brought about the removal of Baroness Lehzen, whose influence over the Queen had been very great. A year before this the Whig Minis-

try had been compelled to resign, and the Tory Ministry under Sir Robert Peel was formed, so that Lord Melbourne's influence with the Queen practically came to an end. The way was thus left open for Prince Albert to "become, in effect, the King of England."

Lytton Strachey was born in 1880, and is the son of Sir Richard Strachey. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1912 he published the book which first attracted attention to his remarkable gift of style, *Landmarks in French Literature*. In 1922 there also appeared a volume of critical essays, *Books and Characters*. Of his four books, however, *Queen Victoria* has had the greatest popular appeal.

MARRIAGE[1]

By LYTTON STRACHEY

THE early discords had passed away completely—resolved into the absolute harmony of married life. Victoria, overcome by a new, an unimagined revelation, had surrendered her whole soul to her husband. The beauty and the charm which so suddenly had made her his at first were, she now saw, no more than but the outward manifestation of the true Albert. There was an inward beauty, an inward glory which, blind that she was, she had then but dimly apprehended, but of which now she was aware in every fiber of her being—he was good—he was great! How could she ever have dreamt of setting up her will against his wisdom, her ignorance against his knowledge, her fancies against his perfect taste? Had she really once loved London and late hours and dissipation? She who now was only happy in the country, she who jumped out of bed every morning—oh, so early!—with Albert, to take a walk, before breakfast, with Albert alone! How wonderful it was to be taught by him! To be told by him which trees were which; and to learn all about the bees! And then to sit doing cross-stitch while he read aloud to her Hallam's *Constitutional History of England!* Or to listen to him playing on his new organ ("The organ is the first of instruments," he said); or

[1] Copyright, 1921. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company.

to sing to him a song by Mendelssohn, with a great deal of care over the time and the breathing, and only a very occasional false note! And, after dinner, too—oh, how good of him! He had given up his double chess! And so there could be found games at the round table, or every one could spend the evening in the most amusing way imaginable—spinning counters and rings. When the babies came it was still more wonderful. Pussy was such a clever little girl ("I am not Pussy! I am the Princess Royal!" she had angrily exclaimed on one occasion); and Bertie—well, she could only pray *most* fervently that the little Prince of Wales would grow up to "resemble his angelic dearest Father in *every, every* respect, both in body and mind." Her dear Mamma, too, had been drawn once more into the family circle, for Albert had brought about a reconciliation, and the departure of Lehzen had helped to obliterate the past. In Victoria's eyes, life had become an idyll, and, if the essential elements of an idyll are happiness, love and simplicity, an idyll it was; though, indeed, it was of a kind that might have disconcerted Theocritus.[2] "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy," wrote Her Majesty in her journal, "in such a smart white merino dress trimmed with blue, which Mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her, and she was very dear and good. And, as my precious, invaluable Albert sat there, and our little Love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God."

[2] Theocritus, a Greek pastoral poet.

The past—the past of only three years since—when she looked back upon it, seemed a thing so remote and alien that she could explain it to herself in no other way than as some kind of delusion—an unfortunate mistake. Turning over an old volume of her diary, she came upon this sentence—"As for 'the confidence of the Crown,' God knows! No *Minister, no friend* EVER possessed it so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine!" A pang shot through her—she seized a pen, and wrote upon the margin—"Reading this again, I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness *mine* was *then,* and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved Husband *real* and solid happiness, which no Politics, no worldly reverses *can* change; it could not have lasted long as it was then, for after all, kind and excellent as Lord M. is, and kind as he was to me, it was but in Society that I had amusement, and I was only living on that superficial resource, which I *then fancied* was happiness! Thank God! for *me* and others, this is changed, and I *know what* REAL *happiness is*—V. R." How did she know? What is the distinction between happiness that is real and happiness that is felt? So a philosopher—Lord M. himself perhaps—might have inquired. But she was no philosopher, and Lord M. was a phantom, and Albert was beside her, and that was enough.

Happy, certainly, she was; and she wanted every one to know it. Her letters to King Leopold are sprinkled thick with raptures. "Oh! my dearest uncle, I am sure if you knew *how* happy, how blessed I feel, and how *proud*

I feel in possessing *such* a perfect being as my husband . . ." such ecstasies seemed to gush from her pen unceasingly and almost of their own accord. When, one day, without thinking, Lady Lyttelton described some one to her as being "as happy as a queen," and then grew a little confused, "Don't correct yourself, Lady Lyttelton," said Her Majesty. "A queen *is* a very happy woman."

But this new happiness was no lotus dream. On the contrary, it was bracing, rather than relaxing. Never before had she felt so acutely the necessity for doing her duty. She worked more methodically than ever at the business of State; she watched over her children with untiring vigilance. She carried on a large correspondence; she was occupied with her farm—her dairy—a whole multitude of household avocations—from morning till night. Her active, eager little body hurrying with quick steps after the long strides of Albert down the corridors and avenues of Windsor, seemed the very expression of her spirit. Amid all the softness, the deliciousness of unmixed joy, all the liquescence, the overflowings of inexhaustible sentiment, her native rigidity remained. "A vein of iron," said Lady Lyttelton, who, as royal governess, had good means of observation, "runs through her most extraordinary character."

Sometimes the delightful routine of domestic existence had to be interrupted. It was necessary to exchange Windsor for Buckingham Palace, to open Parliament, or to interview official personages, or, occasionally, to entertain foreign visitors at the Castle. Then the quiet Court

Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and the royal family.
(From Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.)

put on a sudden magnificence, and sovereigns from over the seas—Louis Philippe, or the King of Prussia, or the King of Saxony—found at Windsor an entertainment that was indeed a royal one. Few spectacles in Europe, it was agreed, produced an effect so imposing as the great Waterloo banqueting hall, crowded with guests in sparkling diamonds and blazing uniforms, the long walls hung with the stately portraits of heroes, and the tables loaded with the gorgeous gold plate of the kings of England. But, in that wealth of splendor, the most imposing spectacle of all was the Queen. The little *hausfrau,* who had spent the day before walking out with her children, inspecting her live stock, practicing shakes at the piano, and filling up her journal with adoring descriptions of her husband, suddenly shone forth, without art, without effort, by a spontaneous and natural transition, the very culmination of Majesty. The Tsar of Russia himself was deeply impressed. Victoria on her side viewed with secret awe the tremendous Nicholas. "A great event and a great compliment *his* visit certainly is," she told her uncle, "and the people *here* are extremely flattered at it. He is certainly a *very striking* man; still very handsome. His profile is *beautiful,* and his manners *most* dignified and graceful; extremely civil—quite alarmingly so, as he is so full of attentions and *politeness.* But the expression of the *eyes* is *formidable,* and unlike anything I ever saw before." She and Albert and "the good King of Saxony," who happened to be there at the same time, and whom, she said, "we like much—he is *so* unassuming"

—drew together like tame villatic fowl in the presence of that awful eagle. When he was gone, they compared notes about his face, his unhappiness, and his despotic power over millions. Well! She for her part could not help pitying him, and she thanked God she was Queen of England.

When the time came for returning some of these visits, the royal pair set forth in their yacht, much to Victoria's satisfaction. "I do love a ship!" she exclaimed, ran up and down ladders with the greatest agility, and cracked jokes with the sailors. The Prince was more aloof. They visited Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu; they visited King Leopold in Brussels. It happened that a still more remarkable Englishwoman was in the Belgian capital, but she was not remarked; and Queen Victoria passed unknowing before the steady gaze of one of the mistresses in M. Héger's *pensionnat*.[3] "A little stout, vivacious lady, very plainly dressed—not much dignity or pretension about her," was Charlotte Brontë's comment as the royal carriage and six flashed by her, making her wait on the pavement for a moment, and interrupting the train of her reflections. Victoria was in high spirits, and even succeeded in instilling a little cheerfulness into her uncle's somber Court. King Leopold, indeed, was perfectly contented. His dearest hopes had been fulfilled; all his ambitions were satisfied; and for the rest of his life he had only to enjoy, in undisturbed de-

[3] Charlotte Brontë, author of *Jane Eyre,* was at that time teaching English in M. Héger's school in Brussels.

corum, his throne, his respectability, the table of precedence, and the punctual discharge of his irksome duties. But unfortunately the felicity of those who surrounded him was less complete. His Court, it was murmured, was as gloomy as a conventicle, and the most dismal of all the sufferers was his wife. "Pas de plaisanteries, madame!" he had exclaimed to the unfortunate successor of the Princess Charlotte, when, in the early days of their marriage, she had attempted a feeble joke. Did she not understand that the consort of a constitutional sovereign must not be frivolous? She understood, at last, only too well; and when the startled walls of the state apartments reëchoed to the chattering and the laughter of Victoria, the poor lady found that she had almost forgotten how to smile.

Another year, Germany was visited, and Albert displayed the beauties of his home. When Victoria crossed the frontier, she was much excited—and she was astonished as well. "To hear the people speak German," she noted in her diary, "and to see the German soldiers, etc., seemed to me so singular." Having recovered from this slight shock, she found the country charming. She was fêted everywhere, crowds of the surrounding royalties swooped down to welcome her, and the prettiest groups of peasant children, dressed in their best clothes, presented her with bunches of flowers. The principality of Coburg, with its romantic scenery and its well-behaved inhabitants, particularly delighted her; and when she woke up one morning to find herself in "dear Rosenau, my Albert's

birthplace," it was "like a beautiful dream." On her return home, she expatiated, in a letter to King Leopold, upon the pleasures of the trip, dwelling especially upon the intensity of her affection for Albert's native land. "I have a feeling," she said, "for our dear little Germany, which I cannot describe. I felt it at Rosenau so much. It is a something which touches me, and which goes to my heart, and makes me inclined to cry. I never felt at any other place that sort of pensive pleasure and peace which I felt there. I fear I almost like it too much."

The husband was not so happy as the wife. In spite of the great improvement in his situation, in spite of a growing family and the adoration of Victoria, Albert was still a stranger in a strange land, and the serenity of spiritual satisfaction was denied him. It was something, no doubt, to have dominated his immediate environment; but it was not enough; and, besides, in the very completeness of his success, there was a bitterness. Victoria idolized him; but it was understanding that he craved for, not idolatry; and how much did Victoria, filled to the brim though she was with him, understand him? How much does the bucket understand the well? He was lonely. He went to his organ and improvised with learned modulations until the sounds, swelling and subsiding through elaborate cadences, brought some solace to his heart. Then, with the elasticity of youth, he hurried off to play with the babies, or to design a new pigsty, or to read aloud the *Church History of Scotland* to Victoria, or to pirouette before her on one toe, like a ballet-dancer, with

a fixed smile, to show her how she ought to behave when she appeared in public places. Thus did he amuse himself; but there was one distraction in which he did not indulge. He never flirted—no, not with the prettiest ladies of the Court. When, during their engagement, the Queen had remarked with pride to Lord Melbourne that the Prince paid no attention to any other woman, the cynic had answered, "No, that sort of thing is apt to come later"; upon which she had scolded him severely, and then hurried off to Stockmar to repeat what Lord M. had said. But the Baron had reassured her; though in other cases, he had replied, that might happen, he did not think it would in Albert's. And the Baron was right. Throughout their married life no rival female charms ever had cause to give Victoria one moment's pang of jealousy.

What more and more absorbed him—bringing with it a curious comfort of its own—was his work. With the advent of Peel, he began to intervene actively in the affairs of the State. In more ways than one—in the cast of their intelligence, in their moral earnestness, even in the uneasy formalism of their manners—the two men resembled each other; there was a sympathy between them; and thus Peel was ready enough to listen to the advice of Stockmar, and to urge the Prince forward into public life. A royal commission was about to be formed to inquire whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament to encourage the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom; and Peel, with great perspicacity, asked the Prince to preside over it. The work was of

a kind which precisely suited Albert: his love of art, his love of method, his love of coming into contact—close yet dignified—with distinguished men—it satisfied them all; and he threw himself into it *con amore*. Some of the members of the commission were somewhat alarmed when, in his opening speech, he pointed out the necessity of dividing the subjects to be considered into "categories"—the word, they thought, smacked dangerously of German metaphysics; but their confidence returned when they observed His Royal Highness's extraordinary technical acquaintance with the processes of fresco painting. When the question arose as to whether the decorations upon the walls of the new buildings should, or should not, have a moral purpose, the Prince spoke strongly for the affirmative. Although many, he observed, would give but a passing glance to the works, the painter was not therefore to forget that others might view them with more thoughtful eyes. This argument convinced the commission, and it was decided that the subjects to be depicted should be of an improving nature. The frescoes were carried out in accordance with the commission's instructions, but unfortunately before very long they had become, even to the most thoughtful eyes, totally invisible. It seems that His Royal Highness's technical acquaintance with the processes of fresco painting was incomplete.

The next task upon which the Prince embarked was a more arduous one: he determined to reform the organization of the royal household. This reform had been long

overdue. For years past the confusion, discomfort, and extravagance in the royal residences, and in Buckingham Palace particularly, had been scandalous; no reform had been practicable under the rule of the Baroness; but her functions had now devolved upon the Prince, and in 1844, he boldly attacked the problem. Three years earlier, Stockmar, after careful inquiry, had revealed in an elaborate memorandum an extraordinary state of affairs. The control of the household, it appeared, was divided in the strangest manner between a number of authorities, each independent of the other, each possessed of vague and fluctuating powers, without responsibility, and without coördination. Of these authorities, the most prominent were the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain—noblemen of high rank and political importance, who changed office with every administration, who did not reside with the Court, and had no effective representatives attached to it. The distribution of their respective functions was uncertain and peculiar. In Buckingham Palace, it was believed that the Lord Chamberlain had charge of the whole of the rooms, with the exception of the kitchen, sculleries, and pantries, which were claimed by the Lord Steward. At the same time, the outside of the Palace was under the control of neither of these functionaries—but of the Office of Woods and Forests; and thus, while the insides of windows were cleaned by the Department of the Lord Chamberlain—or possibly, in certain cases, of the Lord Steward—the Office of Woods and Forests cleaned their outsides. Of the servants, the house-

keepers, the pages, and the housemaids were under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain; the clerk of the kitchen, the cooks, and the porters were under that of the Lord Steward; but the footmen, the livery-porters, and the under-butlers took their orders from yet another official—the Master of the Horse. Naturally, in these circumstances the service was extremely defective and the lack of discipline among the servants disgraceful. They absented themselves for as long as they pleased and whenever the fancy took them; "and if," as the Baron put it, "smoking, drinking, and other irregularities occur in the dormitories, where footmen, etc., sleep ten and twelve in each room, no one can help it." As for Her Majesty's guests, there was nobody to show them to their rooms, and they were often left, having utterly lost their way in the complicated passages, to wander helpless by the hour. The strange divisions of authority extended not only to persons but to things. The Queen observed that there was never a fire in the dining-room. She inquired why. The answer was "the Lord Steward lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it"; the underlings of those two great noblemen having failed to come to an accommodation, there was no help for it—the Queen must eat in the cold.

A surprising incident opened every one's eyes to the confusion and negligence that reigned in the Palace. A fortnight after the birth of the Princess Royal the nurse heard a suspicious noise in the room next to the Queen's bedroom. She called to one of the pages, who, looking

under a large sofa, perceived there a crouching figure "with a most repulsive appearance." It was "the boy Jones." This enigmatical personage, whose escapades dominated the newspapers for several ensuing months, and whose motives and character remained to the end ambiguous, was an undersized lad of 17, the son of a tailor, who had apparently gained admittance to the Palace by climbing over the garden wall and walking in through an open window. Two years before he had paid a similar visit in the guise of a chimney-sweep. He now declared that he had spent three days in the Palace, hiding under various beds, that he had "helped himself to soup and other eatables," and that he had "sat upon the throne, seen the Queen, and heard the Princess Royal squall." Every detail of the strange affair was eagerly canvassed. *The Times* reported that the boy Jones had "from his infancy been fond of reading," but that "his countenance is exceedingly sullen." It added: "The sofa under which the boy Jones was discovered, we understand, is one of the most costly and magnificent material and workmanship, and ordered expressly for the accommodation of the royal and illustrious visitors who call to pay their respects to Her Majesty." The culprit was sent for three months to the "House of Correction." When he emerged, he immediately returned to Buckingham Palace. He was discovered, and sent back to the "House of Correction" for another three months, after which he was offered £4 a week by a music hall to appear upon the stage. He refused this offer, and shortly afterwards was found by the

police loitering round Buckingham Palace. The authorities acted vigorously, and, without any trial or process of law, shipped the boy Jones off to sea. A year later his ship put into Portsmouth to refit, and he at once disembarked and walked to London. He was rearrested before he reached the Palace, and sent back to his ship, the *Warspite*. On this occasion it was noticed that he had "much improved in personal appearance and grown quite corpulent"; and so the boy Jones passed out of history, though we catch one last glimpse of him in 1844 falling overboard in the night between Tunis and Algiers. He was fished up again; but it was conjectured—as one of the *Warspite's* officers explained in a letter to *The Times*—that his fall had not been accidental, but that he had deliberately jumped into the Mediterranean in order to "see the life-buoy light burning." Of a boy with such a record, what else could be supposed?

But discomfort and alarm were not the only results of the mismanagement of the household; the waste, extravagance, and peculation that also flowed from it were immeasurable. There were preposterous perquisites and malpractices of every kind. It was, for instance, an ancient and immutable rule that a candle that had once been lighted should never be lighted again; what happened to the old candles, nobody knew. Again, the Prince, examining the accounts, was puzzled by a weekly expenditure of thirty-five shillings on "Red Room Wine." He inquired into the matter, and after great difficulty discovered that in the time of George III a room in Windsor

Castle with red hangings had once been used as a guard-room, and that five shillings a day had been allowed to provide wine for the officers. The guard had long since been moved elsewhere, but the payment for wine in the Red Room continued, the money being received by a half-pay officer who held the sinecure position of under-butler.

After much laborious investigation, and a stiff struggle with the multitude of vested interests which had been brought into being by long years of neglect, the Prince succeeded in effecting a complete reform. The various conflicting authorities were induced to resign their powers into the hands of a single official, the Master of the Household, who became responsible for the entire management of the royal palaces. Great economies were made, and the whole crowd of venerable abuses was swept away. Among others, the unlucky half-pay officer of the Red Room was, much to his surprise, given the choice of relinquishing his weekly emolument or of performing the duties of an under-butler. Even the irregularities among the footmen, etc., were greatly diminished. There were outcries and complaints; the Prince was accused of meddling, of injustice, and of saving candle-ends; but he held on his course, and before long the admirable administration of the royal household was recognized as a convincing proof of his perseverance and capacity.

At the same time his activity was increasing enormously in a more important sphere. He had become the Queen's Private Secretary, her confidential adviser, her second

self. He was now always present at her interviews with Ministers. He took, like the Queen, a special interest in foreign policy; but there was no public question in which his influence was not felt. A double process was at work; while Victoria fell more and more absolutely under his intellectual predominance, he, simultaneously, grew more and more completely absorbed by the machinery of high politics—the incessant and multifarious business of a great State. Nobody any more could call him a dilettante; he was a worker, a public personage, a man of affairs. Stockmar noted the change with exultation. "The Prince," he wrote, "has improved very much lately. He has evidently a head for politics. He has become, too, far more independent. His mental activity is constantly on the increase, and he gives the greater part of his time to business, without complaining." "The relations between husband and wife," added the Baron, "are all one could desire."

Long before Peel's ministry came to an end, there had been a complete change in Victoria's attitude towards him. His appreciation of the Prince had softened her heart; the sincerity and warmth of his nature, which, in private intercourse with those whom he wished to please, had the power of gradually dissipating the awkwardness of his manners, did the rest. She came in time to regard him with intense feelings of respect and attachment. She spoke of "our worthy Peel," for whom, she said, she had "an *extreme* admiration" and who had shown himself "a man of unbounded *loyalty, courage,* patriotism, and

high-mindedness, and his conduct towards me has been *chivalrous* almost, I might say." She dreaded his removal from office almost as frantically as she had once dreaded that of Lord M. It would be, she declared, a *great calamity*. Six years before, what would she have said, if a prophet had told her that the day would come when she would be horrified by the triumph of the Whigs? Yet there was no escaping it; she had to face the return of her old friends. In the ministerial crises of 1845 and 1846, the Prince played a dominating part. Everybody recognized that he was the real center of the negotiations—the actual controller of the forces and the functions of the Crown. The process by which this result was reached had been so gradual as to be almost imperceptible; but it may be said with certainty that, by the close of Peel's administration, Albert had become, in effect, the King of England.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Americans have one subject for biography in whom interest never fades, one man the drama of whose life maintains a continual appeal. Abraham Lincoln seems to have been for us "not for an age, but for all time." He died over sixty years ago, and this year there have been written at least seven biographies of him. The most interesting one by far is Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln.* He abandons the old method of telling a vast number of facts and letting these facts tell the whole story; he tries to reveal the inner personality of the man, to explain how Lincoln became what he was. He sees him as the product of a thousand formative influences, he traces the growth and slow development of his greatness, and he brings out the epic quality in the life of a national hero.

But although other men have tried to do some of these things, they have not used quite the same means. Carl Sandburg as a poet has an acknowledged position as an artist in words, words strong and vigorous and often brutal. With these words, carriers of color, sound, motion, and the like, he helps us live through Lincoln's experiences by picturing them concretely, and we understand that the little boy on the Indiana farm was much like the rest of us, even though there was so much potential greatness in him.

There is a kind of special fitness in having Carl Sandburg write a biography of Lincoln. In his poems he has always seemed to be trying to express the life of the Middle West, the region we especially associate with Lincoln. Louis Untermeyer says that his poetry is the product of a "strength that derives its inspiration from the earth." Sandburg feels, as these chapters quoted will show, that a part of Lincoln's powerful personality came from his early contact with the "hard and dark strength" of the earth. Sandburg is a disciple of Walt Whitman, who knew and loved Lincoln. If you look through a volume of Sandburg's poems, you will conclude, from the frequent references to Lincoln, that he has long been the poet's hero.

Sandburg was born at Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878, the son of a Swedish immigrant. During his early youth, he drifted from

one occupation to another, gaining a variety of experience in the ranks of unskilled labor. In 1898 he joined a volunteer company as private, and saw active service in Porto Rico in the war with Spain. From 1898 to 1902 he attended Lombard College in Galesburg. Since then he has had considerable newspaper experience, and has published three volumes of poetry which have been very popular: *Chicago Poems, Cornhuskers,* and *Smoke and Steel.* His *Rootabaga Stories* and *Rootabaga Pigeons* are delightful tales for children, and are equally pleasing to older people who have never outgrown *Alice in Wonderland.*

A PIONEER BOYHOOD IN INDIANA[1]

By CARL SANDBURG

DURING the year 1817, little Abe Lincoln, eight years old, going on nine, had an ax put in his hands, and helped his father cut down trees and notch logs for the corners of their new cabin, forty yards from the pole-shed where the family was cooking, eating, and sleeping.

Wild turkey, ruffed grouse, partridge, coon, rabbit, were to be had for the shooting of them. Before each shot Tom Lincoln took a rifle-ball out of a bag and held the ball in his left hand; then with his right hand holding the gunpowder horn he pulled the stopper with his teeth, slipped the powder into the barrel, followed with the ball; then he rammed the charge down the barrel with a hickory ramrod held in both hands, looked to his trigger, flint, and feather in the touchhole—and he was ready to shoot.

Having loaded his shotgun just that way several thousand times in his life, he could do it in the dark or with his eyes shut. Once Abe took the gun as a flock of wild turkeys came toward the new log cabin, and, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of the big birds; and after that, somehow, he never felt like pulling the trigger on game-birds. A mile from the cabin was a salt lick where deer came; there the boy could have easily

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shot the animals, as they stood rubbing their tongues along the salty slabs or tasting of a saltish ooze. His father did the shooting; the deer killed gave them meat for Nancy's skillet; and the skins were tanned, cut, and stitched into shirts, trousers, mitts, moccasins. They wore buckskin; their valley was called the Buckhorn Valley.

After months, the cabin stood up, four walls fitted together with a roof, a one-room house eighteen feet square, for a family to live in. A stick chimney plastered with clay ran up outside. The floor was packed and smoothed dirt. A log-fire lighted the inside; no windows were cut in the walls. For a door there was a hole cut to stoop through. Bedsteads were cleated to the corners of the cabin; pegs stuck in the side of a wall made a ladder for young Abe to climb up in a loft to sleep on a hump of dry leaves; rain and snow came through chinks of the roof onto his bear-skin cover. A table and three-legged stools had the top sides smoothed with an ax, and the bark-side under, in the style called "puncheon."

A few days of this year in which the cabin was building, Nancy told Abe to wash his face and hands extra clean; she combed his hair, held his face between her two hands, smacked him a kiss on the mouth, and sent him to school—nine miles and back—Abe and Sally hand in hand hiking eighteen miles a day. Tom Lincoln used to say Abe was going to have "a real eddication," explaining, "You air a-goin' to larn readin', writin', and cipherin'."

He learned to spell words he didn't know the mean-

ing of, spelling the words before he used them in sentences. In a list of "words of eight syllables accented upon the sixth," was the word "incomprehensibility." He learned that first, and then such sentences as "Is he to go in?" and "Ann can spin flax."

Some neighbors said, "It's a pore make-out of a school," and Tom complained it was a waste of time to send the children nine miles just to sit with a lot of other children and read out loud all day in a "blab" school. But Nancy, as she cleaned Abe's ears in corners where he forgot to clean them, and as she combed out the tangles in his coarse, sandy black hair, used to say, "Abe, you go to school now, and larn all you kin." And he kissed her and said, "Yes, Mammy," and started with his sister on the nine-mile walk through timberland where bear, deer, coon, and wildcats ran wild.

Fall time came with its early frost and they were moved into the new cabin, when horses and a wagon came breaking into the clearing one day. It was Tom and Betsy Sparrow and their seventeen-year-old boy, Dennis Hanks, who had come from Hodgenville, Kentucky, to cook and sleep in the pole-shed of the Lincoln family till they could locate land and settle. Hardly a year had passed, however, when both Tom and Betsy Sparrow were taken down with the "milk sick," [2] beginning with a whitish coat on the tongue. Both died and

[2] Milk sickness—a peculiar malignant disease, occurring in some of the western states, and affecting certain kinds of farm stock and persons who make use of the meat or dairy products of infected cattle.

were buried in October on a little hill in a clearing in the timbers near by.

Soon after, there came to Nancy Hanks Lincoln that white coating of the tongue; her vitals burned; the tongue turned brownish; her feet and hands grew cold and colder, her pulse slow and slower. She knew she was dying, called for her children, and spoke to them her last choking words. Sarah and Abe leaned over the bed. A bony hand of the struggling mother went out, putting its fingers into the boy's sandy black hair; her fluttering guttural words seemed to say he must grow up and be good to his sister and father.

Some weeks later, when David Elkin, elder of the Methodist church, was in that neighborhood, he was called on to speak over the grave of Nancy Hanks. He had been acquainted with her in Kentucky, and to the Lincoln family and a few neighbors he spoke of good things she had done, sweet ways she had of living her life in this Vale of Tears, and her faith in another life yonder past the River Jordan.

So, on a bed of poles cleated to the corner of the cabin, the body of Nancy Hanks Lincoln lay, looking tired . . . tired . . . with a peace settling in the pinched corners of the sweet, weary mouth, silence slowly etching away the lines of pain and hunger drawn around the gray eyes where now the eyelids closed down in the fine pathos of unbroken rest, a sleep without interruption settling about the form of the stooped and wasted shoulder-bones, looking to the children who tiptoed in, stood still, cried

their tears of want and longing, whispered "Mammy, Mammy," and heard only their own whispers answering, looking to these little ones of her brood as though new secrets had come to her in place of the old secrets given up with the breath of life.

And Tom Lincoln took a log left over from the building of the cabin, and he and Dennis Hanks whipsawed the log into planks, planed the planks smooth, and made them of a measure for a box to bury the dead wife and mother in. Little Abe, with a jackknife, whittled pinewood pegs. And then, while Dennis and Abe held the planks, Tom bored holes and stuck the whittled pegs through the bored holes. This was the coffin, and they carried it the next day to the same little timber clearing near by, where a few weeks before they had buried Tom and Betsy Sparrow. It was in the way of the deer-run leading to the saltish water; light feet and shy hoofs ran over those early winter graves.

So the woman, Nancy Hanks, died, thirty-six years old, a pioneer sacrifice, with memories of monotonous, endless everyday chores, of mystic Bible verses read over and over for their promises, and with memories of blue wistful hills and a summer when the crab-apple blossoms flamed white and she carried a boy-child into the world.

The "milk sick" took more people in that neighborhood the same year, and Tom Lincoln whipsawed planks for more coffins. One settler lost four milch cows and eleven calves. The nearest doctor for people or cattle

was thirty-five miles away. The wilderness is careless.

Lonesome and dark months came for Abe and Sarah. Worst of all were the weeks after their father went away, promising to come back.

Elizabethtown, Kentucky, was the place Tom Lincoln headed for. As he footed it through the woods and across the Ohio River, he was saying over to himself a speech—the words he would say to Sarah Bush Johnston, down in Elizabethtown. Her husband had died, a few years before, and she was now in Tom's thoughts.

He went straight to the house where she was living in Elizabethtown, and speaking to her as "Miss Johnston," he argued: "I have no wife and you no husband. I came a-purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal and you knowed me from a boy. I've no time to lose; and if you're willin' let it be done straight off."

Her answer was, "I got debts." She gave him a list of the debts; he paid them; a license was issued; and they were married on December 2, 1819.

He could write his name; she couldn't write hers. Trying to explain why the two of them took up with each other so quickly, Dennis Hanks at a later time said, "Tom had a kind o' way with women, an' maybe it was somethin' she took comfort in to have a man that didn't drink an' cuss none."

Little Abe and Sarah, living in the lonesome cabin on Little Pigeon Creek, Indiana, got a nice surprise one morning when four horses and a wagon came into their clearing, and their father jumped off, then Sarah Bush

Lincoln, the new wife and mother, then John, Sarah, and Matilda Johnston, Sarah Bush's three children by her first husband. Next off the wagon came a feather mattress, feather pillows, a black walnut bureau, a large clothes-chest, a table, chairs, pots and skillets, knives, forks, spoons.

Abe ran his fingers over the slick wood of the bureau, pushed his fist into the feather pillows, sat in the new chairs, and wondered to himself, because this was the first time he had touched such fine things, such soft slick things.

"Here's your new mammy," his father told Abe as the boy looked up at a strong, large-boned, rosy woman, with a kindly face and eyes, with a steady voice, steady ways. The cheek-bones of her face stood out and she had a strong jaw-bone; she was warm and friendly for Abe's little hands to touch, right from the beginning. As one of her big hands held his head against her skirt he felt like a cold chick warming under the soft feathers of a big wing. She took the corn-husks Abe had been sleeping on, piled them in the yard and said they would be good for a pig-pen later on; and Abe sunk his head and bones that night in a feather pillow and a feather mattress.

Ten years pass with that cabin on Little Pigeon Creek for a home, and that farm and neighborhood the soil for growth. There the boy Abe grows to be the young man, Abraham Lincoln.

Ten years pass and the roots of a tree spread out finding water to carry up to branches and leaves that are in the sun, they thicken, the forked limbs shine and grow

wider in the sun, they pray with their leaves in the rain and the whining wind; the tree arrives, the mystery of its coming, spreading, growing, a secret not even known to the tree itself; it stands with its arms stretched to the corners the four winds come from, with its murmured testimony, "We are here, we arrived, our roots are in the earth of these years," and beyond that short declaration, it speaks nothing of the decrees, fates, accidents, destinies, that made it an apparition of its particular moment.

Abe Lincoln grows up. His father talks about the waste of time in "eddication"; it is enough "to larn readin', writin,' cipherin' "; but the staunch, yearning stepmother Sarah Bush Lincoln comes between the boy and the father. And the father listens to the stepmother and lets her have her way.

When he was eleven years old, Abe Lincoln's young body began to change. The juices and glands began to make a long, tall boy out of him. As the months and years went by, he noticed his lean wrists getting longer, his legs too, and he was now looking over the heads of other boys. Men said, "Land o' Goshen, that boy air a-growin'!"

As he took on more length, they said he was shooting up into the air like green corn in the summer of a good corn-year. So he grew. When he reached seventeen years of age, and they measured him, he was six feet, nearly four inches, high, from the bottoms of his moccasins to the top of his skull.

These were years he was handling the ax. Except in spring plowing-time and the fall fodder-pulling, he was handling the ax nearly all the time. The insides of his hands took on callus thick as leather. He cleared openings in the timber, cut logs and puncheons, split firewood, built pig-pens.

He learned how to measure with his eye the half-circle swing of the ax so as to nick out the deepest possible chip from off a tree-trunk. The trick of swaying his body easily on the hips so as to throw the heaviest possible weight into the blow of the ax—he learned that.

On winter mornings he wiped the frost from the ax-handle, sniffed sparkles of air into his lungs, and beat a steady cleaving of blows into a big tree—till it fell—and he sat on the main log and ate his noon dinner of corn bread and fried salt pork—and joked with the gray squirrels that frisked and peeped at him from high forks of near-by walnut trees.

He learned how to make his ax flash and bite into a sugar-maple or a sycamore. The outside and the inside look of black walnut and black oak, hickory and jack oak, elm and white oak, sassafras, dogwood, grapevines, sumac—he came on their secrets. He could guess close to the time of the year, to the week of the month, by the way the leaves and branches of trees looked.

Often he worked alone in the timbers, all day long with only the sound of his own ax, or his own voice speaking to himself, or the crackling and swaying of branches in the wind, and the cries and whirs of animals,

of brown and silver-gray squirrels, of partridges, hawks, crows, turkeys, sparrows, and the occasional wildcats.

The tricks and whimsies of the sky, how to read clear skies and cloudy weather, the creeping vines of ivy and wild grape, the recurrence of dogwood blossoms in spring, the ways of snow, rain, drizzle, sleet, the visitors of sky and weather coming and going hour by hour—he tried to read their secrets, he tried to be friendly with their mystery.

So he grew, to become hard, tough, wiry. The muscle on his bones and the cords, tendons, cross-weaves of fiber, and nerve centers, these became instruments to obey his wishes. He found with other men he could lift his own end of a log—and more too. One of the neighbors said he was as strong as three men. Another said, "He can sink an ax deeper into wood than any man I ever saw." And another, "If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin', you would say there was three men at work by the way the trees fell."

He was more than a tough, long, rawboned boy. He amazed men with his man's lifting power. He put his shoulders under a new-built corncrib one day and walked away with it to where the farmer wanted it. Four men, ready with poles to put under it and carry it, didn't need their poles. He played the same trick with a chicken house; at the new, growing town of Gentryville near by, they said the chicken house weighed six hundred pounds, and only a big boy with a hard backbone could get under it and walk away with it.

A blacksmith shop, a grocery, and a store had started up on the crossroads of the Gentry farm. And one night after Abe had been helping thresh wheat on Dave Turnham's place, he went with Dennis Hanks, John Johnston, and some other boys to Gentryville where the farm-hands sat around with John Baldwin, the blacksmith, and Jones, the storekeeper, passed the whisky jug, told stories, and talked politics and religion and gossip. Going home late that night, they saw something in a mud puddle alongside the road. They stepped over to see whether it was a man or a hog. It was a man—drunk—snoring—sleeping off his drunk—on a frosty night outdoors in a cold wind.

They shook him by the shoulders, doubled his knees to his stomach, but he went on sleeping, snoring. The cold wind was getting colder. The other boys said they were going home, and they went away leaving Abe alone with the snoring sleeper in the mud puddle. Abe stepped into the mud, reached arms around the man, slung him over his shoulders, carried him to Dennis Hanks's cabin, built a fire, rubbed him warm and left him sleeping off the whisky.

And the man afterward said Abe saved his life. He told John Hanks, "It was mighty clever of Abe to tote me to a warm fire that night."

So he grew, living in that Pigeon Creek cabin for a home, sleeping in the loft, climbing up at night to a bed just under the roof, where sometimes the snow and the rain drove through the cracks, eating sometimes at a table

where the family had only one thing to eat—potatoes. Once at the table, when there were only potatoes, his father spoke a blessing to the Lord for potatoes; the boy murmured, "Those are mighty poor blessings." And Abe made jokes once when company came and Sally Bush Lincoln brought out raw potatoes, gave the visitors a knife apiece, and they all peeled raw potatoes, and talked about the crops, politics, religion, gossip.

Days when they had only potatoes to eat didn't come often. Other days in the years they had "yaller-legged chicken" with gravy, and corn dodgers with shortening, and berries and honey. They tasted of bear meat, deer, coon, quail, grouse, prairie turkey, catfish, bass, perch.

Abe knew the sleep that comes after long hours of work outdoors, the feeling of simple food changing into blood and muscle as he worked in those young years clearing timberland for pasture and corn crops, cutting loose the brush, piling it and burning it, splitting rails, pulling the crosscut saw and the whipsaw, driving the shovel-plow, harrowing, planting, hoeing, pulling fodder, milking cows, churning butter, helping neighbors at house raisings, log-rollings, corn-huskings.

He found he was fast, strong, and keen when he went against other boys in sports. On farms where he worked, he held his own at scuffling, knocking off hats, wrestling. The time came when around Gentryville and Spencer County he was known as the best "rassler" of all, the champion. In jumping, foot-racing, throwing the maul,

pitching the crowbar, he carried away the decisions against the lads of his own age always, and usually won against those older than himself.

He earned his board, clothes, and lodgings, sometimes working for a neighbor farmer. He watched his father, while helping make cabinets, coffins, cupboards, window frames, doors. Hammers, saws, pegs, cleats, he understood first-hand, also the scythe and the cradle for cutting hay and grain, the corn-cutter's knife, the leather piece to protect the hand while shucking corn, and the horse, the dog, the cow, the ox, the hog. He could skin and cure the hides of coon and deer. He lifted the slippery two-hundred-pound hog carcass, head down, holding the hind hocks up for others of the gang to hook, and swing the animal clear of the ground. He learned where to stick a hog in the under side of the neck so as to bleed it to death, how to split it in two, and carve out the chops, the parts for sausage grinding, for hams, for "cracklings."

Farmers called him to butcher for them at thirty-one cents a day, this when he was sixteen and seventeen years old. He could "knock a beef in the head," swing a maul and hit a cow between the eyes, skin the hide, halve and quarter it, carve out the tallow, the steaks, kidneys, liver.

And the hiding-places of fresh spring water under the earth crust had to be in his thoughts; he helped at well-digging; the wells Tom Lincoln dug went dry one year and another; neighbors said he was always digging

a well and had his land "honey-combed"; and the boy, Abe, ran the errands and held the tools for the well-digging.

When he was eighteen years old, he could take an ax at the end of the handle and hold it out in a straight horizontal line, easy and steady—he had strong shoulder muscles and steady wrists early in life. He walked thirty-four miles in one day, just on an errand, to please himself, to hear a lawyer make a speech. He could tell his body to do almost impossible things, and the body obeyed.

Growing from boy to man, he was alone a good deal of the time. Days came often when he was by himself all the time except at breakfast and supper hours in the cabin home. In some years more of his time was spent in loneliness than in the company of other people. It happened, too, that this loneliness he knew was not like that of people in cities who can look from a window on streets where faces pass and repass. It was the wilderness loneliness he became acquainted with, solved, filtered through body, eye, and brain, held communion with in his ears, in the temples of his forehead, in the works of his beating heart.

He lived with trees, with the bush wet with shining raindrops, with the burning bush of autumn, with the lone wild duck riding a north wind and crying down on a line north to south, the faces of open sky and weather, the ax which is an individual one-man instrument, these he had for companions, books, friends, talkers, chums of his endless changing soliloquies.

His moccasin feet in the winter-time knew the white spaces of snowdrifts piled in whimsical shapes against timber slopes or blown in levels across the fields of last year's cut cornstalks; in the summer-time his bare feet toughened in the gravel of green streams while he laughed back to the chatter of bluejays in the red-haw trees or while he kept his eyes ready in the slough quack-grass for the cow-snake, the rattler, the copperhead.

He rested between spells of work in the spring-time when the upward push of the coming out of the new grass can be heard, and in autumn weeks when the rustle of a single falling leaf lets go a whisper that a listening ear can catch.

He found his life thrown in ways where there was a certain chance for a certain growth. And so he grew. Silence found him; he met silence. In the making of him as he was, the element of silence was immense.

It was a little country of families living in one-room cabins. Dennis Hanks said at a later time, "We lived the same as the Indians, 'ceptin' we took an interest in politics and religion."

Cash was scarce; venison hams, bacon slabs, and barrels of whisky served as money; there were seasons when storekeepers asked customers, "What kind of money have you today?" because so many sorts of wildcat dollar bills were passing around. In sections of timberland, wild hogs were nosing out a fat living on hickory nuts, walnuts, acorns; it was said the country would be full

of wild hogs if the wolves didn't find the litters of young pigs a few weeks old and kill them.

Farmers lost thirty and forty sheep in a single wolf raid. Toward the end of June came "fly time," when cows lost weight and gave less milk because they had to fight flies. For two or three months at the end of summer, horses weakened, unless covered with blankets, under the attacks of horse-flies; where one lighted on a horse, a drop of blood oozed; horses were hitched to branches of trees that gave loose rein to the animals, room to move and fight flies.

Men and women went barefoot except in the colder weather; women carried their shoes in their hands and put them on just before arrival at church meetings or at social parties.

Rains came, loosening the top soil of the land where it was not held by grass roots; it was a yellow clay that softened to slush; in this yellow slush many a time Abe Lincoln walked ankle-deep; his bare feet were intimate with the clay dust of the hot dog-days, with the clay mud of spring and fall rains; he was at home in clay. In the timbers with his ax, on the way to chop, his toes, heels, soles, the balls of his feet, climbed and slid in banks and sluices of clay. In the cornfields, plowing, hoeing, cutting, and shucking, again his bare feet spoke with the clay of the earth; it was in his toenails and stuck on the skin of his toe-knuckles. The color of clay was one of his own colors.

In the short and simple annals of the poor, it seems

there are people who breathe with the earth and take into their lungs and blood some of the hard and dark strength of its mystery. During six and seven months each year in the twelve fiercest formative years of his life, Abraham Lincoln had the pads of his foot-soles bare against clay of the earth. It may be the earth told him in her own tough gypsy slang one or two knacks of living worth keeping. To be organic with running wildfire and quiet rain, both of the same moment, is to be carrier of wave-lines the earth gives up only on hard usage.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE

Sometimes we have a combination of many fine things in one biography: a life story intimately interwoven with an historical period like the Great War; a biography of a great and good man who was blessed in addition with a fascinating and lovable personality; and a record largely composed of some of the most remarkable letters ever written, equal in literary merit to any of the great letters of the past. Such a book is *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page,* Ambassador to Great Britain during the World War.

Walter Page was a great statesman and patriot, a great editor and publisher, and he was also a great educator and humanitarian. A Mr. Nicolson of the Foreign Office said that he felt Mr. Page was perhaps the greatest gentleman he had ever known. The chapter in this biography called "The Forgotten Man," shows what the schools of the South owe him for his efforts in behalf of education. The Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, which is to be devoted to postgraduate study in the field of world affairs, is a most fitting memorial to a man who believed in "the immortality of democracy and in growth everlasting."

Although Mr. Hendrick's biographical work has been done in a fine and sympathetic fashion, the letters themselves, which cover the period extending from the eve of the World War almost to its conclusion, are the best revelation of Walter Page's greatness of spirit. Of all the material at the disposal of the biographer, such as diaries, autobiographies, letters, reminiscences of friends and associates, and the like, spontaneous letters are the very finest. Letters to his relatives, to his friends, to Colonel House, to President Wilson—the recipients must all have felt as President Wilson did when he wrote to Page: "Your letters are a lamp to my feet."

Walter Hines Page was born in North Carolina in 1855, and his early childhood was spent within sight and sound of the Civil War. He attended Randolph-Macon College, and was one of the original fellows when Johns Hopkins first opened in 1876. After college he spent a year in teaching English to boys and several years in various kinds of newspaper work.

In 1887 he went with the *Forum,* of which he was manager and editor for eight years. His work was so brilliant that he was invited to the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly,* but in a few years he, with Mr. Frank N. Doubleday, started the publishing house of Doubleday, Page and Company, and Page began editing the *World's Work.* In 1913 President Wilson appointed him Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. He died in December, 1918, from illness brought on by overwork during the war.

Burton J. Hendrick, who joined the staff of the *World's Work* in 1913, was educated at Yale, and has done much editorial and staff work on the *New York Evening Post* and *McClure's Magazine,* and later on the *World's Work.* During the war he wrote many articles of current interest. He was co-author with Admiral Sims of *The Victory at Sea,* which in 1920 won the Pulitzer prize for the best work of the year on the history of the United States. In 1923, *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* won the Pulitzer prize in biography.

ENGLAND BEFORE THE WAR[1]

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

THE London Embassy is the greatest diplomatic gift at the disposal of the President, and, in the minds of the American people, it possesses a glamour and an historic importance all its own. Page came to the position, as his predecessors had come, with a sense of awe; the great traditions of the office; the long line of distinguished men, from Thomas Pinckney[2] to Whitelaw Reid, who had filled it; the peculiar delicacy of the problems that then existed between the two countries; the reverent respect which Page had always entertained for English history, English literature, and English public men—all these considerations naturally quickened the new ambassador's imagination and, at the same time, made his arrival in England a rather solemn event. Yet his first days in London had their grotesque side as well. He himself had recorded his impressions, and, since they contain an important lesson for the citizens of the world's richest and most powerful Republic, they should be preserved. When the ambassador of practically any other country reaches London, he finds waiting for him a spacious and beautiful embassy, filled with a large corps of secretaries and servants—everything ready, to the minutest detail, for the beginning of his labors. He simply enters these

[1] Reprinted by permission of and by arrangement with Doubleday, Page & Company. Copyright, 1921, 1922.

[2] Thomas Pinckney was minister to England from 1792 to 1794.

elaborate state-owned and state-supported quarters and starts work. How differently the mighty United States welcomes its ambassadors let Page's memorandum tell:

The boat touched at Queenstown, and a mass of Irish reporters came aboard and wished to know what I thought of Ireland. Some of them printed the important announcement that I was quite friendly to Ireland! At Liverpool was Mr. Laughlin,[3] Chargé d'Affaires in London since Mr. Reid's death, to meet me, and of course the consul, Mr. Washington. . . . On our arrival in London, Laughlin explained that he had taken quarters for me at the Coburg Hotel, whither we drove after having fought my way through a mob of reporters at the station. One fellow told me that since I left New York the papers had published a declaration by me that I meant to be very "democratic" and would under no conditions wear "knee breeches"; and he asked me about that report. I was foolish enough to reply that the existence of an ass in the United States ought not necessarily to require the existence of a corresponding ass in London. He printed that! I never knew the origin of this "knee breeches" story.

That residence at the Coburg Hotel for three months was a crowded and uncomfortable nightmare. The indignity and inconvenience—even the humiliation—of an ambassador beginning his career in an hotel, especially during the Court season, and a green ambassador at that! I hope I may not die before our Government does the conventional duty to provide ambassadors' residences.

The next morning I went to the Chancery (123, Victoria Street) and my heart sank. I had never in my life been in an American Embassy. I had had no business with them in Paris or in London on my previous visits. In fact I had never been in any embassy except the British Embassy at Washington. But the moment I entered that dark and dingy hall

[3] Mr. Irwin Laughlin, first secretary of the American Embassy in London.

at 123, Victoria Street, between two cheap stores—the same entrance that the dwellers in the cheap flats above used—I knew that Uncle Sam had no fit dwelling there. And the Ambassador's room greatly depressed me—dingy with twenty-nine years of dirt and darkness, and utterly undignified. And the rooms for the secretaries and attachés were the little bedrooms, kitchen, etc., of that cheap flat; that's all it was. For the place we paid $1,500 a year. I did not understand then and I do not understand yet how Lowell, Bayard, Phelps, Hay, Choate, and Reid endured that cheap hole. Of course they stayed there only about an hour a day; but they sometimes saw important people there. And, whether they ever saw anybody there or not, the offices of the United States Government in London ought at least to be as good as a common lawyer's office in a country town in a rural state of our Union. Nobody asked for anything for an embassy: nobody got anything for an embassy. I made up my mind in ten minutes that I'd get out of this place.[4]

At the Coburg Hotel, we were very well situated; but the hotel became intolerably tiresome. Harold Fowler and Frank and I were there until W. A. W. P.[5] and Kitty[6] came (and Frances Clark came with them). Then we were just a little too big a hotel party. Every morning I drove down to the old hole of a Chancery and remained about two hours. There wasn't very much work to do; and my main business was to become acquainted with the work and with people—to find myself with reference to this task, with reference to official life and to London life in general.

Every afternoon people came to the hotel to see me—some to pay their respects and to make life pleasant, some out of mere curiosity, and many for ends of their own. I confess that on many days nightfall found me completely worn out. But the evenings seldom brought a chance to rest. The social season was going at its full gait; and the new ambassador (any

[4] In about a year Page moved the Chancery to the present satisfactory quarters at No. 4 Grosvenor Gardens.

[5] Mrs. Walter H. Page.

[6] Miss Katharine A. Page, the Ambassador's daughter.

new ambassador) would have been invited to many functions. A very few days after my arrival, the Duchess of X invited Frank and me to dinner. The powdered footmen were the chief novelty of the occasion for us. But I was much confused because nobody introduced anybody to anybody else. If a juxtaposition, as at the dinner table, made an introduction imperative, the name of the lady next to you was so slurred that you couldn't possibly understand it.

Party succeeded party. I went to them because they gave me a chance to become acquainted with people.

But very early after my arrival, I was of course summoned by the King. I had presented a copy of my credentials to the Foreign Secretary (Sir Edward Grey) and the real credentials —the original in a sealed envelope—I must present to His Majesty. One morning the King's Master of the Ceremonies, Sir Arthur Walsh, came to the hotel with the royal coaches, four or five of them, and the richly caparisoned grooms. The whole staff of the Embassy must go with me. We drove to Buckingham Palace, and, after waiting a few moments, I was ushered into the King's presence. He stood in one of the drawing rooms on the ground floor looking out on the garden. There stood with him in uniform Sir Edward Grey. I entered and bowed. He shook my hand, and I spoke my little piece of three or four sentences.

He replied, welcoming me and immediately proceeded to express his surprise and regret that a great and rich country like the United States had not provided a residence for its ambassadors. "It is not fair to an ambassador," said he; and he spoke most earnestly.

I reminded him that, although the lack of a home was an inconvenience, the trouble or discomfort that fell on an ambassador was not so bad as the wrong impression which I feared was produced about the United States and its Government, and I explained that we had had so many absorbing domestic tasks and, in general, so few absorbing foreign relations, that we had only begun to develop what might be called an international consciousness.

Sir Edward was kind enough the next time I saw him to

remark that I did that very well and made a good impression on the King.

I could now begin my ambassadorial career proper—call on the other ambassadors and accept invitations to dinners and the like.

I was told after I came from the King's presence that the Queen would receive me in a few minutes. I was shown upstairs, the door opened, and there in a small drawing room stood the Queen alone—a pleasant woman, very royal in appearance. The one thing that sticks in my memory out of this first conversation with her Majesty was her remark that she had seen only one man who had been President of the United States—Mr. Roosevelt. She hoped he was well. I felt moved to remark that she was not likely to see many former Presidents because the office was so hard a task that most of them did not long survive.

"I'm hoping that office will not soon kill the King," she said.

In time Page obtained an entirely adequate and dignified house at 6 Grosvenor Square, and soon found that the American Ambassadorship had compensations which were hardly suggested by his first glimpse of the lugubrious Chancery. He brought to this new existence his plastic and inquisitive mind, and his mighty gusto for the interesting and the unusual; he immensely enjoyed his meetings with the most important representatives of all types of British life. The period of his arrival marked a crisis in British history; Mr. Lloyd George [7] was supposed to be taxing the aristocracy out of existence; Mr. Asquith was accused of plotting the destruction of the House of Lords; the tide of liberalism, even of radicalism, was running high, and, in the judgment of the conserva-

[7] Mr. Lloyd George was at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister.

tive forces, England was tottering to its fall; the gathering mob was about to submerge everything that had made it great. And the Irish question had reached another crisis with the passage of the Home Rule Bill, which Sir Edward Carson was preparing to resist with his Irish "volunteers."

All these matters formed the staple of talk at dinner tables, at country houses and at the clubs; and Page found constant entertainment in the variegated pageant. There were important American matters to discuss with the Foreign Office—more important than any that had arisen in recent years—particularly Mexico and the Panama Tolls. Before these questions are considered, however, it may be profitable to print a selection from the many letters which Page wrote during his first year, giving his impressions of this England which he had always loved and which a closer view made him love and admire still more. These letters have the advantage of presenting a frank and yet sympathetic picture of British society and British life as it was just before the war.

To Frank N. Doubleday

The Coburg Hotel,
Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square,
London, W.

DEAR EFFENDI: [8]

You can't imagine the intensity of the party feeling here. I dined to-night in an old Tory family. They had just had a

[8] "Effendi" is the name by which Mr. F. N. Doubleday, Page's partner, is known to his intimates. It is obviously suggested by the initials of his name.

"division" an hour or two before in the House of Lords on the Home Rule Bill. Six Lords were at the dinner and their wives. One was a Duke, two were Bishops, and the other three were Earls. They expect a general "bust-up." If the King does so and so, off with the King! That's what they fear the Liberals will do. It sounds very silly to me; but you can't exaggerate their fear. The Great Lady, who was our hostess, told me, with tears in her voice, that she had suspended all social relations with the Liberal leaders.

At lunch—just five or six hours before—we were at the Prime Minister's, where the talk was precisely on the other side. Gladstone's granddaughter was there and several members of the Cabinet.

Somehow it reminds me of the tense days of the slavery controversy just before the Civil War.

Yet in the everyday life of the people, you hear nothing about it. It is impossible to believe that the ordinary man cares a fig!

Good-night. You don't care a fig for this. But I'll get time to write you something interesting in a little while.

Yours,
W. H. P.

To Herbert S. Houston[9]

American Embassy
London
Sunday, 24 Aug., 1913.

DEAR H. S. H.:

. . . You know there's been much discussion of the decadence of the English people. I don't believe a word of it. They have an awful slum, I hear, as everybody knows, and they have an idle class. Worse, from an equal-opportunity point-of-view, they have a very large servant-class, and a large class that depends on the nobility and the rich. All these are economic and social drawbacks. But they have always had all these—except that the slum has become larger in modern years. And I don't

[9] Then a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Company.

see or find any reason to believe in the theory of decadence. The world never saw a finer lot of men than the best of their ruling class. You may search the world and you may search history for finer men than Lord Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Harcourt, and other members of the present Cabinet. And I meet such men everywhere—gently bred, high-minded, physically fit, intellectually cultivated, patriotic. If the devotion to old forms and the inertia which makes any change almost impossible strike an American as out-of-date, you must remember that in the grand old times of England, they had all these things and had them worse than they are now. I can't see that the race is breaking down or giving out. Consider how their political morals have been pulled up since the days of the rotten boroughs; consider how their court-life is now high and decent, and think what it once was. British trade is larger this year than it ever was, Englishmen are richer than they ever were and more of them are rich. They write and speak and play cricket, and govern, and fight as well as they have ever done—excepting, of course, the writing of Shakespeare.

Another conclusion that is confirmed the more you see of English life is their high art of living. When they make their money, they stop money-making and cultivate their minds and their gardens and entertain their friends and do all the high arts of living—to perfection. Three days ago a retired soldier gave a garden-party in my honour, twenty-five miles out of London. There was his historic house, a part of it 500 years old; there were his ten acres of garden, his lawn, his trees; and they walk with you over it all; they sit out-of-doors; they serve tea; they take life rationally; they talk pleasantly (not jocularly, nor story-telling); they abhor the smart in talk or in conduct; they have gentleness, cultivation, the best manners in the world; and they are genuine. The hostess has me take a basket and go with her while she cuts it full of flowers for us to bring home; and, as we walk, she tells the story of the place. She is a tenant-for-life; it is entailed. Her husband was wounded in South Africa. Her heir is her nephew. The home, of course, will remain in the family forever. No, they don't go to London

much in recent years; why should they? But they travel a month or more. They give three big tea-parties—one when the rhododendrons bloom and the others at stated times. They have friends to stay with them half the time, perhaps—sometimes parties of a dozen. England never had a finer lot of folk than these. And you see them everywhere. The art of living sanely they have developed to as high a level, I think, as you will find at any time in any land.

The present political battle is fiercer than you would ever guess. The Lords feel that they are sure to be robbed: they see the end of the ordered world. Chaos and confiscation lie before them. Yet that, too, has nearly always been so. It was so in the Reform Bill days. Lord Morley said to me the other day that when all the abolitions had been done, there would be fewer things abolished than anybody hopes or fears, and that there would be the same problems in some form for many generations. I'm beginning to believe that the Englishman has always been afraid of the future—that's what keeps him so alert. They say to me: "You have frightful things happen in the United States—your Governor of New York,[10] your Thaw case, your corruption, etc., etc.; and yet you seem sure and tell us that your countrymen feel sure of the safety of your government." In the newspaper comments on my Southampton speech the other day, this same feeling cropped up; the American Ambassador assures us that the note of hope is the dominant note of the Republic—etc., etc. Yes, they are dull, *in a way*—not dull, so much as steady; and yet they have more solid sense than any other people.

It's an interesting study—the most interesting in the world. The genuineness of the courtesy, the real kindness and the hospitality of the English are beyond praise and without limit. In this they show a strange contradiction to their dickering habits in trade and their "unctuous rectitude" in stealing continents. I know a place in the world now where they are steadily

[10] A reference to William Sulzer, Governor of New York, who at this time was undergoing impeachment.

moving their boundary line into other people's territory. I guess they really believe that the earth belongs to them.

Sincerely,
W. H. P.

To Arthur W. Page [11]

Gordon Arms Hotel, Elgin, Scotland.
September 6, 1913

DEAR ARTHUR:

Your mother and Kitty [12] and I are on our way to see Andy.[13] Had you any idea that to motor from London to Skibo means driving more than eight hundred miles? Our speedometer now shows more than seven hundred and we've another day to go—at least one hundred and thirty miles. And we haven't even had a tire accident. We're having a delightful journey—only this country yields neither vegetables nor fruits, and I have to live on oatmeal. They spell it p-o-r-r-i-d-g-e, and they call it puruge. But they beat all creation as carnivorous folk. We stayed last night at a beautiful mountain hotel at Braemar (the same town whereat Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island") and they had nine kinds of meat for dinner and eggs in three ways, and no vegetables but potatoes. But this morning we struck the same thin oatbread that you ate at Grandfather Mountain.

I've never understood the Scotch. I think they are, without doubt, the most capable race in the world—away from home. But how they came to be so and how they keep up their character and supremacy and keep breeding true needs explanation. As you come through the country, you see the most monotonous and dingy little houses and thousands of robust children, all dirtier than niggers. In the fertile parts of the country, the fields are beautifully cultivated—for Lord This-and-T'Other who lives in London and comes up here in summer to collect his rents and to shoot. The country people seem desperately

[11] The Ambassador's son.
[12] Miss Katharine A. Page.
[13] Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

poor. But they don't lose their robustness. In the solid cities —the solidest you ever saw, all being of granite—such as Edinburgh and Aberdeen, where you see the prosperous class, they look the sturdiest and most independent fellows you ever saw. As they grow old they all look like blue-bellied Presbyterian elders. Scotch to the marrow—everybody and everything seem —bare knees alike on the street and in the hotel with dress coats on, bagpipes—there's no sense in these things, yet being Scotch they live forever. The first men I saw early this morning on the street in front of the hotel were two weather-beaten old chaps, with gray beards under their chins. "Gudddddd Murrrrningggggg, Andy," said one. "Gudddddd murrningggggg, Sandy," said the other; and they trudged on. They'd dethrone kings before they'd shave differently or drop their burrs and gutturals or cover their knees or cease lying about the bagpipe. And you can't get it out of the blood. Your mother [14] becomes provoked when I say these things, and I shouldn't wonder if you yourself resent them and break out quoting Burns. Now the Highlands can't support a population larger than the mountain counties of Kentucky. Now your Kentucky feud is a mere disgrace to civilization. But your Highland feud is celebrated in song and story. Every clan keeps itself together to this day by its history and by its plaid. At a turn in the road in the mountains yesterday there stood a statue of Rob Roy painted every stripe to life. We saw his sword and purse in Sir Walter's house at Abbotsford. The King himself wore the kilt and one of the plaids at the last court ball at Buckingham Palace, and there is a man who writes his name and is called "The Macintosh of Macintosh," and that's a prouder title than the King's. A little handful of sheep-stealing bandits got themselves immortalized and heroized, and they are now all Presbyterian elders. They got *their* church "established" in Scotland, and when the King comes to Scotland, by Jehoshaphat! he is obliged to become a Presbyterian. Yet your Kentucky feudist—poor devil—he comes too late. The Scotchman has preëmpted that

[14] Mrs. Walter H. Page is the daughter of a Scotchman from Ayrshire.

particular field of glory. And all such comparisons make your mother fighting mad. . . .

Affectionately,
W. H. P.

To the President

American Embassy, London.
October 25, 1913.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I am moved once in a while to write you privately, not about any specific piece of public business, but only, if I can, to transmit something of the atmosphere of the work here. And, since this is meant quite as much for your amusement as for any information it may carry, don't read it "in office hours."

The future of the world belongs to us. A man needs to live here, with two economic eyes in his head, a very little time to become very sure of this. Everybody will see it presently. These English are spending their capital, and it is their capital that continues to give them their vast power. Now what are we going to do with the leadership of the world presently when it clearly falls into our hands? [15] And how can we use the English for the highest uses of democracy?

You see their fear of an on-sweeping democracy in their social treatment of party opponents. A Tory lady told me with tears that she could no longer invite her Liberal friends to her house: "I have lost them—they are robbing us, you know." I made the mistake of saying a word in praise of Sir Edward Grey to a duke. "Yes, yes, no doubt an able man; but you must understand, sir, that I don't train with that gang." A bishop explained to me at elaborate length why the very monarchy is doomed unless something befalls Lloyd George and his programme. Every dinner party is made up with strict refer-

[15] The astonishing thing about Page's comment on the leadership of the United States—if it would only take this leadership—is that these letters were written in 1913, a year before the outbreak of the war, and eight years before the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921-22.

ence to the party politics of the guests. Sometimes you imagine you see something like civil war; and money is flowing out of the Kingdom into Canada in the greatest volume ever known and I am told that a number of old families are investing their fortunes in African lands.

These and such things are, of course, mere chips which show the direction the slow stream runs. The great economic tide of the century flows our way. *We* shall have the big world questions to decide presently. Then we shall need world policies; and it will be these old-time world leaders that we shall then have to work with, more closely than now.

The English make a sharp distinction between the American people and the American Government—a distinction that they are conscious of and that they themselves talk about. They do not think of our *people* as foreigners. I have a club book on my table wherein the members are classified as British, Colonial, American, and Foreign—quite unconsciously. But they do think of our Government as foreign, and as a frontier sort of thing without good manners or good faith. This distinction presents the big task of implanting here a real respect for our Government. People often think to compliment the American Ambassador by assuming that he is better than his Government and must at times be ashamed of it. Of course the Government never does this—never—but persons in unofficial life; and I have sometimes hit some hard blows under this condescending provocation. This is the one experience that I have found irritating. They commiserate me on having a Government that will not provide an Ambassador's residence—from the King to my servants. They talk about American lynchings. Even the *Spectator,* in an early editorial about you, said that we should now see what stuff there is in the new President by watching whether you would stop lynchings. They forever quote Bryce on the badness of our municipal government. They pretend to think that the impeachment of governors is common and ought to be commoner. One delicious M. P. asked me: "Now, since the Governor of New York is impeached, who becomes Vice-

President?"[16] Ignorance, unfathomable ignorance. is at the bottom of much of it; if the Town Treasurer of Yuba Dam gets a $100 "rake off" on a paving contract, our city government is a failure.

I am about to conclude that our yellow press does us more harm abroad than at home, and many of the American correspondents of the English papers send exactly the wrong news. The whole governing class of England has a possibly exaggerated admiration for the American people and something very like contempt for the American Government.

If I make it out right two causes (in addition to their ignorance) of their dislike of our Government are (1) its lack of manners in the past, and (2) its indiscretions of publicity about foreign affairs. We ostentatiously stand aloof from their polite ways and courteous manners in many of the every-day, ordinary, unimportant dealings with them—aloof from the common amenities of long-organized political life. . . .

Not one of these things is worth mentioning or remembering. But generations of them have caused our Government to be regarded as thoughtless of the fine little acts of life—as rude. The more I find out about diplomatic customs and the more I hear of the little-big troubles of others, the more need I find to be careful about details of courtesy.

Thus we are making as brave a show as becomes us. I no longer dismiss a princess after supper or keep the whole diplomatic corps waiting while I talk to an interesting man till the Master of Ceremonies comes up and whispers: "Your Excellency, I think they are waiting for you to move." But I am both young and green, and even these folk forgive much to green youth, if it show a willingness to learn.

But our Government, though green, isn't young enough to

[16] Just what this critical Briton had in mind, in thinking that the removal of a New York governor created a vacancy in the Vice-Presidency, is not clear. Possibly, however, he had a cloudy recollection of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt, after serving as Governor of New York State, became Vice-President, and may have concluded from this that the two offices were held by the same man.

plead its youth. It is time that it, too, were learning Old World manners in dealing with Old World peoples. I do not know whether we need a Bureau, or a Major-Domo, or a Master of Ceremonies at Washington, but we need somebody to prompt us to act as polite as we really are, somebody to think of those gentler touches that we naturally forget. Some other governments have such officers—perhaps all. The Japanese, for instance, are newcomers in world politics. But this Japanese Ambassador and his wife here never miss a trick; and they come across the square and ask us how to do it! All the other governments, too, play the game of small courtesies to perfection—the French, of course, and the Spanish and—even the old Turk.

Another reason for the English distrust of our Government is its indiscretions in the past of this sort: one of our Ministers to Germany, you will recall, was obliged to resign because the Government at Washington inadvertently published one of his confidential despatches; Griscom saved his neck only by the skin, when he was in Japan, for a similar reason. These things travel all round the world from one chancery to another and all governments know them. Yesterday somebody in Washington talked about my despatch summarizing my talk with Sir Edward Grey about Mexico, and it appeared in the papers here this morning that Sir Edward had told me that the big business interests were pushing him hard. This I sent as only *my* inference. I had at once to disclaim it. This leaves in his mind a doubt about our care for secrecy. They have monstrous big doors and silent men in Downing Street; and, I am told, a stenographer sits behind a big screen in Sir Edward's room while an Ambassador talks! I wonder if my comments on certain poets, which I have poured forth there to provoke his, are preserved in the archives of the British Empire. The British Empire is surely very welcome to them. I have twice found it useful, by the way, to bring up Wordsworth when he has begun to talk about Panama tolls. Then your friend Canon

Rawnsley [17] has, without suspecting it, done good service in diplomacy.

The newspaper men here, by the way, both English and American, are disposed to treat us fairly and to be helpful. The London *Times,* on most subjects, is very friendly, and I find its editors worth cultivating for their own sakes and because of their position. It is still the greatest English newspaper. Its general friendliness to the United States, by the way, has started a rumor that I hear once in a while —that it is really owned by Americans—nonsense yet awhile. To the fairness and helpfulness of the newspaper men there are one or two exceptions, for instance, a certain sneaking whelp who writes for several papers. He went to the Navy League dinner last night at which I made a little speech. When I sat down, he remarked to his neighbor, with a yawn, "Well, nothing in it for me. The Ambassador, I am afraid, said nothing for which I can demand his recall." They, of course, don't care thrippence about me; it's you they hope to annoy.

Then after beating them at their own game of daily little courtesies, we want a fight with them—a good stiff fight about something wherein we are dead right, to remind them sharply that we have sand in our craw.[18] I pray every night for such a fight; for they like fighting men. Then they'll respect our Government as they already respect us—if we are dead right. But I've little hope for a fight of the right kind with Sir Edward Grey. He is the very reverse of insolent—fair, frank, sympathetic, and he has so clear an understanding of our real character that he'd yield anything that his party and Parliament would permit. He'd make a good American with the use of very little sandpaper. Of course I know him

[17] The Rev. Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley, the well known Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, poet and student of Wordsworth. President Wilson, who used occasionally to spend his vacation in the Lake region, was one of his friends.

[18] It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the Ambassador was thinking only of a diplomatic "fight."

better than I know any other member of the Cabinet, but he seems to me the best-balanced man of them all.

I can assure you emphatically that the tariff act[19] does command their respect and is already having an amazing influence on their opinion of our Government. Lord Mersey, a distinguished law lord and a fine old fellow of the very best type of Englishman, said to me last Sunday, "I wish to thank you for stopping halfway in reducing your tariff; that will only half ruin us." A lady of a political family (Liberal) next whom I sat at dinner the other night (and these women know their politics as no class of women among us do) said: "Tell me something about your great President. We hadn't heard much about him nor felt his hand till your tariff bill passed. He seems to have real power in the Government. You know we do not always know who has power in your Government." Lord Grey, the one-time Governor-General of Canada, stopped looking at the royal wedding presents the other evening long enough to say: "The United States Government is waking up—waking up."

I sum up these atmospheric conditions—I do not presume to call them by so definite a name as recommendations:

We are in the international game—not in its Old World intrigues and burdens and sorrows and melancholy, but in the inevitable way to leadership and to cheerful mastery in the future; and everybody knows that we are in it but us. It is a sheer blind habit that causes us to continue to try to think of ourselves as aloof. They think in terms of races here, and we are of their race, and we shall become the strongest and the happiest branch of it.

While we play the game with them, we shall play it better by playing it under their long-wrought-out rules of courtesy in everyday affairs.

We shall play it better, too, if our Government play it quietly—except when the subject demands publicity. I have

[19] The Underwood Bill revising the tariff "downward" became a law October, 1913. It was one of the first important measures of the new Wilson Administration.

heard that in past years the foreign representatives of our Government have reported too few things and much too meagerly. I have heard since I have been here that these representatives become timid because Washington has for many a year conducted its foreign business too much in the newspapers; and the foreign governments themselves are always afraid of this.

Meantime I hardly need tell you of my appreciation of such a chance to make so interesting a study and to enjoy so greatly the most interesting experience, I really believe, in the whole world. I only hope that in time I may see how to shape the constant progression of incidents into a constructive course of events; for we are soon coming into a time of big changes.

Most heartily yours,
WALTER H. PAGE.

A SUPPLEMENTARY READING LIST OF ONE HUNDRED INTERESTING BIOGRAPHIES

ADAMS, JOSEPH QUINCY, *Life of Shakespeare.*

It is difficult to write authoritatively of a life of which history tells us so little. But of this book Archibald Henderson says: "The best life of Shakespeare. A fascinating biography, rich in exact information and credible surmise."

ADDAMS, JANE, *Twenty Years at Hull House.*

The origin and the activities of Hull House, interwoven with the life of the great social worker who was a large factor in its foundation.

ALDRICH, MRS. THOMAS BAILEY, *Crowding Memories.*

Charming anecdotes of her husband and of many other celebrities. "A work of permanent value to literature; the *Cranford* of New England, but more vivid and vital, for it deals with more vital personalities."—Alfred Noyes.

ANONYMOUS, *The Log Cabin Lady.*

A plea for more definite social training for girls; the story of a young woman born and bred in the Middle West who is suddenly thrust into diplomatic society in London.

ANTIN, MARY, *The Promised Land.*

The story of the "second birth" of a little Jewish girl, who found in America a new and larger life opened for her.

ASQUITH, MARGOT, *Margot Asquith: An Autobiography.*

The gay and gossipy recollections of the wife of a former Prime Minister of England.

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE, *The Conqueror.*

A fascinating narrative of the life of Alexander Hamilton, able and brilliant soldier and statesman of Revolutionary days.

BARRIE, SIR JAMES M., *Margaret Ogilvy.*

The beautiful and touching tribute of the great author to his mother, the little Scotch mother "with the soft face."

BARRUS, CLARA, *John Burroughs—Boy and Man.*

John Burroughs' early life in the country, his experiences in Washington, and his later career as an author and naturalist are told by a long-time friend of the family.

BARTON, BRUCE, *The Man Nobody Knows.*

A life of Christ written from the point of view of a modern business man, and emphasizing the healthy humanness of Jesus and his quiet spiritual triumphs.

BEVERIDGE, ALBERT J., *The Life of John Marshall.*

This book was awarded the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1920. It is a splendid account of the life and work of the great Chief Justice, and it gives a clear picture of the forming of the nation.

BOK, EDWARD, *The Americanization of Edward Bok.*

The editor writes of his experiences from the time when, a little Dutch boy six years old, he came to America. The story of his editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is most interesting. This book won the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1921.

BOK, EDWARD, *A Man from Maine.*

The story of a winner "in the most marvelously fascinating game ever devised and played by men"; the business romance of Cyrus H. K. Curtis.

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL, *Damaged Souls.*

A strange company of damaged souls, Aaron Burr, Thomas Paine, Benedict Arnold, P. T. Barnum; fascinating studies of them by one of the finest biographical writers of today.

BROWN, DR. JOHN, *Marjorie Fleming.*

A brief biography of the little girl whom Sir Walter Scott used to shelter in his plaidie, and whose little verses are so charming.

BRUCE, WILLIAM CABELL, *Benjamin Franklin, Self-Revealed.*

An extensive study of the great statesman, based mainly on his own writings. This book won the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1918.

BUTT, ARCHIBALD (L. F. Abbott, ed.), *The Letters of Archie Butt.*

These letters of Major Archie Butt, who died on the steamship *Titanic*, and who had been personal aide to Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, give a splendid picture of life in the White House.

CANTACUZÈNE, PRINCESS, *My Life Here and There.*

The granddaughter of General Grant tells of her memories of him; of diplomatic life in Vienna; and of her marriage to Prince Cantacuzène and life at the Russian court.

CARLYLE, J. B. W., *Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family.*

Witty and delightful letters written to her cousins, telling of her daily life as the wife of a famous literary man.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW, *Autobiography.*

A poor Scotch boy builds up a great industry and an enormous fortune, and then gives most of his wealth away to help mankind.

CHARNWOOD, LORD, *Abraham Lincoln.*

A wonderful life of Lincoln written by an Englishman, notable both for its understanding of a great American and for the beauty of its style.

CODY, LOUISA FREDERICI, *Memories of Buffalo Bill.*

Buffalo hunting, "boots and saddles," and a great Wild West Show, described in a vivid fashion by the wife of Buffalo Bill.

COHEN, ROSE, *Out of the Shadow.*

The long struggle of a Russian family in adjusting themselves to new conditions in a great city, told very concretely and feelingly.

CUSTER, ELIZABETH B., *Boots and Saddles.*

Garrison and camp life fifty years ago are described in an intimate and detailed fashion, in this story of "Life in Dakota with General Custer."

DAMROSCH, WALTER, *My Musical Life.*

These recollections of one of the best known men in the musical world of America include word-pictures of many prominent musicians and musical events.

DAVIS, CHARLES BELMONT, *Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis.*

The brother of the noted war correspondent and author has edited his letters, all of which are charming, and some of which represent an unusually high type of American journalistic writing.

DAVIS, JAMES J., *The Iron Puddler.*

From iron puddler to Secretary of Labor is a long step, simply and tersely described. The book is a strong plea for vocational education.

DAWSON, SARAH MORGAN, *A Confederate Girl's Diary.*

The remarkable diary of a young southern girl, written during the Civil War period, sometimes within the very sound of battle.

EPLER, PERCY, *Life of Clara Barton.*

This book records many vivid experiences of the "Angel of the Battlefield" during the Civil War; her work in the Franco-Prussian War; the foundation of the American National Red Cross; her work in Cuba, etc.

EVANS, ROBLEY D., *A Sailor's Log.*

Recollections of forty years of life in the navy, covering a great variety of interesting experience.

FORD, HENRY, AND CROWTHER, SAMUEL, *My Life and Work.*
The record of a life "dominated by the idea of business for service. . . . The Henry Ford here revealed is the most significant American of his generation."—Arthur Pound in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

GARLAND, HAMLIN, *A Daughter of the Middle Border.*
Winner of the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1922. A kind of sequel to *A Son of the Middle Border,* carrying on the action of the characters in the first book.

GARLAND, HAMLIN, *Ulysses S. Grant.*
A careful account of the life of the "great warrior of peace," and a sympathetic interpretation of his character.

GASKELL, ELIZABETH, *Charlotte Brontë.*
The most authoritative biography of a very remarkable English novelist.

GOMPERS, SAMUEL, *Seventy Years of Life and Labor.*
The autobiography of a great labor leader, whose life was full of unusual accomplishment and sharp dramatic contrasts.

GOSSE, EDMUND, *Father and Son.*
The record of the religious life of a sensitive and intelligent boy, experiences strangely contrasted with those of his father.

GUEDALLA, PHILIP, *The Second Empire.*
A brilliant biography of Napoleon III, full of lively narration and picturesque description of the final period of the Empire of France.

HAMMOND, JOHN WINTHROP, *Charles Proteus Steinmetz.*
A friendless immigrant and a political fugitive develops amazingly into Steinmetz the world-building scientist and social idealist.

HOWE, M. A. DEWOLFE, *Barrett Wendell and His Letters.*
Winner of the Pulitzer prize for the best biography of the year 1924. It presents the letters of a noted Harvard professor, a teacher of English there for forty years.

HOWE, M. A. DEWOLFE, *Memories of a Hostess.*
"A chronicle of eminent friendships," drawn from the diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields, wife of the famous Boston publisher. Willa Cather says it is "like a Russian novel, with the dull descriptions and heavy reflections left out."

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, *My Mark Twain.*
An intimate portrait of the great humorist drawn by a devoted friend and associate of many years.

HUDSON, W. H., *Far Away and Long Ago.*
A beautifully written story of the author's boyhood in South

America. His descriptions of the plant and animal life of the pampas are fascinating.

JAMES, WILLIAM, *Letters of William James.*

These letters form an autobiography of "the most interesting man of thought in America since Emerson." He has a delicious humor and an extraordinarily wide vocabulary.

JEFFERSON, JOSEPH, *Autobiography.*

A delightfully humorous account of work and play at home and abroad, by the man who, as Otis Skinner says, "made the acting of comedy a science."

JOHNSON, TOM L., *My Story.*

The autobiography of the Cleveland citizen who first advocated three-cent street-railway fares, and whose plans for municipal ownership of public utilities attracted nation-wide attention.

KELLER, HELEN, *The Story of My Life.*

The remarkable story of the girl who triumphed mentally and spiritually over the physical obstacles of deafness and blindness.

KELLOGG, CHARLOTTE, *Mercier.*

A splendid characterization of "The Fighting Cardinal of Belgium," written by an American member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

KENNAN, GEORGE, *E. H. Harriman.*

A detailed history of the early life of a great financier and railroad director, and of the important enterprises in which he was engaged.

KRASINSKA, COUNTESS, *The Journal of the Countess Krasinska.*

This eighteenth-century diary of the great-grandmother of Victor Emmanuel furnishes an interesting picture of the daily life of a young Polish aristocrat, and of her romantic love affair.

LANE, FRANKLIN K., *The Letters of Franklin K. Lane.*

A member of Wilson's cabinet who genuinely loved to write letters puts into these all the charm of his rare personality.

LARCOM, LUCY, *A New England Girlhood.*

The poet who "sang for the mill girls of New England" tells of her girlhood in eastern Massachusetts.

LOWELL, AMY, *John Keats.*

The brilliant and scholarly biography of a great poet written by a great poet.

MACKENZIE, JEAN KENYON, *The Story of a Fortunate Youth.*

His daughter writes, with much humorous charm, "the Biography of an Elderly Gentleman." His early adventures in Scotland and America are delightfully told. "A book for every girl to give her father."

MASSON, ROSALINE, *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"A collection of living memories of the dead writer," gathered from relatives, intimate friends, schoolfellows, and comrades of his later days.

MAURICE, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK, *Robert E. Lee the Soldier.*

A fine biography of the great Confederate leader, especially remarkable for the simplicity and clearness with which complicated military situations are presented.

MAUROIS, ANDRÉ, *Ariel: A Life of Shelley.*

The poet Shelley's marvelous personality is expressed almost in the form of a novel. The style is clever and brilliant.

MCELROY, ROBERT, *Grover Cleveland.*

The authorized biography of this brave and conscientious man gives one, as Elihu Root says, "a sense of satisfaction that his country can on occasion produce and honor such a man as Grover Cleveland."

MEADOWCROFT, WILLIAM H., *Boys' Life of Edison.*

A simple and very readable biography of the Wizard of Menlo Park, largely autobiographical, since it was written by a personal assistant of Mr. Edison.

MILL, HUGH ROBERT, *The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton.*

The authoritative biography of the great Antarctic explorer, written by a friend and geographer of note.

MITCHELL, E. P., *Memoirs of an Editor.*

A half-century in journalism has brought the author into contact with many great men and great events, of which he tells with kindly humor and unvarying interest.

MORLEY, JOHN, *Oliver Cromwell.*

The distinguished English biographer makes real to us one of the greatest figures in history, and one of the most interesting periods in England's struggle for constitutional liberty.

MORRIS, CLARA, *Life on the Stage.*

Struggles followed by startling successes make this narrative a dramatic one, and the fresh and lively style in which it is written increases its interest.

MOTON, ROBERT RUSSA, *Finding a Way Out.*

Dr. Moton, successor of Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee, tells his own story in the hope of helping others of his own race to find "a way out."

MUIR, JOHN, *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth.*
The distinguished explorer and naturalist makes his life in Scotland and on a Wisconsin farm seem like a real adventure.

OSBOURNE, LLOYD, *An Intimate Portrait of R.L.S.*
An impression of Stevenson's personality that, despite its brevity, is more deeply etched than longer, more detailed accounts.

PAINE, ALBERT B., *Mark Twain, a Biography.*
The work of collecting material for this book was begun before Twain's death, and Mr. Paine speaks with authority, as a friend and as Mark Twain's literary executor. It is the best biography of Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

PALMER, G. H., *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.*
The biography of a former president of Wellesley College, written by her husband. Her unique qualities of mind and heart are beautifully and sympathetically portrayed.

PAPINI, GIOVANNI, *Life of Christ.*
The story of Jesus retold with a modern touch, and with much vivid and colorful rhetoric.

PERRY, BLISS, *Walt Whitman.*
The best biography of "the good gray poet"; one of the American Men of Letters series.

PUPIN, MICHAEL, *From Immigrant to Inventor.*
A Serbian boy runs away from home, and in America is swept by his love of science into high places. This autobiography won the Pulitzer prize in June, 1924.

RAINSFORD, W. S., *A Preacher's Story of His Work.*
The autobiography of a rector whose work in Toronto and in New York City was of unusual interest.

RANKIN, HENRY B., *Intimate Character Sketches of Abraham Lincoln.*
Impressions of Lincoln by the young man who entered the law office of Lincoln and Herndon in 1856. These recollections are those, says Ida Tarbell, "of a young man of high nature. . . . They are a precious contribution."

RAVAGE, M. E., *An American in the Making.*
A Rumanian immigrant who fails to find the America he seeks in the great city of New York, is made a real American by life in a Missouri university.

RICHARDS, CAROLINE COWLES, *Village Life in America.*
The diary of a schoolgirl who lived in Canandaigua, New York, and who describes northern village life during the Civil War period.

RIIS, JACOB A., *The Making of an American.*

The autobiography of a journalist and social reformer. The account of his work with Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was police commissioner of New York City is especially interesting.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, *Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles.*

These, with the *Letters to His Children,* afford a most intimate picture of the family life of the Roosevelts. The letters cover a period from 1870 to 1918.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children.*

A record of a great father and a great companion. Roosevelt said, "I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me."

SEITZ, DON C., *The Life and Letters of Joseph Pulitzer.*

One of the most amazing careers in recent American life is dramatically told by one of Pulitzer's intimate friends. The book runs the gamut of romance, struggle, triumph, and tragedy.

SINCLAIR, MAY, *The Three Brontës.*

A brief treatment of the lives of three famous sisters, and a brilliant critical account of their work, especially that of the creator of Jane Eyre.

SOTHERN, EDWARD H., *The Melancholy Tale of Me.*

Pleasant and informal reminiscences of a notable figure in the theatrical world of America.

STEINER, EDWARD A., *From Alien to Citizen.*

The adventures of a Jewish boy who left Hungary and came to America. After he became a college professor, he devoted himself to alleviating the miseries of immigrants through organized work in their behalf.

STEINER, EDWARD A., *Tolstoy, the Man and His Message.*

A study of the great Russian writer and teacher made by a man who has had a close personal acquaintance with him and with his group.

STEPHENSON, NATHANIEL WRIGHT, *Lincoln.*

A biography of Lincoln that traces the evolution of his character, especially as it was affected by the ordeal of war. It is said to be the best single-volume life of Lincoln.

STRACHEY, LYTTON, *Eminent Victorians.*

Brilliant biographical sketches of four eminent Victorians, General Gordon, Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, and Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

SUKLOFF, MARIE, *The Life-Story of a Russian Exile.*
The account of the author's peasant childhood, her girlhood in prison, her exile to Siberia and her escape from there.

TARBELL, IDA M., *In the Footsteps of the Lincolns.*
This book traces the history of the Lincoln family from 1637, and shows that Abraham Lincoln had in his veins the blood of a line of fine, courageous, and intelligent pioneers.

TERRY, ELLEN, *The Story of My Life.*
The varied and interesting recollections of one of the greatest of English actresses.

THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE, *The Life and Letters of John Hay.*
A splendid personal biography of a great statesman, told in part through the vivid and delightful letters of the subject.

THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE, *George Washington.*
A successful attempt to portray the human side of Washington, emphasizing his superb equipment for the ordeals he had to face.

THOMAS, AUGUSTUS, *The Print of My Remembrance.*
An unusually pleasant volume of theatrical reminiscences, told with much humorous anecdote and comment.

TINKER, CHAUNCEY BREWSTER, *Young Boswell.*
A study of the man who was the Great Biographer, made with a careful study of sources, and recorded with sympathy and just appreciation.

TRUDEAU, EDWARD LIVINGSTON, *Autobiography.*
The inspiring story of the physician who has done so much for humanity through his fight at Saranac Lake against tuberculosis.

WASHINGTON, BOOKER T., *Up from Slavery.*
This fine and simple story of the great negro educator, founder of Tuskegee Institute, gives to all Americans a lesson in perseverance and courage.

WEAVER, RAYMOND M., *Herman Melville, Mariner and Mystic.*
The biography of this adventurous author and seaman should appeal to all who have enjoyed reading *Moby Dick* and *Typee.*

WERNER, M. R., *Brigham Young.*
An uneducated Vermont boy rises to be head of a church, general of an army, and governor of a territory. Mr. Werner makes this biography far more interesting than the average novel.

WHITE, WILLIAM ALLEN, *Woodrow Wilson.*
A great subject, handled with sympathy and keenness. The style has unusual color and human interest.

WHITING, EDWARD ELWELL, *Calvin Coolidge.*

Mr. Whiting's book is based on a close acquaintance with Mr. Coolidge, and on an intimate knowledge of state and national politics. His style is simple and very readable.

WHITLOCK, BRAND, *Forty Years of It.*

The autobiography of a versatile and talented man: journalist, lawyer, political reformer, author, and Minister to Belgium in 1913.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, *My Garden of Memory.*

A delightful account of the career of a very charming woman, who by this volume has endeared herself still further to the readers of *Penelope* and *Rebecca.*

WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD, *Edgar Allan Poe.*

A careful study of a life that has been the subject of much discussion, by an especially fine teacher, critic, and writer of poetry.

A LIST OF READINGS ON BIOGRAPHY

BOAS AND SMITH, *An Introduction to the Study of Literature* ("Biography and Autobiography," pp. 366-369, 404-407).

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL, "The Art of Biography" *(Saturday Review of Literature,* Vol. I, No. 43).

BROOKS, PHILLIPS, *Essays and Addresses* ("Biography," pp. 427-53).

CARLYLE, THOMAS, Essay on Biography.

CROSS, W. L., "From Plutarch to Strachey" (*Yale Review,* Oct., 1921).

CROTHERS, S. M., *The Cheerful Giver* ("Satan Among the Biographers," p. 76).

DUNN, WALDO H., *English Biography.*

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LARNED, J. N., *Books, Culture and Character* (pp. 31-38).

LEE, SIR SIDNEY, *Principles of Biography.*

SHUMAN, E. L., *How to Judge a Book* (pp. 177-83).

STEPHEN, LESLIE, *Hours in a Library,* Vol. III. Autobiography, pp. 220-51.

THAYER, WILLIAM R., *The Art of Biography.*

WARD, WILFRED, *Last Lectures* ("Methods of Depicting Character in Fiction and Biography").

Dec 2, 1819
Tom Linden, aber father
married Sarah Johnston
has record in the

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6

Oct 11, 1768 Edmund Linden
to Miss Patience
Prather, Germantown

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